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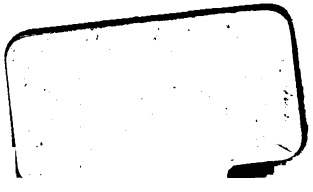

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THE

METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE.

THE BATTLE OF BENEVENTO.

AN HISTORICAL NOVEL OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

ABRIDGED FROM THE ITALIAN OF F. B. GUERAZZI, BY M. E. N.

PREFATORY NOTE.

[In translating the following novel I have found it necessary sometimes to take a few liberties with the original. I have abridged parts which would only have worried the patience of readers in general by detaining them from the course of the narrative, and I have omitted or altered sentiments whose moral tendency appeared at least equivocal—passages that would have been disagreeable to English tastes, and expressions which would have been deemed daring, profane, and according to *our* ideas even blasphemous.—TRANSLATOR.]

INTRODUCTION.

ON the death of Frederic II., Emperor of Germany, and King of Naples and Sicily, he recorded in his last will his desire that his son Conrad, King of the Romans, should succeed him in all his dominions, however acquired, in the empire, and especially in the kingdom of Sicily; that in the event of Conrad dying without heirs male he should be succeeded by his brother Henry, in case of whose death also, without leaving a son, his successor should be Manfred, the natural son of Frederic II.; that during the absence of Conrad from Italy, occasioned by his residence in Germany, Manfred should be his viceroy, particularly for the kingdom of Sicily, with full powers of conferring feudal dignities, possessions, &c. The emperor also granted to his son Manfred the principality of Taranto and Porto Rosito, and the counties of Montescaglioso, Tricario, Gracino, and Sant Angiolo, and confirmed him in every grant made to him by his imperial father, on the condition that he recognised Conrad as his lord and sovereign.

Such was the will of Frederic; but it was not the will of Pope Innocent. The policy of the pope's predecessors had consisted in opposing the power of the Emperors of Germany in Italy; and

although they could not prevent the house of Swabia from acquiring the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily by the marriage of the Emperor Henry VI. (father of Frederic II.) with Constance, heiress of those kingdoms, yet the constant study of the Roman court was to prevent the emperor from keeping firm hold of those Italian territories.

Innocent, a skilful politician and worldly man, inflamed the cupidity of the Neapolitan barons. Each of these, in the hope of making himself absolute, excited the people to revolt by deceiving them with the old expectation of liberty, and told them that they ought to slay the tyrant (the emperor), and rid the kingdom of the barbarians (the Germans). Manfred, the viceroy for Conrad, on his side exhorted the people to remain faithful, depicted to them the honour and the satisfaction of loyalty, and denominated his enemies rebels.

At the death of the Emperor Frederic the whole kingdom, from one extremity to the other, was in rebellion; yet in less than a year Manfred restored peace, and recovered all posts under subjection except the cities of Naples and Capua.

This hero was the natural son of Frederic (but legitimated before his death), and of a Marchioness Lancia of Lombardy. His person was beautiful, his hair was fair, his eyes blue, like all of the house of Swabia; his figure was majestic, his carriage noble, his habits liberal and courteous. He was endowed by nature with remarkable talents. He could versify extempore, like the Troubadours; he was a musician, and was ignorant of no chivalrous accomplishment. Like his father Frederic, he conversed fluently in various languages, and he was skilled in natural history, as we see by his books on hunting, still extant. He was profoundly and daringly ambitious, calculating, and little scrupulous as to means, and a skilful dissembler; while, by a strange contradiction, he appeared to be humane, magnanimous, and generously forgiving.

Conrad prepared to visit the kingdom of Sicily, which his august father used to call *the precious inheritance.* He embarked at Porto Navone, at the extremity of the Gulph of Venice, on board the combined fleet of Pisa and Sicily, and arrived safely at Siponto in Capitaneta early in 1252. Manfred met him with a magnificent train, and the demonstrations of the most tender fraternal love. He detailed to Conrad his successful enterprises and the dangers he had surmounted, and carefully explained to him the present condition of the kingdom. Conrad declared himself infinitely indebted to him, prayed him to aid him with his counsels, and never to leave his side. Thus all things, proceeded at first in harmony. War was commenced. Conrad, aided by Manfred and the Saracen colony in Sicily, occupied in a short time Aquino, Suessa, and San Germano; and not unlike his father Frederic, he treated the vanquished with rigour, imposed heavy fines on

them, or put them to cruel deaths. Manfred, however, showed great compassion for them, often interceded for them, often helped them to escape, and aided them with his money. His generous manner touched the hearts of the Sicilians, and contributed not a little to allay the tumults; and now appearing in contrast with Conrad, all sought him as their protector, and called him their blessed prince, and even wished that he were their king. Conrad, who was suspicious by nature, soon grew jealous of Manfred, first began to fear him as too powerful, then to spoil him of his fiefs, to limit him in his privileges, and to humble and degrade him in everything.

Manfred supported all with a cheerful countenance, and showed no vexation, but in proportion to the wrongs received from Conrad seemed to redouble his desire of serving him. Capua, straitly besieged, yielded to Conrad, who moved thence against Naples. That city held out for a long time, but at last, overpowered by superior numbers, surrendered. Conrad exercised many acts of rage, condemned a great number of the citizens to death, and removed to Salerno, the university established at Naples by Frederic II. Manfred was everywhere present to pour balm on the wounds inflicted by Conrad, and to lavish consolation and aid. They appeared like the genius of good and the genius of evil, who had united to travel over the earth.

The complaints of the aggrieved Neapolitans reached the ears of Pope Innocent, who, thinking that if a powerful army appeared on the frontiers of the kingdom, it could be easily brought to submit, despatched his secretary, Albert of Parma, to England, to offer Sicily to Richard of Cornwall, the brother of Henry III. Richard refused the offer, alleging that he was the brother of Isabella, the last wife of Frederic II. Henry III. then solicited the kingdom for his son Edmund, and the bargain was agreed upon, but was never brought to a conclusion.

Meanwhile intelligence from the empire reached Conrad, who, learning that William of Holland had arisen up against him, perceived that it was necessary to confirm by his actual presence the German nobles. But in abandoning Sicily he dreaded Manfred; and still more he dreaded Henry, a young man of brilliant hope, left by his father a considerable treasure, and to whom he was obliged to cede the kingdom of Jerusalem. The advantages to result from Henry's death were too many for Conrad to allow him to live. Henry was summoned to Melfi, and perished there. Conrad pretended to feel a profound grief, and Manfred pretended to believe him.

Conrad was about to return to Germany, and he had assembled the majority of the nobles at Lavello, under the pretext of magnificent feasts, but in reality to spy out their sentiments, and to destroy them all when occasion required. But one night, after

one of these splendid festivals, Conrad suddenly expired, in the presence of Manfred, who was called from his bed to receive his last breath. One person had shown neither joy nor grief beside the dying emperor's bed—this was the Marquis Bertold of Hochenberg. He drew Manfred on one side, and said,

"Prince, it is necessary to make arrangements. Will you assume the protectorship of the kingdom?"

"*I* reign, marquis?" replied Manfred; "I have had enough of the things of this world; I will pass the remainder of my life in mourning for my brother."

"Well resolved, my prince! I and my Germans will maintain in Sicily the claims of the young Conradine."*

"May Heaven aid you in the resolves!"

"Amen!" replied Hochenberg, and retired.

There was a suspicion abroad that the emperor had been poisoned; but no one ventured to say so. Bertold of Hochenberg had endeavoured by his sudden question to penetrate the mind of Manfred, but the latter was more dexterous in concealing than the marquis in discovering.

Hochenberg, as guardian of young Conradine, sent ambassadors to conciliate the pope. Innocent replied that he demanded first to be put in possession of the kingdom; he would then consider what right Conradine might have to it. His demand was declined, the treaties for peace were again broken off, and the war recommenced. Innocent, overlooking the offers he had made to Henry of England, determined on conquering Sicily for himself. To this end he assembled in Anagni the troops of the Lombard and Tuscan republics, those of the March of Ancona, and some others. At the same time he instigated the barons of the kingdom to rebellion; and in this he made good progress, for Manfred either assisted, or did not impede him. Bertold, overwhelmed by the necessity of the case, considering that it would not be in his power to allay these commotions, proposed to Manfred to yield him the protectorship. The prince refused at first, alleging sometimes one excuse, sometimes another. At length he accepted it, on condition that the marquis should yield up to him the treasures of Conrad, and should go into Apula to assemble an army. Bertold, freed from the responsibility of defending the kingdom, and of appearing as the principal actor opposed to the interests of the pope, not only violated the conditions, but showed himself adverse to Manfred. The prince knew the danger and the error of confiding in these inconstant-minded Neapolitans; but opposing fraud to fraud he outwitted Bertold. He affected to do voluntarily that which he would have been in a short time obliged to do; and went to Cepperano to humble himself to the pontiff. It is said that he

* Son of Conrad.

even went so far as to lead the pope's palfrey by the bridle when he forded the Garigliano.

Whatever Manfred effected, however, did not last long; he had done it either to avert impending circumstances, or to circumvent Hochenberg, who penetrated his designs, and could frustrate them. In fact the marquis, thinking that to submit after Manfred would avail him but little, deemed it better to preserve his hostile attitude, and to wait for an opportunity of selling his surrender at a high price. The opportunity was afforded by Manfred and his escort having an affray with Bonello d'Anglore, a violent enemy of Manfred, and to whom the pope had granted a part of the principality of Taranto. Bonello on his way to take possession meeting Manfred and his friends, and showing some discourtesy, was slain by the prince. The news reached the pope, who, being enraged at the death of Bonello, sent a body of men to arrest the slayer. Manfred, not thinking himself safe in the open country, fled to the Castle of Acerra, and remained there some days. Bertold, seeing Manfred in disgrace with the pope, declared himself his enemy, and with his whole army sold himself to the pope. The Marquis Lancia warned his grandson, Manfred, in order that he might depart from Acerra.

Manfred, now desolate and fugitive, was far from any place that could shelter him. He hoped to reach Lucera, but that city was in the hands of the enemy. Yet no other refuge was at hand, and it must be attempted at all risks, though torrents, mountains, and foes presented obstacles that must be surmounted before he could reach the city. Manfred was attended by two brothers, Marino and Conrad Capece, rare examples of fraternal love and unshaken loyalty, and they undertook to escort him safely. At first they met no living being, till they came to Maliano; but at that town they found a column of Bertold's army posted to hinder Manfred's progress.

The fugitives, though in extreme danger, were near extricating themselves by dexterity, when they fell in with a double row of cars placed at the head of the road. The sentinels challenged them, and Manfred's followers, thinking themselves lost, drew their swords, shouting,

"Swabia! Swabia! we come to punish you, traitors!"

A sharp skirmish ensued, in which shame rather than valour directed the blows. Manfred, the two Capece, and some others who had remained behind, spurred up their horses to the place, where they saw their own men vigorously attacking the enemy, who were retiring and leaving the passage free. They heard at the same time the sound of men hurrying to assist the guards, and they saw numbers of lights moving about in the town; so that if they delayed even the shortest space of time they must be irrevocably surrounded. Manfred, though he saw death before him,

spurred his horse to fly to the succour of his men, but Conrad Capece withheld him.

"Prince, you will destroy yourself, but cannot save *them*; they were brave, but rash. Let us drop a tear for their fate and away."

They sped onwards with all possible rapidity, and the following days they passed by Bisacca, Bimio, and Guardia of Lombardy, and keeping the most Alpine path, they arrived at nightfall at Atropalda, the castle of the Capece.

There Manfred rested for a night; and notwithstanding his past and present misfortunes and dangers, he showed so much vivacity and even playfulness in his conversations with the wives of the two Capece, that these ladies, who frequently saw him in after times amid his court, affirmed that they never saw him so *jocund* as in that night of danger.

At daybreak he took leave of the ladies, and the number of his companions being increased by some cavaliers of the house of Capece, he set out on his journey. He arrived at Melfi, but found the gates shut against him. Ascoli followed the example of Melfi, and even killed the governor for favouring Manfred. A man less heroic than the Prince of Taranto would have deemed himself conquered; but Manfred, more than ever firm against fortune, turned to Venosa, where he was respectfully welcomed.

Lucera, a city of the Saracen colony, was in the power of the Marquis of Hochenberg, who had left Marchisio in command of it, with orders to keep the gates always closed. Marchisio executed the commands of his superior, but with little avail.

Manfred left his escort at Venosa, and accompanied by the two faithful Capece and Ricciardo, the master of the hounds to Frederic II., set out for Lucera, avoiding Ascoli and Foggia. Night overtook him at the beginning of the interminable plain of Apuliæ. The clouds menaced a storm, but the Prince of Taranto was not a man to be checked by the fear of an angry sky.

He proceeded; the darkness increased, and a tremendous storm of thunder, lightning, and hail burst upon the fugitives, who, exhausted and thoroughly drenched, were happy to find shelter in a deserted hunting-lodge of the late Emperor Frederic II.

The morning, however, rose fine. A number of Saracens had assembled on the walls of Lucera for their morning devotions, when they saw at a distance four cavaliers, fully armed, advancing along the plain. When they came within bow-shot three of them halted, and one advancing bare headed in token of confidence, raised his hand, ungloved, as significant of peace. The Saracens recognised him.

"Manfred! Manfred!" echoed at once all along the walls; and the Saracens who had remained in their quarters responded to the shout, flew to arms, and joined the others.

"Here," they cried; "here is our beloved lord, our prince,

who comes to satisfy our desires, to trust to our loyalty; let him enter; let him enter before the governor perceives him."

Manfred was now close under the walls. The Saracens hurried to the gate, and used all their powers to force it. The posts and hinges gave way under the continual blows, and fell to the ground with a tremendous crash. Marchisio, who had already armed himself to oppose Manfred, now seeing the prince approach with a threatening aspect, changed his intentions, knelt down, and did homage to him as his liege lord.

The acquisition of Lucera changed the destinies of Manfred; he found there infinite treasures, which politicly distributed produced for him a strong party in a short time, for in all ages money has been the sinews of war.

The pope despatched in all haste an army commanded by the Cardinal of Saint Eustacio, to repress Manfred on the threshold of his greatness. Bertold was stationed in his rear. Manfred made preparations to engage with them. The Marquis of Hochenberg, always following the suggestions of his double nature, sent a faithful envoy to hold a secret intercourse with Manfred. The prince replied that he would willingly receive Bertold into his alliance; that he had always held him as his dear friend and brother; that he knew too well the force of circumstances to inculpate Bertold for his past conduct. The marquis proceeded no further, thinking that he had dexterously managed his affairs; for if Manfred conquered he was his secret friend, but if Innocent, he was *his* open ally.

Meanwhile, believing Manfred to confide in his demonstrations, he sent troops under the command of his brother Otho to take up a position in the territories of Lucera. Manfred, however, was on the alert, took the field, routed Otho, and pursued him to Canosa; and there leaving him so much disabled that he could not rejoin the main body of the army, Manfred turned his arms against Bertold, whom he forced to yield after two hours' hard fighting, and who fled hastily to Naples with the Cardinal Legate.

By means of much policy, and some fighting, Manfred got the better of all his enemies, and re-conquered the kingdom of Naples. A rumour was spread in Italy (some say by the contrivance of Manfred, but which others deny) that the young Conradine had died in Germany. In consequence of this believed death, Manfred was called to the throne of Sicily and Naples by the voice of the nobles and the people. Elizabeth of Bavaria, mother of Conradine, on hearing of Manfred's election to the crown, sent to inform him that her son was still living. Manfred, however, refused to reinstate Conradine, declaring his determination to reign during his own life, but promising that Conradine, or his heirs, should succeed him. Manfred was resolute, brave, and the idol of the people; it were vain to oppose him; Conradine was

but a boy, and had every fair prospect of succeeding his uncle peacefully in due course of time. These considerations induced Elizabeth of Bavaria to submit; and to crown Manfred's good fortune, he became reconciled to the Pope Alexander IV.

This pontiff, however, was succeeded by two inveterate enemies of Manfred, now King of Sicily—first, Urban IV., and then Clement IV. Urban offered to grant Sicily to St. Louis of France, who declined in consequence of its having been previously promised to Edmund of England; whereupon the pope sent an envoy to Henry III. of England, to induce him to relinquish his claim, to which that monarch assented in the expectation of receiving aid from the pope in his own contest with his barons, which expectation proved fallacious in the end.

Pignatelli, the pope's envoy, then repairing to France, offered the investiture (with the consent of St. Louis) to Charles of Anjou, brother of St. Louis, on condition that the Holy See should retain for itself the Terra di Lavoro with the adjacent isles, and the Valley of Gando. Charles refused to accept the kingdom thus curtailed, but offered to give to the Church the city and country of Benevento. Clement IV., on his accession to the chair of St. Peter, though at first undetermined, soon yielded to the views of Charles of Anjou, and sent into France the Archbishop of Cosenza, with pontifical letters to Simon Cardinal de Santa Cecilia, that they should conjointly solicit St. Louis to carry forward the enterprise, and support it with his subsidies.

The events that ensued belong to the period of which the following work will treat.

CHAPTER I.

Has there ever been a human being who could raise his eyes to the sky of Italy without acknowledging that it is the most purely serene that ever rejoiced in the smile of its Maker? Has there ever lived a human creature who could raise his eyes to the sky of Italy, when the first-born son of Nature clothed it in the pomp of his rays, without feeling his mind elevated by the memory of the great who are no more, whose names have remained in the soul like the harmony of the harp after the musician has ceased to touch it? Where are the arms that have not spread to that star of life, when from the confines of the ocean he salutes the sky with his last rays, as he abandons it to the dominion of night, and have not implored him to remain in his celestial abode? But if he departs with the evening, he returns with the morning, and sees ages pass away into eternity, generations thronging on each

other to the tomb, and the infinite vicissitudes of virtues and of crimes. Brief was his lustre over the honour of Italy, but long over her grief and her shame. And what eye is not suffused with tears when the pensive light of the moon and stars looks down from above over the silent plains of the earth? A voice of celestial harmony sounds from the rotations of the stars through the firmament—a voice of eternal song—which, though from the extreme distance, does not strike the ear of the son of earth, yet it inspires him with a secret sensibility, an invincible piety, which, awakening in his soul remembrances sadly sweet, impels him to weeping. Beautiful art thou, O sky of Italy; beautiful art thou, and truly a work divine, whether it be the night or the day that rejoiceth thee. The Eternal Wisdom that governs the world granted this beautiful sky to Italy that it should be to her a splendid testimony in her days of glory.

And the earth—every clod contains the ashes of the heart of a hero. Our steps are over the dust of the great—the steps of us* who are more deserving of being covered by the dust. The foreigner alone knows our history, and, full of reverence, fears to proceed, lest he hear arising from the earth a voice exclaiming, "Coward! why dost thou tread upon the brave?" But, stranger, pass thou freely on; every remnant of life is well spent on the confines of death; ours is a sunset without a twilight; nor doth the voice of the dead issue from any sepulchre where it is not awakened by the valour or the piety of the living.

For whom are these fruits? The earth cares not. She presents them liberally to whoever extends a hand to gather them. If in you there be no martial ardour (cursed be he who shall utter the groan of baseness), have at least all of greatness that dishonour can have—suffer in silence.

It was the last moments of the twilight; a melancholy ray spread far along the flowery shores of Naples. The summits of Mount Tifata, of Vesuvius, and the Apennines, which encompass it at one side, shone with a vermilion light, which, by degrees fading away in the more distant mountains, lost itself in the obscure of the coming night, as time loses itself in eternity. Sweet was the evening zephyr which now ruffled the sea as with the tip of its wing, now imbibed the fragrant breath of the orange, the aloe, and every rich plant of oriental vegetation which delights the coast of Posilipo and Mergellina, and which, as it were in wantonness, surrounds the traveller, and diffuses its odours to heaven as a tribute which the earth offers to its Creator. Sweet was the evening song with which the husbandman announced from afar his return to his family; sweet was the hymn of salutation which

* It is an Italian who speaks, indignant at the decadence of his country.—TRANSLATOR.

the fisher directed to the rising moon from the opposite hills, while he rowed with measured strokes along the Gulf of Naples. Beautiful is thy country, O thou happy land! beautiful as the terrestrial paradise in the first days of creation.

But under a vaulted way of the Castle Capuano (the splendid abode of King Manfred) which led to the royal gardens, a young man, insensible to so much magnificence of nature, is tracing with his sword's point some irregular characters upon the sand. His aspect is beautiful and majestic; his fair hair, divided on his forehead, hangs down upon his shoulders; his face is handsome in all its features, but his large blue eyes sometimes roll fiercely beneath his lowering brows, sometimes remain immovably fixed from the intensity of thought, as if they observed something beyond this world. On his forehead is a sign which is never seen on the brow of youth. What is it that has printed this impress of years on the brow of him who has seen but twenty pass over him? The bitterness of the soul numbers years on the face of the afflicted, and this sign is upon his head as a crown of sorrow.

Unhappy youth! No maternal caress ever soothed his wailings; no paternal kiss ever gladdened him in his infancy; he never knew father or mother. He stands in life like a plant in the desert. He seeks through his memory, and he finds in it but the solitude of the intellect—only afar, far off, some remembrances of blood—but so confused, so obscure, that he vainly endeavours to recall them more distinctly to his mind. His soul is ardent as the sun beneath which he was born; his birth disturbs him; a secret sense of greatness excites him; he pants for something that he knows not; he would fain with a glance penetrate into the mysteries of creation, would fain with a nod dominate over the people of the earth. But his exalted fancy, considering his miserable state, faints in the ardour of imagination; his heart is already torn with anguish, and feels all the torment of ambitious delirium. Perhaps this fire would long since have consumed the sources of his life if a form of celestial semblance had not arisen in his soul, and sometimes appeased the tempest. In truth it is a hopeless love, and worthy of him; the bare thought of it (if men could know the thoughts) would be punished. A soldier, a simple shield-bearer, dare raise his eyes to the daughter of the king! What are his hopes? Even if the virgin of the Swabian blood should bow her affections to him, does he know the dangers, does he think of the torments that there are to interpose between them? He loves, but loves despairingly. But his eyes, for a long time indifferent to all that nature offered of the most grand, rested upon the dwelling of the son of Frederic. The Castle Capuano was a truly royal abode, but from its strength it might be chosen by the tyrant in the agony of apprehension; for it had been built by William the Bad, of the Norman line, for the protection of his own life. Thick

walls, frequent towers, bastions, bulwarks, and all the appliances which the art of the twelfth century had devised, had been adopted to secure a trembling tyrant, but in vain. Where the vengeance of man fails, the justice of God is watchful. He died, and not by violence, but his race was extinct. The throne, founded by the valour of Robert Guiscard* and the Count Roger, fell under the eternal justice called down by the crimes of William I.†

Frederic II. wished to enliven the castle, and brought to Naples Niccolo Pisano, the greatest architect of his age, and committed to him the task of adorning the edifice. But the genius of the architect was swayed involuntarily by the appearance of the building that he was improving, and his endeavours only augmented its gloom. So the musician, if he attempt in the silence of the night to sing a joyous song, melancholy notes escape from him despite of himself, and he ends with a lay of grief.

The moon which, rejoicing to glide through the heavens, heeds not whether on earth her ray be cursed or blessed, and which shines on the face of the lover who hastens with eagerness the hour of love's colloquy, and on the face of the assassin who, rushing from darkness, strikes his blow and returns to darkness—that moon shed her light upon the Castle Capuano. The parts of this edifice which she illuminated appeared still larger by the contrast with the shadows in which the other parts were buried. Some towers appeared to have no foundation on the earth, but to be, as it were, suspended in the air; others seemed half in ruin, and presented to the fancy one of those castles which romancers describe in their legends, where evil spirits assemble to celebrate their wicked Sabbath, and to inebriate themselves with blood. The heated imagination of the spectator might behold the spirit of William the Bad gliding around the walls, condemned to visit the abode erected by him, inhabited by a race that was not his, and might hear the groan of anger or of remorse which he uttered in the desperation of his soul.

Such was the edifice on which the young man was gazing, and when he had long and slowly contemplated it, he shook his head and said, "The work of tyranny is great as the work of magnanimity. Fear has its sublime as well as pomp. The good and the bad equally occasion the marvels of the vulgar, which awaken compassion for human weakness in those who have a heart. Santa Maria! what is this castle? what are the treasures which Manfred found in Lucera? what is the power of Frederic Barbarossa and Frederic II.? These could not conquer Italy; and one was

* Robert Guiscard and his brother Roger, Count of Calabria, founded the monarchy of Sicily in the 11th century by their conquests over the Saracen inhabitants and rulers.

† William I., surnamed the Bad, was father of Constance, wife of Henry VI. of Germany, and mother of Frederic II.—Tr.

stopped by walls of clay and straw,* and the other was defeated by people from whom he† retired that he might not look on death. And what shall the empire of Italy be? what that of the world? Thou mayest be the greatest of mortals, yet still mortal; the strongest among men, yet who can boast in his arm the force of the whirlwind? the wisest of the sons of earth, yet who has the intelligence of the sons of heaven? Were I all this, yet might my soul forget, or at least appease, the sentiment which is wearing out my life, if I could but lay my head—where? I have not named *her;* these are not the steps of men which pass by; no, all is silent. Yet do I tremble to name her! O castle! I would be content with thy walls; O palace of my king, though limited thy extent, I would be content with thee, could I but dwell there with her who is the mistress of my thoughts. I have always loved the throne because I feel myself born for it; now this desire is become a flame, because nowhere but on the throne can I live with her, nor would I if I could. But I am an obscure man, reared up for charity in a house that is not my home; forced to serve with a spirit to rule. I know not father or mother, and I tremble to know them, lest my birth be sullied by some stain of infamy."

He was silent. A mortal paleness overspread his face. He stood motionless, with fixed look and lips apart, like one tormented with a burning thirst, and large drops ran from his forehead as if pressed from his brain by the extremity of his anguish. After awhile his blood experienced such a revulsion that it crimsoned his face, and his swollen veins and muscles seemed as if they would burst from the violence of his emotion; his whole frame became convulsed, and he put his hands to his head, as if to prevent it from bursting. Such a miserable state could not be long endured, and he sank moaning upon a stone bench.

"Oh! this cannot last," he resumed, in a feeble tone. "It cannot, it shall not last. Since death is certain, let me die with courage, let me declare myself. With courage! But it would produce the shame of rejection, and whilst I would die with magnanimity I shall be despised as presumptuous, and perhaps contemned as mad. But of what avail is it to deliberate on what I should do? It were better to do it and abide the event. And thus I *will* do. Am I then so wretched? Can my memory recall nothing to flatter with glad illusions a soul lacerated with real anguish? Oh! beautiful are the realms of imagination, but their illusions are like those of the serpent—these ended in sin, those end in withering the mind that yields itself to them. Yet

* Alessandria in Piedmont, when a new and meanly-built town thatched with straw, was besieged for four months, in 1175, by Frederic I., who was, however, obliged to raise the siege.—Tr.

† Frederic II.'s army was defeated by the people of Parma, 1298, when, being secure of victory, he retired into the country to divert himself by hawking.

on the day that her father assumed the regal diadem she let her veil fall at my feet; I caught it up; I triumphed in the tournament; now it is folded on my heart; it shall be the companion of my life; it shall cover my face in the grave. And the day of the tournament. Oh! this is the bright part of my past years. I, an obscure youth, covered with mail, bearing the colours of the daughter of Manfred, I mingled among the proud barons and dared, young as I am, to break a lance with the masters of the art, with knights famous for a thousand enterprises, and I conquered. There yet remained the valiant Count Giordano d'Angalone, and he, too, rolled overthrown in the dust. He laid the blame on the girth of his saddle, yet he fell. I concealed myself; *he* received the prize of the jousts because the real victor did not present himself. I did not envy him, for I deemed *I* had obtained a nobler prize than he had—even the love of the sovereign's daughter. And the next day! Oh! never shall I forget it—the 12th of August. I led her white palfrey to her; in mounting him she laid her hand upon mine and trembled; and I, too, trembled and blushed. Did she blush? I did not dare raise my eyes to her. Oh! that was joy—and perhaps a fallacious joy. Who can tell but that the veil fell by chance? Who can assure me that her tremour was not caused by the fear of falling, or rather by indignation at my presumption? The Swabian blood is proud; but if pride be greatness, I, too, should be of the blood of Frederic. And if she should stoop from her loftiness to ask me 'Who art thou?' Who am I? One unknown even to himself; one rejected for a mother's crime even from a father's heart; a living monument of sin; an opprobrium even to myself, a shame to my own kindred. O ye, whoever ye were that gave me a life which I would not have accepted were it possible to refuse our birth, great indeed must have been your crimes since their punishment, which I bear, is so grievous!"

Thus spoke the mourner, varying between joy and sorrow, when the weariness of nature overcame him, and the necessity for repose forced him to sit down. His lips began to sing the notes of a plaintive ballad, and his mind, following the music, took delight in that divine harmony which is born and cherished beneath the sky of Italy. His now soothed mind began to run over the martial notes dedicated to warlike enterprises. He began to sing softly; by degrees his song grew louder; then, at the part which describes the rushing charge of the enemy, he rose, seized his sword, and, wrapped in his mantle, strode proudly along with a warrior's bearing.

CHAPTER II.

Why does a tomb, the prodigy of foreign marbles, and of human skill, cover the ashes of one whose existence would have been unknown but for this monument of his death? Why do celestial forms, delicate contours, and the grace of the most symmetrical figure, clothe the soul of woman? Why is there a heart that bounds at this object? a pulse which thrills at this most beautiful spectacle in creation? No animal has contributed to form the beauty of woman. The colours of the bird of Paradise, of the butterfly of Cashmere, cannot compete with those divine tints that brighten the cheek of beauty. The gazelle has not the eye of woman; precious gems do not shine with such lustre; and poets in order to liken it to something suitable, have been obliged to have recourse to the firmament.

In the halls of the Castle Capuano lived a being divine in form, divine in mind. She lay reclined with her face against a cushion, and her looks cast down. Her air was that of majestic beauty. Many damsels stood around her, and inly and silently desired that she would raise her eyes—those eyes where played a ray of light that revealed a soul of energy; a soul which it would scarcely be believed could animate that delicate form. In vain should we seek for words in human language to express her beauty; it would be more easy to deduce light from darkness, or to give soul to the sons of Italy.

After some time she arose, and went towards a balcony. Her step was as light as the zephyr that wantons among roses, or as the incense that is wafted to heaven. The folds of her waving robes diffused a delicious fragrance; she was neither sorrowful nor gay, but she was in the solemn calm of contemplation, as when the lightning of the thoughts glances over the events of ages; as when the ear of genius hears the secret harmony of creation, and its eye views in heaven the offspring of a sublime phantasy.

She stood awhile in the balcony to contemplate the firmament; then turning to the lady who stood beside her, she said, in a voice of angelic sweetness,

"See, Gismonda! how beautiful are the heavens! Even if religion had not directed us, our own mind would have believed them the abode of God. Oh! that it would please him to call me speedily to his peace!"

"Noble Iole, the Lord is wise in all his works; he alone knows the good and the evil; it is for us to await, adoring, the decrees of his justice."

"Heaven forbid that I should murmur against my Maker; but

the prayers of the afflicted can never be displeasing in his presence."

"My gentle mistress, is it for you to address to Heaven the prayers of affliction? You, the daughter of King Manfred, the sister of the Queen of Arragon, the granddaughter of the Fredericks? You, of the house of Swabia, placed by fortune in the highest rank that the human mind can desire? Your life is a path of flowers; your days are numbered by pleasures; you, the object of every noble knight, the sighed-for of every Troubadour, the beloved of all; you have no need to fear the sorrows which weigh down the most part of the race of Adam."

"Yet am I such that there remains for me nothing to fear but the wrath of Heaven."

"And that wrath will not come upon you, for Heaven tempers its wind to the shorn lamb, and sheds a balm upon the wounds of the afflicted."

"Gismonda, our house has been cut off from the communion of the faithful since the Council of Lyons; when, despite of the defence of Thaddeus of Suessa, Pope Innocent excommunicated Frederic II. In truth we have not been deprived of the offices of the Church, but Pope Clement has thence taken occasion to confirm the anathema against us. He has released subjects from their allegiance; without this there were traitors enough already; he seeks through the world an enemy of our blood, and without this there were enough of those who pant for a throne. Fortune has not permitted Richard of Cornwall to accept our crown offered by him who was not able to acquire it for himself, and who yet gives it to another; nor has Edmund of England been enabled to come forward against us; but it rarely happens that time does not grant opportunities to the vigilant enemy, and Clement is not a man to let it escape him."

"Daughter of Manfred! the enemy has never seen your father turn his back. If we have not peace we shall have victory."

"Amen, Gismonda, amen! But do you see that comet* yonder in the horizon? Arising from the east it traverses heaven westwards, and seems as if it stayed its course above us. Have you heard what the astrologers say of it?—that it is the certain sign of the death of a monarch, and of change in empires! I trust there is no one on earth who can bear calamity without lamentation like the daughter of Manfred; still, bear it how you will, misfortune is ever misfortune."

"I do not doubt the influence of the stars; but from their

* This comet appeared in August, 1264, and was visible till November. At the period in which the scene of this tale is laid it had disappeared, because it had become invisible on the very night that Pope Urban IV. died. But to make it remain observable a few months longer, as in the novel, is not a matter of importance.—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

effects as hitherto appearing on earth, it seems to me that you should be rather glad than sorrowful. The comet appeared in August, and Pope Urban died in November."

"But the comet has not yet disappeared. Believe me, Gismonda, it portends the death of a great king; and Charles of Anjou is still only Count of Provence."

"But he will be king before he enters this kingdom. Does not his road lie through Rome? *There* he will receive the crown and the benediction; and may the latter as little profit his soul as the former will adorn his brows?"

"Ah! were the nobles of this kingdom as faithful as they are powerful, the crown of Manfred would never encircle the brows of Charles. But here traitors are innumerable, and they seem to be plants, natives of this earth and this sky. Many are the enemies of my father whom in his career to the throne he has overcome and pardoned; but pardon does not heal the wounds of injured pride, nor does it obliterate hatred; for there is nothing in the world that humiliates so much as the forgiveness of an enemy. And these men, these pardoned enemies, at the first outcry of rebellion will flock to the standard of the Lilies, and will combat with that fury which is alone inspired by the remorse of treachery. But these will not be the only enemies; there are men to whom the prosperity of others is a thorn; always sad through the envy that torments them, woe to you if you dare exhibit the smile of gladness in their presence! They watch, they follow, they never leave you, till with years of grief you have repaid the joy of one moment. Wailing is their harmony, the cry of despair their delight, and their heart bounds only at the sight of ruins. And friends!—these are many in happy days; nor do I blame men for this; nature has placed in our breasts a voice which cries, 'Be happy alone!' and men are not pitiless, because it is magnanimous to save a friend; but when circumstances forbid it, then you ought not to love a friend more than you love yourself. And you, my beloved Gismonda, you who were nursed and reared up with me, and whom the bond of mutual love has united with me in a sisterly communion; you to whom suffering, disgrace, and death, now seem nothing in comparison with abandoning me for ever—even you some day or other will forget me."

Gismonda, overcome with grief, made no reply. She bent down her head, and big tears swam in her eyes. Fain would her affection have restrained them, to conceal them from the eyes of Iole, but nature forbade it. She turned for relief towards her mistress, and seeing her unmoved, deep feeling, casting away all restraint, burst forth. A passionate sobbing showed how deeply hurt was the gentle demoiselle.

Iole looked at her, and resumed,

"Thus it is; mortals are offended at being told that fact of

which their actions will prove the truth. A secret and generous sense, which originates we know not where, teaches us that to share misfortune with a friend is right; but nature does not consent to it, because she has formed us in such guise that our greatest enemy's suffering and the pangs of anguish have greater power over us than the flattery of love. Thus it is; and I do not blame *you*, my dear Gismonda; the fault proceeds from a higher source than your own breast. Who dare oppose the voice of nature? We are not so powerful, and I do not expect more from you than you are able to give me. Gismonda, dear Gismonda! if I have ever done anything that has caused you pleasure; if the remembrance of me is such that it will be grateful to your mind, I pray of you that when in this same castle the voice of its new master shall summon you to the side of his consort or his daughter (for you are of the noblest blood in the kingdom), then if it happens that they are blinded by victory, and shall reject the prayers of the unfortunate; and if, from the height on which fortune has placed them, they shall refuse to bow down their ear to the lamentation which arises from the dust, then remind them that they themselves are but dust, that fortune is but a mutable thing; and tell them the blood of Swabia was as famous as that of France, and the daughter of Manfred was illustrious, and yet the Troubadour and the minstrel never breathed a strain which could delight her like the broken words and the tears of the comforted mourner. Then if my name has power to conquer the pride of their hearts, and to direct the prosperous ones along the path of pomp to that of Paradise, *that* will be the most profound rejoicing that can touch my soul when it shall please my Creator to recall it. And if the noble wife and daughter of Charles of Anjou shall have hearts which palpitate for the miseries of humanity, and if they can smile as I do, then love them, Gismonda, love them as you have loved me. Never grieve them with the tale of my sad vicissitudes, never diminish with *my* name that joy which the Lord hath not willed to grant *me*, but has bestowed on *them* as more worthy. But when far from them, secluded in your own secret chamber, you may freely recall to memory the years that have been, oh! then, my dear Gismonda, give me a sigh, a thought, a tear; surely I shall know it, and will answer you with a tear."

The lovely mourner ceased, and pensively casting her eyes around, she saw all her ladies overwhelmed with confusion, and the gentle Gismonda in such a state that she could no longer comprehend such desponding words. A long silence reigned in the hall, and the torches shed a pallid light over those ladies in the attitudes of affliction. They seemed like statues of noble art destined to adorn the tomb of the mighty.

Iole stood awhile in deep thought, then suddenly started, took Gismonda in her arms, soothed her with sisterly affection, wiped away her tears, and spoke to her with a cheerful voice.

"Oh! do not weep, Gismonda, do not weep. Woe to her who forces tears from the eyes of beauty. Holy Virgin! my misery is too great for my bosom, and I want to transfuse it into the heart of others. Mother of the afflicted! how great is my bitterness! But let it suffice. I am innocent; but if it be decreed that I shall drink of the cup of sorrow, let not this dear maiden waste the days of her youth with me. Let my cause be separated from hers; I alone will suffer for her, for my parents, for all."

Gismonda ceased to weep, and called a smile to her lip, though a tear still trembled in her long eyelashes; she reciprocated the embrace of Iole, and said to her with an affectionate air,

"You do not afflict me; you can afflict no one; you alone are my joy, my only, my beloved friend. Although fortune has placed between us the distance that is between vassal and liege, still our hearts have felt reciprocal affection. However you may think of me, I love you, Iole; I love you as much as any earthly thing can be loved after God and the saints. But by the love you bear to the Blessed Virgin, do calm this despairing grief. Oh! if you knew what anguish it is to my heart to see the fountain of your life drying up by degrees, the flower of your youth fading away, your blooming cheeks growing pale, and your beautiful eyes dull, surely, kind-hearted as you are, you would not cause me so much trouble. Ah! let your Gismonda tell you that your grief is not for a thing which is to be apprehended, but for a thing which has long since occurred. The Count of Anjou has not yet set forward from Marseilles; nor is he a person to be so much dreaded, though the Vatican blesses him, and arms him against us. And though he were to be dreaded, an impending danger requires firmness of heart, and not tears; for tears are useless *before* the blow falls, and are *afterwards* foolish and pusillanimous. The daughter of King Manfred is not one to weep thus. These emotions spring from a deeper cause; a thing which is no longer in the power of reason or of time to bridle—a profound sentiment vainly repressed, perhaps——"

"Gismonda," interrupted Iole, crimsoning over face and neck, "there are things which friend may not tell to friend; and to spy after them in any person is indiscretion and unkindness, but in royalty is a crime. Princes have secrets which can be revealed to no one, because Heaven has given to us a more exquisite sense of dignity than to the rest of mankind. If my secret were such as could be revealed, I would have discovered it to you sooner than to any other; but since it has not pleased me to tell it, beware how you seek to learn it. Suffice it for you, that if my right hand revealed it to my left I would instantly cut it off."

The demoiselle stood confounded before her, never before having received so sharp a reproof. Iole gravely added,

"Give me a veil, Gismonda; I feel the want of fresh air. Do you all remain here, Gismonda alone will accompany me to the garden."

Gismonda flew to execute her commands; but in her confusion, not knowing what she did, she took the mourning veil which Iole had assumed when the death of Conradine was reported to the court, and put it upon her without lifting up her eyes. Iole perceived it, and smiled sadly; then, pressing the arm of Gismonda, said,

"I accept the omen which comes from the chosen friend of my heart."

And taking the veil she wrapped it round her person, and went towards the royal gardens. Gismonda, raising her eyes, perceived the error she had committed, and uttered a low moan; then dashing away her tears she followed her royal mistress.

Scarcely had they proceeded twenty steps from the door when the ladies, casting off the semblance of affliction, moved joyously about the saloon, talking of a thousand frivolous things. Adelasia d'Ansalone, a damsel of a handsome face but a vain mind, passing her arm under that of Isolda Cavella, said to her, smiling,

"In truth, Isolda, I have never in my life wept so much as I have this day, not even when my aunt, the Countess Serena, of happy memory, made me sit, in the long winter evenings, beside the hearth of her ancestors in the Castle of Campobasso."

"Oh! as for me," replied Isolda, "I feel tears very refreshing; are they not the evidence of a tender heart? What is beautiful for the soul must be so to the body."

Thus saying she drew her arm from under that of Adelasia, and taking a mirror made of highly-polished silver, she gazed upon her own countenance reflected in it.

"I wish Heaven would make her sad," said Matilda d'Arena, an elderly maiden lady. "Ever since a minstrel, the idlest fellow that ever came about the court, sang to her that her eyes in tears have no paragon on earth or in heaven, I do believe that to draw tears from them she would irritate them with smoking brimstone if all else failed."

Isolda, turning to Matilda with a spiteful smile, said,

"Madonna, since you have had the advantage of hearing the minstrels of the past century, will you be so kind as to tell us whether they equalled the modern ones?"

"I do believe," replied Matilda, quite angrily, "although I am not old enough to have heard them myself, that the modern minstrels are as much inferior to the old ones in the *gay science* as modern ladies are inferior to their predecessors in courtesy."

"And you, Matilda, are a living proof of the difference," re-

plied Isolda; and she was proceeding, when Adelasia, dreading an open quarrel, interrupted her, saying,

"Poor Gismonda! (with a sigh) she received a fine reward for her great affection."

"Iole's reproof was as suited to her as the ring to the bride," said Matilda, who was glad to find some other subject to divert the bystanders from talking of *her* age.

"She wanted to rule alone in the heart of our mistress," said Andolina; "she wanted to conquer us all by reigning there; for though she seems so modest, believe me, she is as proud as Lucifer. But she has shaken the tree; now let her eat the fruit that fell."

"Santa Ninifa!" said Isolda, "if she is haughty I believe her haughtiness equals her vanity. If you propose anything to her she tells you she must speak to Iole; if you ask her why she is sad, it is because Iole is sad—always Iole and Iole; talking of her as if she were a sister and a friend rather than a princess and mistress."

"The evil grows from the root of the matter," replied Adelasia. "It disturbs me to think how that one could have been chosen for the favourite. Heaven forbid I should disparage a friend like Gismonda, but I confess I consider her the most insipid gentlewoman in the kingdom. And in point of blood, ours is as noble as hers, Matilda."

"Sant' Agatha! what do you say, Adelasia? I have often heard my grandfather, the Marquis Pier Corrado, of blessed memory, say that the family of Gismonda descends from an illegitimate line of the Norman race—that is, if I do not mistake, from Clemenza Countess of Catanzaro, natural daughter of King Roger.* And true it is, however she may boast of the Norman arms, you may observe the bend gules in the field or, crossed by a bar of bastardy. But our blood, Adelasia, but *my* blood, ah! mine is pure as a king's. *My* Sicilian ancestors have transmitted to their descendants the ensign of the lion or, in a field azure, as glorious as when they received it from *their* ancestors of Arragon; for you must know, Adelasia, that the family of Arena is derived from Arragon."

All this was rapidly said by Matilda, whom the desire of lessening others and exalting herself caused to forget that her grandfather, Pier Corrado, had been full thirty years dead, as might be seen by his pompous sepulchre in the Cathedral of Palermo.

And now these frivolous women, forgetting Gismonda, plunged into a discourse upon bends sable in fields argent, of bars argent in fields sable, of lions rampant, panthers passant, shields, supporters, and coronets; and Matilda, like one who felt herself

* Count Roger of Sicily, of the Norman blood, elected King of Sicily by the Parliament of Salerno, 1130. He was father of the Empress Costance, mother of Frederic II.

mighty in the science of heraldry, astonished the group by her blazonry of the arms of Buonaccotta, a bend gules, and a boar's head sable, holding a cross gules in a field argent.

When she had ended her blazoning, her companions entreated her to relate to them some old story; and Matilda, after some apparent hesitation, suffered herself to be persuaded, and gratified them.

"You must know, my dears, that at the time when the Emperor Aurelian reigned in Rome, and cruelly persecuted the Christians there, a certain prefect named Solinus governed Sicily for the emperor, and dwelt in the Golden Shell, the beautiful Palermo, the most delightful of all the cities of this island. Now this prefect was in no way different from his cruel master, but with frequent rapines and savage cruelties, he accelerated the vengeance of Heaven, which, however it may seem to delay, mercifully giving time for the sinner to repent, is sure to come, notwithstanding, unexpected and tremendous. It happened one evening that the cruel Solinus was sitting on a flat roof of his palace, gazing at the setting sun. A crowd of men and women were around him, singing and dancing, and quaffing precious wines which he had caused to be brought thither; when he suddenly rose up with a pallid countenance, and, taking a page by the arm, said to him, 'Seest thou, Lampridius, the last rays of the sun? The evening is blood red (Allah* and his prophet guard us!), but this ray seems to be a malediction rather than a farewell. Look at it steadily, steadily; it has vanished. It has not spoken, but a voice within me, which has not entered by the ear, tells my heart that I shall never more behold the rays of the sun.'

"While this poor wretch, tortured by conscience, spoke thus, and muttered impious prayers, in the midst of the city a part of the earth fell in with a hideous crash, and from the chasm there rose a thick and fetid smoke, which, clearing away by degrees, discovered a monster which the people have called the Great Demon of Sicily. He was six cubits high, his head was bald, but on the nape of the neck he had a little rough hair; two crooked horns, like goat's horns, sprouted from his forehead; his arms were unequal, one so long as to reach to his knees, the other so short as only to reach his ribs; his hands were like bear's paws, his head was huge, and his shoulders broad and shining; his face resembled the human, except that he had but one eye and one nostril; he was clothed from the waist downward, and sat in a four-wheeled car, drawn by four lions in front, and impelled along by two bears behind. Thus this horrible monster slowly perambulated the city, causing such terror that many women died from fright, and crowds of both sexes took refuge in the temples of the

* Matilda ignorantly confounds the Roman creed with the Mahometan, the Saracens then being numerous in Sicily.—Tr.

idols, imploring mercy with ignorant prayers. But the monster, heeding them not, passed on through the whole city till he arrived at the gate of the palace of Solinus, and there he pulled out an eye from one of the lions, and wrote with the blood upon a wall the letters D. N. D. B. L. M. No wise man was found who could interpret these letters, but a woman who had never before been seen appeared, and declared herself able to explain them if Solinus had courage to hear her. And the prefect, though he trembled in every limb, prayed her to expound the writing. She said to him, 'Solinus, Azzael is near thee, and the letters mean, "Thy Death shall Not be Death, but the Beginning of a Life of Misery." Now since Heaven has called thee, be resigned to despair and die.'

"Thus saying, she burst into a discordant laugh and vanished. Solinus fell fainting to the ground, wounded his forehead, and lay disfigured in his blood. The morning rose, but no sunbeam gladdened the earth; the smoke had diffused itself all over the horizon, and remained there spread out as a curtain. The monster was not seen, but the roar of the lions and the growl of the bears were audible. In that day of wrath and vengeance no bird was seen in the firmament, but all in their terror abode in their nests to protect their young beneath their wings. No wild beasts traversed the forest, for terror was stronger than hunger. The dogs crouching wandered here and there timidly in search of their homes, and when they found them closed they uttered such melancholy howlings that the most hard-hearted man could not hear them without pity. The citizens renewed their prayers to their idols, presenting the most precious offerings; and there were even some who, to propitiate them, cut their veins, and offered up the flowing blood. At the close of that dreadful day the black cloud began to thunder so loud as to be deafening, the atmosphere seemed to be all on fire and blinded the eyes, an intolerable stench disgusted the sense of smell, a sounding wind rushed up from the ground, an earthquake shook the city, throwing down most of the houses, and above a hundred thousand inhabitants perished. The monster now appeared on the piazza, opposite the palace of Solinus. His look, which was at first inanimate, became inflamed by degrees, as the strife of nature increased; and when he beheld the mangled remains of so many wretched beings who were crushed to death, it became entirely of fire, and sent forth a flame which, lighting on the palace of Solinus, kindled in a moment such a blaze, that not only was the wood consumed, but the very iron and stones melted away in liquid fire The monster precipitated himself among the flames, and, destroying all the partitions of the palace, there still remained one chamber where Solinus was lying on his bed and struggling desperately against the

monster, who, putting his knee upon his chest, strangled him with a ferocious joy."*

Matilda's tale had reached this point, and the maidens around showed by their scared looks and pale cheeks the terror that had filled their souls, when the doors of the saloon burst open with a loud noise, a wind rushing in extinguished the lights, a loud voice was heard, the tread of footsteps, and the rustling of garments. A sudden panic seized the damsels, and, grasping each other's arms or robes, and impelled by fear, they turned towards the place whence the noise issued, and uttered loud shrieks.

WHAT IS IT THAT CONSTITUTES BEAUTY?

WHAT is it that constitutes beauty?
It is not the form of a face,
Nor the tint of the rose
On the fair cheek that glows,
Which illness so soon can efface:
'Tis the charm of intelligence that we descry
In the essence of soul that beams forth from the eye.

What is it that constitutes beauty?
Not the shape in its happiest mould,
Not the foot nor the arm,
Which our senses may charm,
When symmetry's form they unfold;
'Tis the bearing, the high-gifted manners we trace,
Giving depth to expression, enchantment to grace.

What is it that constitutes beauty?
Not silks, nor the richest attire,
Though the eye should confess
How bewitchingly dress
May set off the charms we admire;
Vain the purest of pearl, or the most costly gem,
To adorn native grace—it sheds lustre on them.

What is it that constitutes beauty?
Beyond what the graces bespeak—
'Tis the radiant glow
From the heart's warmest flow,
When benevolence mantles the cheek.
'Tis intellect, elegance, meekness combin'd,
The homage of face to the beauty of mind.

BEN. FENTON.

* The superstition of the Great Demon is still prevalent in Sicily.—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

A MODERN ROMANCE.[1]

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

CHAPTER V.

"Now, Edith," said Miss Clayton, after her lodger had retired, "I have told you that I cannot approve your intention of visiting widow Hanwell in the morning, nor, indeed, at all, until the danger of infection has passed away. In the meantime we may do what we can for her."

"Ah! my dear aunt, you know as well as I do how comparatively valueless in such a case would be our passive sympathy; besides, you set me the example; you acknowledge having visited all the sufferers in this affliction more than once."

"But that is very different, Edith. I am an old woman, more used to such matters, and at the worst only run the risk of passing a few years sooner from a world in which I should be little missed."

"And I, dear aunt," said Edith, throwing her arms round Miss Clayton's neck; "who in the world is there to miss me except yourself?"

"Then I am nobody, I suppose," remarked Miss Clayton, her eyes filling with involuntary tears. "Well, then," she continued, kissing the fair forehead of her niece, "I suppose you must go, so God be with you. And now that you have had some opportunity of judging, may I ask how far your opinion of Mr. Edwards agrees with my own?"

The faintest possible blush suffused the face of Edith as she replied,

"I am not quite so clever as you are, my dear aunt, at jumping to a conclusion, but I think I can allow with you that he is a most gentlemanly personage, very handsome, perhaps, and that he has shown some glimpses of goodness and intelligence; is not this conceding enough?"

"Enough for the present; we shall both think yet better of him by and by, or I am much mistaken," were Miss Clayton's parting words, as, kissing her niece, she took leave of her for the night.

The breakfast on the following morning was somewhat delayed

1 Concluded from page 443, vol. xliv.

in consequence of the absence of Mr. Edwards, who had gone out early, and who finally returning from a stroll about the neighbourhood, was eloquent in his praises of its beauty, describing to Edith, who confessed to being a stranger there, the rich remnant of the fine old forest that once stretched for many a league across what was now called Errington Fell; the picturesque ruins of the stately castle that still graced a neighbouring steep, and the delicious little wood-embosomed glen with its ruined chapel, and old moss-covered fountain, whose exhaustless waters, finally widened into a stream, and occasionally broken into tiny cascades, made pleasant music under the twisted branches of the noble trees. All these objects Miss Clayton declared to be described with a truthfulness that could not be surpassed; and the beauties of nature insensibly leading them on to those of art, painting, music, and poetry were severally dwelt upon, and on each and all of these themes Mr. Edwards displayed so much knowledge and so much taste, nay, enthusiasm, that Edith was unconsciously borne away by the pleasure of communing with a mind so congenial, until at length recollecting her intended visit to the sick widow, she arose abruptly, exclaiming, with a feeling of self-reproach,

"Ah, I am very selfish! I have been forgetting for the last hour that I have a visit to make, and so solemn a one! My dear aunt, you said that Hannah should show me the house. I can get back very well without her."

A thrill of pleasure passed through the heart of Mr. Edwards; Edith had unconsciously paid him a high compliment in acknowledging that he could make her forget anything.

"The wilful girl is going to see the widow Hanwell," said Miss Clayton, as her niece disappeared; "she has it her own way though I disapproved. She is warm-hearted, poor child, and utterly reckless of self; but she is a sacred deposit in my hands, and if any evil were to come of this I should be wretched."

"It is not too late to prevent her going," exclaimed Mr. Edwards, suddenly rising; "and, indeed, I think it is your duty to do so. Surely enough can be done without risking her young life."

At this moment Edith appeared bonneted and shawled.

"Mr. Edwards is my of opinion about your going, Edith," said Miss Clayton, "and I wish——"

"I have had your consent, aunt, for the step I am taking," interrupted Edith, resuming all the stately coldness she could so well express; "and if," she continued, with a furtive glance at Mr. Edwards, in which he thought he detected an unmeasured weight of scorn, "if our efforts at benevolence are so readily to give way, it is hardly worth the while to call them into existence."

Mr. Edwards turned away and walked to the window. The elder lady saw and felt that he was deeply hurt, and without say-

ing another word on the subject she dismissed her niece and servant on their errand, and applied herself to her household duties.

The village, from the house at the hill top, receded into a deep valley, towards which Edith now bent her steps. The epidemic, which had raged for a long time and so seriously, had its own share in the silence and desertion of the single street. There were no children to be seen at their merry gambols, and the few people she encountered wore a sad and thoughtful expression of countenance, that would better have beseemed the inhabitants of a crowded city than the peaceful dwellers in a quiet country hamlet. Quitting the main street, the maid led the way down a narrow lane, having a few scattered cottages at either side, and having pointed out one of them as the abode of the widow Hanwell, Edith dismissed her, and approaching the door gave a low single tap. Her summons was answered by a little curly-headed urchin of some five or six years, but before he could make any reply to her inquiry, an aged woman, whose white hair was neatly parted under her yet more snowy cap, made her appearance, and with a low courtesy requested Edith to walk in. Carefully wiping one of the chairs with her apron, she begged of the lady to sit down, and in answer to Edith's inquiry said the patient was better, much better; she had passed a quiet night.

"But something has happened this morning that has been almost too much for her in her weak state," added the old woman; "for joy, miss, is sometimes as overpowering as sorrow, and the help was just as unexpected as if an angel had dropped it from the clouds. Very early this morning a strange gentleman comes and taps at the door, and as I had been with Jenny all night, I was here to answer him; and he inquired so kindly about her and then about the children, and seemed so pleased when I told him she had got the turn for the better. He sat with little Joey on his knee for more than twenty minutes, and had no more pride about him than I have, though I am sure he is some great man—he had the look of it. Then he asked me if I was any relation, and when I told him I was only a neighbour, just doing what I could for her, he said it was very good of me, and he hoped I would go on helping her until she was able to do for herself, and I should be well paid for my trouble. At parting he put a purse in my hand, telling me not to let Jenny want for anything, for we should hear of him again; and when I told her all this, and we had opened the purse together we found twenty sovereigns in it, and to be sure the surprise and joy were almost too much for her. But she is quiet now, and perhaps, miss, you would like to see her."

Edith acquiesced, and was introduced to an inner apartment, where she found the invalid stretched on an humble but clean bed, and looking so pale and emaciated as rather to resemble a dead

than a living being. Edith took her hand gently, and delivered a kind message from her aunt, at whose name the face of the sick woman brightened up.

"I shall never be able to show my gratitude for all she has done for me and mine," she said in a voice so low as scarcely to rise above a whisper; "but mercies have been showered on me from every side, and, oh! miss, if you can tell me who the gentleman was that called here this morning I shall be glad, for I think it would do me more good than anything to be able to thank him."

Edith assured her she did not know him, for though her thoughts had wandered to her aunt's lodger, she had dismissed the idea at the same instant; and she now told the widow that she would best evince her sense of his kindness by ceasing to agitate herself and getting well as quickly as possible. With this admonition Edith left her, with an earnest assurance of her own and her aunt's wish to contribute in any way to her comfort, receiving in the silent pressure of the widow's hand the thanks she could not speak; and after some little consultation with the old dame in the outer room, she departed.

On arriving at her aunt's dwelling, Edith found that worthy lady in a high state of excitement. The widow of the schoolmaster had only just passed out of the house; an unexpected piece of good fortune had befallen her, and she could not rest until she had communicated it to her best friend. One of Farmer Thornton's boys had that morning brought her a note which ran thus:—

"Be of good cheer; He that said, 'Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me,' has seen your affliction, and sends you help. Enclosed you will find the sum of forty pounds; the same will be paid to you, yearly, by Mr. James Thornton of the Grange."

She had been down to the Grange to get tidings of her benefactor, but could get little information on the subject. There, too, a revolution of feeling had been effected; there was a revival of cheerfulness, of hopefulness in the late house of despair and mourning. A strange gentleman had been shut up with the grandfather above an hour, and the old man, who had previously sunk into a kind of lethargy of grief that nothing seemed capable of rousing, had come forth with miraculously renewed energies, looking ten years younger, and had started off to speak again to Squire Wood about renewing the lease of his farm. Before mounting his horse, and whilst shaking hands with the elder members of his family, and kissing the younger, he had exclaimed,

"Cheer up, girls and boys, cheer up, we shall yet be able to keep our heads above water!"

The widow had heard, too, of the gentleman's visit to Jenny Hanwell; it *was* the same gentleman, of course; there could not be another like him; he seemed to have come to the village as the

epidemic had done, working silently but surely, only scattering joy where the latter had spread desolation. Miss Clayton was in a fever of pleasurable excitement, possessing, as she believed, a perfect knowledge of him by whom all this change had been effected. Was it not from herself he had obtained the information he had turned to such good account? It was with great difficulty that she refrained from telling the widow all she fancied she knew on the subject; however, she did refrain, and dismissing her agitated visitor with warm congratulations on her good fortune, she waited with impatience the arrival of Edith.

CHAPTER VI.

A relation of the foregoing facts, poured forth with astonishing volubility, greeted Edith on entering the sitting-room, and compelled her, in some degree, to enter into her aunt's view of the matter.

"Oh, I told you he was a noble creature!" exclaimed Miss Clayton, sighing deeply as if to relieve the fulness of her heart. "I acknowledged as much to myself the moment I first looked upon him; and I wonder what he is about now; he went out just after you did, saying he should take a horse and ride over to Abbercliffe, where he had some business, and that he should not return before six o'clock. As sure as can be he is gone to see Mr. Wood about the Grange farm lease; he lives only a mile on the other side Abbercliffe. But, Edith, child, what in the world are you laughing about?"

"I was just thinking, aunt, that after all there is more than a possibility of our being mistaken; and that whilst we are settling all these matters for poor Mr. Edwards, he may be guiltless of all knowledge of them."

"Well, I am surprised that you can be so sceptical," said Miss Clayton, really annoyed and astonished at her niece's unbelief.

"I only want you to wait, dear aunt, before you fully make up your mind to have it your own way. We shall soon learn the truth; and in the meantime I think you had better not tax the gentleman with his generosity, as, if he should not be the person after all, the embarrassment would be mutual."

"No, no, child, I shall do no such thing; but I do intend to show him by every means in my power how much I honour a heart capable of such prompt and noble benevolence. Oh, yesterday was a blessed day! Let me see—yes, it was the tenth of July. I will note it down in my pocket-book."

At six o'clock precisely the tea-table was set out in Miss Clayton's parlour, but her lodger had not yet made his appearance.

Edith, who sat reading in the window recess, could not avoid occasionally lifting her eyes and noting with a quiet smile the fidgetty movements of her aunt. The good lady's thoughts were evidently too busily employed to admit of conversation, too restless to allow her to remain long in one position. Twice she had sent the maid into an adjoining paddock that commanded a view of the road to Abbercliffe; but there was no horseman to be seen, and she was about to despatch her for the third time when the garden gate was heard to unclose, and Mr. Edwards himself walked forward with a hurried step and entered the parlour.

"I have a thousand apologies to make," he said, with a frank, happy smile on his glowing countenance, that even Edith was forced to acknowledge was more expressive than any she had ever seen, of boundless benevolence. "In the first place I fear I have kept you waiting, although I have ridden hard to avoid doing so, and here I am at last so enveloped in dust as to be scarcely fit for ladies' society."

"Oh, don't mention it," said Miss Clayton, "I am so glad you have got home. I wish you had not thought about us at all since it has made you ride so fast under this hot sun. Why, you are quite overheated. Edith, dear, do shut that window, and make haste with the tea. Now sit down directly, for I am sure you are tired."

There was all the affectionate solicitude of a mother in the words and attentions of Miss Clayton, for her warm heart was really overflowing with kind feeling towards her lodger; and her manner, coupled with the word home, seemed to have touched the young man's heart, for Edith was sure she detected a moisture in his fine eyes, as looking up to Miss Clayton he exclaimed,

"Home! what associations of bright glowing dreams, and glad buoyant hopes, and deep holy love does that one word conjure up! How can I ever sufficiently thank you, my dear madam, for bringing so completely back by your kindness the old familiar feeling to one who is now literally homeless!"

Miss Clayton's affectionate attentions were only redoubled; and Edith, in whose heart an answering chord had been touched, felt, too, the moisture in her own eyes; and over and around the three there seemed to be hovering an atmosphere of sympathy, drawing each closer to the other in a bond so nearly resembling the perfect love that casteth out fear, that if any of them in that night's dreams had been menaced with a sudden and final separation, they would have awakened with a sense of loneliness that to two of them at least must have been conclusive as to the state of their own hearts.

On the following day Mr. Edwards dined, according to appoint-

ment, with the Earl of Errington, his daughter, and the Honourable and Reverend Mr. Orville the rector; and as the result of the meeting could only be so far interesting as it related to our hero, we may give it in the subsequent remarks of the party. The earl pronounced it to be a most extraordinary circumstance that a young man so dependent, and devoted to so precarious a calling, should be so little alive to, so utterly reckless of, his own interests as not at all to have followed up the hints thrown out for his advantage, but rather, if anything, have laboured to evade them; Mr. Orville allowed that he talked poetry and sentiment very eloquently, and Lady Elizabeth declared he had sent her to sleep.

We shall pass over the succeeding six weeks very summarily, merely stating that in due course of time Mr. Edwards was very naturally proved to have been the village benefactor; that on one occasion only he again visited at Errington Park, to whose inhabitants the news of his singular liberality had reached, producing in them a coldness that he either did not notice or did not care for; that learning how passionately fond Edith was of music, and, of course, being fond of it himself, a splendid piano had one day arrived by rail at Abbercliffe, and on the following day was bestowed in Miss Clayton's parlour; that he and Edith varied the amusements of the long summer evenings with music and song, yea, with songs and music of his own composing, for he *was* a poet; and that if he had any thought of quitting Errington, which, however, did not seem to be the case, it was very confidently asserted in the village that the family at the hill top would quit it too.

One evening, during a temporary absence of Edith, Mr. Edwards thus addressed his hostess,

"I have thought it singular, my dear madam, that during the long time I have been with you—long I call it because I feel as completely domesticated in your happy home as if I had dwelt in it for years—I have thought it singular that I should never have learned the family name of your sweet Edith. Perhaps I have selfishly avoided all opportunity of learning it, because the more familiar epithet was more pleasing to me, and I have been allowed to use it."

Miss Clayton looked up from her knitting into the face of the speaker, and then her eyes dropped, and there was a moment's pause.

"If I am taking too great a liberty in making this inquiry, ..."

"No, no," said the lady, interrupting him, and quietly placing her knitting and spectacles aside; "to tell you the truth I am rather pleased than otherwise that you have made it, as your being acquainted with Edith's story will save us some embarrassments. The dear child is busy with her flowers, so I will take my oppor-

tunity. I have before told you that my father was one of the former rectors of Errington; he was so before the birth of the present earl; and the day on which he christened the late earl's third and youngest son was also my father's wedding-day. Two children, my sister Isabella and myself, were the sole offspring of this union, and my mother died in our infancy. My father, who was a learned man, and much in the confidence of the first earl, had charge of the education of the latter's sons until finally the eldest went to the university, and the two younger respectively into the army and navy. Mr. Henry, the third son, was always an especial favourite with Isabella and myself, and, indeed, with every one else, not excepting my father, although he had some sad disputes with the young man respecting his inaptitude for learning. Master Henry, indeed, greatly preferred a romp with Isabella and myself to being shut up in the study; and we, at least, liked him all the better for his taste. After my mother's death a distant relative of hers, a widow lady, came to reside in our house, and from her and my father Isabella and myself received our education. Living in this retirement, with no society beyond that to be found in our immediate neighbourhood, and never having been further from home than to Abbercliffe, you may imagine that we were as little experienced in the ways of the world as two young girls well could be. My sister was fifteen and myself two years younger when Mr. Henry entered the navy and went his first voyage. That event was the first real sorrow we had ever known, and it was the herald of many others. After an absence of two years Henry Stanton returned for a short time to England, and his first visit was paid at the rectory. The gay, frolicsome, kind-hearted boy had shot up into the man; his once fair, ruddy face, was pale and bronzed, but the frank, hearty manner, the affectionate heart, were the same, and we all hailed him with delight. His leave of absence was a very brief one; he was to return to London in a fortnight, and sail a second time to the East Indies. It was matter of wonder to my father that Mr. Henry should devote so much of his limited time to us, but on this subject he was presently enlightened. During our frequent visits to old haunts in the neighbourhood—and the little glen with its ruined chapel was a favourite—I had remarked that Henry and Isabella generally contrived to rid themselves of my company, either lingering behind or getting the start of me; and with the instinctive skill of woman in such matters, I was not long in discovering that the two were everything to each other. The day previous to that fixed upon for the young man's departure, he requested and obtained a private audience with my father, and never shall I forget the burst of rage with which, after dismissing Henry from the house, he came forth. I was the first person to encounter him, and he commanded me to summon Isabella into his presence. I found the

poor girl weeping bitterly, and so terrified as to be scarcely capable of facing the storm. We all now learned that they had vowed mutual fidelity before Henry's first voyage; and the young man had disclosed their attachment to my father, only asking permission to look forward with hope; but to do this was sternly and peremptorily denied him. I will pass over the scene which ensued; Isabella was at first heart-broken, but in a little time recovered her serenity; and I discovered afterwards that her lover had contrived to convey to her a letter, which bore her wonderfully through the three following years of silence on his part and persecution at home—so inseparable are love and hope. Isabella was at that time a beautiful girl, and, soon after Henry Stanton's departure, she attracted the notice of Mr. Wood of Abbercliffe, who shortly presented himself as a suitor with the full approbation of our father, who was wishful to promote a match that would terminate his anxiety about the son of the earl.

"Isabella, however, was inflexible; she was always a proud, firm girl, and love on the one side, and utter detestation on the other, bore her far above either threats or entreaties. In this manner three years passed away, and then we heard that Mr. Henry was again in England. He did not attempt to come near the rectory, to which Isabella was strictly confined; but all the authority that had been exerted, all the precautions that were taken were of no avail; for in less than three weeks after we had first heard of his arrival, Isabella had left her father's house and become the wife of Henry Stanton.

"My father died in a very short time after this; he had long been in a declining state of health, and the blow was too heavy for him, for he had set his heart against the match. The old earl had been dead some time, and the young one was, perhaps, more inflexible than the other would have been, for he has always shown himself a far less gracious man. For a long while after Isabella's marriage I did not hear anything of her, and in the meantime Mrs. Danton and myself came to reside here, where the little property left me by my father enabled us to keep up some appearance of respectability.

"In the course of the four following years I lost my kind companion and second mother, shortly after which event I first received a letter from Isabella, who had been abroad with her husband, and was just returned to England. She begged of me to come and see her, and I did so. I went to London and remained for some time with her and her husband. At that time they had two sweet boys, who some years afterwards died; and in giving birth to Edith, the only survivor out of six children, Isabella died also, and in a far-off land—she lies buried in the wilds of India. Henry, who had been the kindest of husbands, was a fond father to the child bequeathed to his care; and when he finally returned

to England with a small pension, having lost his right arm in the service, Edith was ten years old, so that her recollections refer chiefly to the land of her birth and childhood.

"In London I again visited him, and won by his entreaties, and the caresses of his sweet child, I gave up my establishment here, let my house, and during the following six years I never left them. Some dispute arose respecting the little property I possess, which required my presence in the country, and in order not to lose all, I was compelled to squander a great part in obtaining legal advice. The Earl of Errington might have spared me all the trouble and loss; and I fear I have much to answer for if I was wrong in believing that my perplexities gave him pleasure.

"I did not again return to London; Edith's father died soon after I came down here, leaving his daughter unprovided for. She has since continued for some months at the school where her education was finished, as assistant; but the establishment was recently broken up, and Edith, at my earnest request, came to me as her sole earthly friend. Here she finds, at least, a refuge from the world, and what little property remains to me will be hers."

"And the earl," asked Mr. Edwards, whose brow had alternately paled and flushed during the above recital, "did he not become reconciled to his brother? has he shown no interest in the fortunes of his sweet niece?"

"No, neither the one nor the other. Henry wrote to him on more than one occasion, suing for reconcilement, but he was not answered. He wrote, too, on Edith's account shortly before he died, but this communication shared the fate of the others. They are, doubtless, aware up at the park that my niece is with me, and such knowledge will only serve to render their presence in the village a still more rare occurrence. But here comes Edith."

CHAPTER VII.

Edith came to announce a visitor in the person of Mr. Thornton of the Grange, who wished to see Miss Clayton, and was now waiting her leisure in the orchard arbour. The good lady obeyed the summons with alacrity, and the young people were left alone.

This was not the first time they had been so left, but it was the first time that both experienced a degree of embarrassment that for several minutes kept them mutually silent. Edith had placed before her a set of small vases, and busied herself with arranging in them the flowers she had been gathering. Mr. Edwards still held in his hand the book he had been reading before Miss Clayton related to him the strange story he had just heard. Resigning it at length, he drew to the table, and leaning forward as if watching Edith's operations, he said,

"How like to the world without is the busy world within our own souls, with its electric thoughts, its wild, and glowing, and often idle dreams, its aspiring impulses, its unwearied and ever-changing speculations, its hopes and fears with their ready adaptation to circumstances—each and all as arbitrary in their operation as is that stern necessity of which they must still continue to be the attendant slaves. Strong indeed must be the hidden might of the intellectual despotism that rules us, since there are times when the presence of all that is most interesting to the heart and imagination fails to withdraw us from the deep study to which we are thus bound. The pages in which an hour ago I was revelling with delight, have suddenly become a blank to me, and for once, sweet Edith, your aunt has been the first to be conscious of your approach. If we are voluntarily the slaves of our passions, we are not the less involuntarily the slaves of thought; and not more utterly dependent on the will of God than on the ever-varying round of circumstance that destiny is constantly weaving for us."

"Our thoughts are arbitrary enough, according to their mood," replied Edith; "it is well that this is also varying. And this brings me to a confession that should have been sooner made, for I did you wrong and have wished to atone for it. Six weeks ago, when, after having expressed so much sympathy for our poor villagers, you objected to my visiting them through fear of personal danger, I felt for you something very nearly approaching to scorn; can you forgive me? I have been undeceived and humbled, and now, in obedience to the change of circumstances, I look upon you with a feeling akin to envy; envy for the power of doing good which you have exercised so nobly, envy for the rich reward of approbation in your own heart, which through all changes must be enduring."

In asking forgiveness Edith had extended her hand, which the first impulse would have led Mr. Edwards to carry to his lips, but resisting this, he merely bowed over it with reverence and resigned it.

"Do not, dear Edith," he said, "speak of this matter in the common language of the people of the world, who do themselves small honour by swelling into a marvel the very few acts of generosity ever exercised amongst them. A kind action is its own reward; it is one of the wise dispensations of Providence that it should be so; beyond this all is worse than vanity. The one feeling for which you have expressed envy has become so merged in others far less pleasurable, that I am scarcely conscious of its presence; and there exists not at this moment a less enviable being than myself. Yet, so dependant are we upon others for our very feelings, a few words spoken by one who can alone control my future destiny, would possess the power either to confirm the gloom that is upon me, or to dissipate it at once and for ever."

"He is in love!" said Edith to herself, and the conviction had power to produce a pang in her heart, and to chase the rich colour from lip and cheek.

"I can only hope for you, that the words, when uttered, may accomplish all you wish," she said, bending low over the flowers.

"A little time will decide," he answered; and abruptly quitting the room and the house, he left with Edith a consciousness of the state of her own heart that was anything but satisfactory.

In this mood Edith was ill fitted to bear her aunt company on her return, for the good lady was unusually loquacious. Farmer Thornton had come to her, as a ready sympathiser in his prosperity, to pour out the fulness of his heart. He had long ago obtained the lease, and his grandsons, strong in the energy of hope, were applying themselves manfully to further the happy change that had come over their prospects. Miss Clayton had learned for the first time that Mr. Edwards had deposited a thousand pounds in the farmer's hands, subject only to the annuity promised to the widow of the schoolmaster.

"Well," she now exclaimed, "it was worth while passing a long life in this seclusion to meet with one such generous heart at last! They who congregate in cities, nay, they who pass from one end of the world to the other, have rarely had such good fortune. It makes one think better of the world, better of one's self, to find that at least everything human is not engulfed in selfishness."

"And yet, to become acquainted with good only to lose it as soon as found, is perhaps as painful as it is pleasurable," said Edith. "To be sure it will afford a gratifying memory; but all memories are sad, for they are but the wrecks of departed realities. Such, however, is the true course of everything in this world."

"Why, Edith, what are you driving at? expecting Mr. Edwards to leave us? You may set me down for an old simpleton if you like, but I don't believe that he will go if we choose to keep him with us. Now, don't look so astonished, child, because, unless you have a much smaller share of vanity than falls to the lot of most women, you must have seen that his fate is in your hands. I have long seen it, and I only wonder that he has not himself told you so before this. I have no fears about him; and O, Edith, I would gladly believe that having so noble a heart once within your grasp, you will not reject it; for one might pass through the course of many lives and yet never meet with such a one again."

"This is painful, dear aunt," said Edith, much annoyed; "it is unwise to conjure up fancies that, if I chose to cling to them, might be so rudely put to flight. Nay, it is indelicate to speak so confidently on a subject that has never been even approached

by the parties principally concerned. To Mr. Edwards I am only a nameless being about whom he knows, and can wish to know, nothing."

"Not so, Edith; he does know all; this very evening, and at his own request, I related to him all the particulars of your story."

A long pause ensued, broken only by the appearance of the supper things; and the clock had struck nine before Mr. Edwards' step was heard in the garden. He entered the room gaily, and seeing the preparations, exclaimed,

"I am still doomed, I see, to keep you waiting; and there is only one thing wanting in order to make me feel perfectly at home —I really long to hear you scold me! Nay, do not laugh; seriously, it is a high privilege to be scolded, because we only scold what we love, or in some way appropriate as our own. When once you have gratified me in this respect I shall feel secure."

"Secure to do what?" asked Miss Clayton; "to claim a home in this solitary place, where——"

"Where my heart has already passed a life, and would not now willingly pass to the inevitable death beyond. O, Edith, I have told you once to night that there was one voice to pronounce the sentence of good or evil for me—that voice is your own; and in the presence of your aunt I now ask—can you, will you, love me?"

Edith's heart was fully prepared to answer "yes" to the question, but she was not then prepared for the question itself. The little hand he had taken trembled in his own, and over the beautiful face he looked upon the varying colour came and went, but for a moment there was no reply. Edith half turned towards her aunt, but that lady was weeping very helplessly; and then, firmly raising her eyes, and fixing them on the noble countenance of him she believed to be deserving of all love, she said,

"Mine must not be the only heart insensible to your worth; time must tell for me how much I think I gain in exchanging it for your own."

CHAPTER VIII.

We will pass over the raptures of the lover, the delight of Miss Clayton, and changing the scene to the following day, summon our readers to the conference claimed by Mr. Edwards in order to make some necessary disclosures respecting himself.

"Thirty years ago," he commenced, "Mr. Morton, a merchant and extensive land proprietor, was generally considered to be not

only the most wealthy man of his own class, but to be able, in the common language used in such matters, to buy and sell half the English nobility, with their revenues and broad lands. It was considered singular in a man who appeared to take delight in fencing himself about with all the pride of riches, when about this time, being himself somewhat advanced in years, he married a beautiful but portionless girl, the daughter of a deceased sculptor of some eminence. The only offspring of this ill-assorted marriage was a son, who during his earlier years was left to the sole guidance of his gentle mother. Mr. Morton, without being a harsh, was a neglectful husband, being still too busily engaged in the acquisition of wealth to bestow much time or thought upon his humble wife, or the child that was to her become the sole object of earthly interest. His extensive money transactions occasioned frequent absences, on the continent and elsewhere, and at the age of ten years, Edward Morton had seen and heard so little of his father, and that little had been so unproductive of affection, that he occupied small share of his son's thoughts or heart. At this age the boy lost his mother, and when the first grief is a bitter one it extends its influence over the whole future life. The attachment of mother and child had been devoted, and over one of them at least no thought of possible separation had ever obtruded its dark shadow. The boy was not to be consoled; he fell into a declining state of health, and for some time his life was despaired of. Mr. Morton was summoned from a distant part of the land to attend the funeral of his wife, and the immoderate grief of her son excited his displeasure, and received his too stern rebuke—too stern, because it served to widen the unnatural gulf that already divided their sympathies, under circumstances likely to render the impression, on the boy's part, permanent. His father expressed dissatisfaction at the progress made in his education, and spoke harshly of the course pursued by his mother, and with which he had himself never interfered. The private tutor was dismissed, and young Morton was given to understand that he would be sent from home to complete his education. The broken spirit of the boy had, however, affected his health to an extent that it required all his father's patience to allow, and he was finally consigned to the care of a distant relative residing near the lakes of Westmoreland, until his health should be restored. With the kind family of which he thus became a member, he passed, happily, the following seven years of his life. Mr. Morton, fully occupied with other objects, readily gave consent to his son's becoming a pupil of the clergyman of the remote Westmoreland hamlet; and here, surrounded by all that was beautiful in nature, fostered by congenial spirits, and in the frequent society of Wordsworth, and others, the master spirits of their day, Edward Morton advanced rapidly in an education little likely to fit him for the pursuits to which he

was destined. When nearly seventeen he was summoned to London, and placed in his father's counting-house, where his acquirements were perhaps found to be worse than useless. Here for several years he underwent a different course of education until he was eventually sent to superintend his father's estates in Jamaica. He had been thus situated when a communication from his father gave rise to a dispute between them. From it he learned that, wishing to elevate the rank of his family, Mr. Morton had agreed with an English earl, whose estates were extensively mortgaged to himself, that his son, Edward Morton, should be united in marriage to the nobleman's daughter, the bride to receive the mortgage money by way of dower. This engagement had been entered into some time before any intimation of its existence was given to the person so much concerned, and the whole affair being at variance with all the better feelings of his nature, he resisted to the uttermost. Mr. Morton's rage was unbounded; he threatened to disinherit his son, he expostulated, threatened, commanded, to no purpose. At length, without previously stating his intention, he suddenly appeared in Jamaica, and here the altercation took a personal form. Mr. Morton's health had been long declining, and his son found him a mere wreck of his former self. His mind, too, had followed the decay of his body; the once sternly imperious man no longer threatened or commanded, but he wept in all the helplessness of infirmity and imbecility, as he implored the accomplishment of his cherished object, and the tears of an old man are hard to be withstood. Nevertheless, as the two held serious converse together for the first time, and under circumstances so new to both, there sprang up a sympathy between them that deepened as they looked back on the blank wastes of the past, bringing to them no remembered traces of affection, for they felt that so it should not have been. However avarice may crush, or ambition evade, or estrangement weaken the yearnings of nature in our hearts, there is no such thing as annihilation with regard to them —here, too, while there is life there is hope. Standing consciously in the presence of death, the distinctions and the treasures of this world gradually loosened their hold; and to the heart of the worn-out man came back the joyous days of his boyhood; the better impulses of his youth, the beautiful vision of her who had briefly won him from the sordidness of his pursuits, all asserting the existence of that better feeling which now, too late for the past, was permanently awakened within him. The father and son discovered, as the one stood on the brink of the grave so soon to close over him, much that was worthy of love and respect in the characters of each, and mingled tears of sorrowful rejoicing that the knowledge had not come all in vain. It is not true—for the honour of human nature it is not true—the assertion that the strongest and worst passions of men always predominate in the

dying hour. The miser, Rembrandt, after having throughout his wretched life worshipped gold as it had never before been worshipped, with all the passionate intensity of a master-mind, was roused from his gross dream by the grasp of death, and turned with disgust from the glittering nothingness of his idol; and, acknowledging all that had been vain or evil in his own course, Mr. Morton in his last hours beheld all the sordidness of his ambition; and entering fully into the views of his son, he owned that, without mutual affection to sanction it, the compact into which he had entered on his behalf was an unholy one, giving him full licence to act as his better feelings should dictate. He agreed readily, at his son's solicitation, to give up to the earl the mortgage money that was to have been so unworthily employed—that which had reconciled the nobleman to the alliance would console him for its loss. The son on his part promised that on his return to England he would, without committing himself, take the opportunity of seeing his promised bride; his affections were disengaged, and it might be in his power to bestow them upon her—failing in this he was to be free."

Mr. Edwards paused, and looking earnestly at his auditors took a hand of each.

"I see," he continued, "that you need little more to render this narrative intelligible; you understand the motive of my masquerading here. To-night the Earl of Errington will receive an acknowledgment in full for the money due only to the dead; and I, dear Edith, what have I left to offer to your acceptance but an impostor, impoverished and degraded by the ordeal through which he has been compelled to pass?"

"Impoverished perhaps, but not degraded," replied Edith, with a bright smile; "if riches be nothing without affection, the latter should be much even alone."

"I have still enough left for love, if not for ambition," said Mr. Morton, as we must now call him; "will my Edith be content to share that little with the husband of her choice?"

The low-murmured reply was satisfactory, for the lover sealed his thanks with a kiss; and Miss Clayton, who had, perhaps, never been so long silent in company before, gave utterance to her pent-up joy:

"And you will live here," she exclaimed, "we shall all live together. Oh! I had a presentiment that it would be so from the first!"

"Yes, here or elsewhere, we shall all live together," replied Mr. Morton; "to you I owe all my felicity, and without your presence it would be incomplete."

CHAPTER IX.

In a few days Mr. Morton went to London for the express purpose of arranging his affairs; and when he returned on the following week he engaged Miss Clayton's interest to unite with his own in asking Edith's consent to their early union. At length the wedding-day was fixed, and great were the humble preparations in the village to do honour to the two individuals who had become so endeared to all, in defiance of the dignified displeasure of the Earl of Errington, of which something was generally understood. Mr. Morton had expressed a wish to pass a few months after their marriage in Westmoreland, amid the rich scenery of his boyhood and youth which he had so often described to Edith, and the latter joyfully consented to the arrangement. To Miss Clayton, too, the project was a pleasant one, although it opened up to her a world of agreeable cares that kept her fully occupied a week beforehand. There was some little badinage betwixt herself and Mr. Morton about procuring post-chaises from Abbercliffe; for the good lady was anxious to have everything arranged properly, and Mr. Morton only smiled very provokingly, and told her to trust to him. The eventful day dawned at last, sunny and cheerful, as a bridal morning should be; and with it, in due time, came Edward Morton, who had passed the night at the Golden Lion. Neither Edith nor Miss Clayton were visible when he entered, for the operations going on above had been for a short time suspended through the sudden dashing past the house, about half an hour previously, of two handsome carriages, with outriders and servants in plain liveries, wearing bridal favours, and altogether making a grand appearance, and no inconsiderable stir in the quiet village street. From Edith's window it was ascertained that the carriages had stopped at the Golden Lion; and Miss Clayton wasted some time in speculating on the singularity of the coincidence; but Edith bestowed no thought on the subject, and her attendant, the pretty young granddaughter of Farmer Thornton, was too busily engaged in assisting her beautiful mistress, and anticipating the pleasures of her expected trip (for she was going with them) to attend to anything else. Miss Clayton, therefore, had all the subject to herself; and mixed with her speculations about the grand affair placed so tantalizingly in sight, was some surprise at the non-appearance of any vehicle for the conveyance of her own party; and she finally descended the stairs with an uncomfortable misgiving that they should have to wait longer than was intended, casting sundry uneasy glances at the boxes placed, ready for removal, in the passage.

Edward Morton received his beautiful bride with a smile of delight, but before the first salutation was well over, the carriages that had recently passed were heard returning at a dashing speed, and in the next moment were suddenly reined up before Miss Clayton's gate; the upper part of the vehicles, the horses' heads, the outriders, the distinguished-looking servants, favours and all, making a goodly show above the old holly hedge. Mr. Morton glanced for an instant at the cortege without; Edith turned rather pale; but Miss Clayton, unable any longer to contain herself, burst into the exclamation,

"Mr. Morton, what does this mean?"

"It means, my dear madam," said the gentleman, taking her hand, "that if you can find your happiness with the two beings most anxious to promote it, you now quit this house to return to it no more. It means, dear Edith," he continued, dropping gracefully on one knee before her, "that I have carried on some imposture even to the last; that the luxury of being loved for myself alone was not to be resisted. It means that the wealth of Edward Morton is even more unbounded than the world has declared it to be, and yet all insufficient for happiness if now it is to bring you dissatisfaction."

The glowing eyes of Edith were fixed for a moment, only for a moment, on the floor, as if they were taking counsel with the tips of her tiny feet, and then lifting them to his, and extending her hand with a frank and happy smile, she said,

"Well, I must not be selfish whilst you set me such an example of disinterestedness. But ah! Edward, you have been a double traitor, and I am loth to let you escape thus."

Escape thus, however, he did; and the simple white dress of the splendidly-attended and richly-dowered bride, added immensely to the effect of that long-remembered bridal.

It is perhaps necessary to add, that the Lady Elizabeth withdrew her patronage from the village; and that the earl declared, being for once doubtless right, that it was altogether one of the most extraordinary circumstances he had ever met with.

THE BEAUTY OF CREATION.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

He cometh up, and is cut down, like a flower; he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay.

Burial Service.

THOUGH these bright flowers must shortly fade
From my admiring eyes,
I grateful am the Lord array'd
Earth in such lovely guise.

One desert vast it might have been,
  Awful in barrenness,
Where leaf of verdure ne'er was seen
  To make its horror less.

But could it be more beautiful?
  More wondrous to see?
My heart with holy awe is full,
  Nature, beholding thee!

When God upon the blooming ground
  His name wrote on each flower,
It was to spread in beauty round
  His universal power.

Nor is Almighty power alone
  Engraven in each hue,
His LOVE for us is also shown
  THERE mystically too.

What gracious sweetnesses arise
  Like incense from his shrine,
Or angels breathing from the skies
  Aroma most divine.

Where'er by meditation led,
  By wood or valley green,
Invade the sense by flow'rets shed,
  Most grateful to HAVE been.

Although, alas! it is their doom
  To perish and decay,
Brief as a dream to bud and bloom,
  And then to pass away;

Their life is still one od'rous breath—
  Fragrance which cannot die,
But rises even after death
  To perfume memory!

Why mourn for them? the state of man
  Is emblem'd in these flowers,
And limited to the poor span
  Of a few fleeting hours;

Like them in beauty he's array'd
  By the same Hand august;
Like them he must as surely fade
  And mingle with the dust;

Like them, oh! may he then retain
  A fragrance that shall rise
Beyond the grave's corrupting stain,
  Even to Paradise.

JOURNAL OF A LONDON SCHOOLMASTER.[1]

CHAPTER III.

May 12th. I this morning gave the boys the following short exercise on the slate:—

"BENEVOLENCE.

"There cannot be a more glorious object in creation than a human being replete with benevolence, meditating in what manner he might render himself most acceptable to his Creator by doing most good to his creatures."

"SIGNS OF GOOD MINDS.

"The parts and signs of goodness are many. If a man be gracious and courteous to strangers, it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins them. If he be compassionate towards the afflictions of others, it shows that his heart is like the noble tree that is wounded itself when it gives the balm. If he easily pardons and remits offences, it shows that his mind is planted above injuries, so that he cannot be hurt. If he be thankful for small benefits, it shows that he weighs men's minds, and not their trash."

May 21st. What a sweet child is Edward Lamb! his gentle winning manner has made a lasting impression on my mind. Edward is nine years old; he is tall of his age; his face is pale; his black eyes are shaded with long dark lashes, which give a sweet expression to his countenance. His forehead is as white as alabaster, over which his black hair gracefully falls in ringlets.

I once unwittingly spoke a little harsh to this gentle creature, and he burst into tears; and, oh! how I disliked myself for using the words of severity when kindness only was necessary. How gentle is he to those in the school less than himself; and how loved and respected by all his fellow-pupils. He shares everything he has with his schoolfellows. How devoted is the child to my wife and myself! how he strives to please us! When he sees my countenance indicate illness he positively tries to soothe me as a fond mother does her offspring. Sweet child! what a delightful school would mine be were all my pupils like this!

June 2nd. How different is a task and a lesson! If I set a boy a task to atone for a certain misdemeanour, he goes about it

[1] Continued from page 426, vol. xliv.

with a sad countenance and a heavy heart; whereas, if I say, "Now, Robert, or John (as the case may be), I shall feel obliged if you will copy this, or do that, for me" (a something, by the by, that will occupy as much time again as the task alluded to), the lad sets about itwith a cheerful heart and a happy countenance. So much advantage has the voluntary over the involuntary principle in this respect.

By occasionally giving children extreme liberty we may ascertain their real characters. Restraint frequently makes hypocrites. For once let a child have perfect freedom of action, the while watch him, when the real bias of his heart and mind may be ascertained.

June 15. My pupils visibly improve, both mentally and morally. My *conversational* style of teaching, I find, in its effects, works admirably—particularly in the grammar class. By means of my dissected maps my boys improve rapidly in their geographical exercises. My moral-persuasion class I contemplate with pleasure. The system I have adopted of well grounding my pupils in the four fundamental rules of arithmetic before allowing them to gallop through the Tutor without knowing the why and wherefore of the figures made use of, is certainly preferable to the old system—of the teacher doing the boys' sums for them. I this morning gave my boys the following original exercise to copy:—

"What a delightful morning is this! How beautiful for those who enjoy peace of mind to walk forth into the meadows and view the beauties of nature. To the vicious there is no peace."

"The youth who is gentle in his manner, diligent in his studies, and attentive to his parents and teachers, is likely to make a worthy man and a good member of society. In order that you may become such, my boys, be gentle and kind to each other, and obey your parents and instructors."

June 16th. What beautiful sentiments are frequently to be found in school-books, which sentiments are, of course, repeated at class time. But, alas! how little are they regarded either by teacher or pupil. The mind of the former is too much occupied with the thought of keeping his boys in order to appreciate the excellence of the book, and the attention of the latter is not often arrested to such a degree as to enforce upon their minds the moral or sublimity of that which they are repeating.

Teachers are frequently blamed for the misconduct of their pupils out of school. Parents make a great mistake if they suppose that a schoolmaster can counteract in children the evils resulting from a bad system of education at home and the pollution of the streets.

Teachers of youth have many tempers to put up with; but if they be properly qualified for their profession, they will gain the affections of their pupils, and have the pleasure, in common with

the parents of their interesting charges, of seeing the latter advance in the paths of wisdom and virtue.

Midsummer. I have given my boys a fortnight holidays. Cake, wine, and merriment were the order of the day at breaking up—in which my wife and I joined as cheerily as the youngest of our pupils. Children, when at school, reckon on their holidays, but not more so than do their fagged and exhausted teachers.

I, in company with my wife, have amused myself with sight-seeing in the great Metropolis. We have also visited our friends, who, however, pay me no compliment. They say I look ten years older since I commenced school-keeping, and in truth I *feel* so too.

July 20. My school has been re-opened a week; I have several new pupils, and none of my old ones have left me—this is pleasing.

I had a terrible outbreak in my little establishment this morning—Smith and Green were actually on their legs, *fighting*. I scarcely knew how to act. After a moment's consideration I, in the gentlest manner possible, separated them, after which I expostulated with the belligerents on their behaviour. Happily I touched the tenderest chords of their existence, and converted these two lions into quiet lambs. As they shook hands and made it up, I observed tears steal down their cheeks; the other boys appeared much affected by the scene.

I this morning gave my boys the following original exercise to be copied on to their slates:—

"The first step towards obtaining knowledge is to feel that we need instruction. The second step is to study the best books, and attend to competent teachers."

"Upon all occasions make a point of speaking the truth. By this means you will be respected; your friends and acquaintances will say of you, 'He is sure to perform what he promises, because he is a boy (or man) of his word."

"How pleasant it is when boys agree with their schoolfellows, and pupils love and obey their teachers. In an establishment where such a state of things exists, we may reasonably expect the mental and moral improvement of youth."

"Without attention the pupil will not progress; without silence his attention cannot be sufficiently arrested by the teacher; therefore, silence must be maintained in a well-governed school."

"An expensive education is not always a good education."

August 7. It is well to let boys have plenty of exercises to copy on their slates and into their books. If no other good is derived from it, it makes them ready writers.

My original-composition class improves. The following is Master Finch's description of

BREAD.

"This piece of bread is made of flour; flour is ground wheat; wheat is sometimes sown in spring, sometimes in autumn; it is gathered when ripe, in July, August, or September, according to climate and situation.

"A great many hands are employed in producing that piece of bread—viz., the farmer and his labourers, the mechanic who made the tools used by the farmer, the miller, the millwright who made his flour-mill, the master baker and his men, the bricklayers who built the baker's oven; even the brewer's services were called in requisition, for yeast is, I believe, a necessary ingredient in the making of bread. Without Providence sending sunshine and showers we should have no bread or other food, and, consequently, famine would ensue. By contemplating which fact we feel grateful to that Power which causes everything to work for good."

BREAD.

By Henry Evans, aged 12.

"Bread is made of wheat. The farmer or his men ploughed and harrowed the land to prepare it for the reception of the seed. The wheat was sown in the autumn; the rain made it spring up, and the sun ripened it.

"When cut it was tied in shocks, after which it was carried in waggons to the farmer's homestead, and there stacked. When the last load (all decorated with boughs of trees) was carried home, the farmer and his men had a feast, which was called the harvest home.

"It was then threshed and winnowed, after which it was sent to market for sale. The miller ground it into flour, and the baker made it into bread."

Sept. 6. I this morning opened my school by making the following observations:

"Ignorance is easy, my boys," said I; "by this I mean that you can idle away your time in unprofitable pursuits without any great effort; but if you neglect to improve your opportunities when young, you will in after years lament your worse than folly. Confectionary is sweet to the palate, but bitter indeed is the bitter draught taken after too great indulgence in high-seasoned dishes. But do not mistake me, my boys," I concluded, "these observations are not personal; I ever find you obedient, industrious, and willing."

Oct. 8. Scarcely a day passes but I commune with myself thus: "I have these children under my care; they are in my presence six hours daily; I am, therefore, in a great measure, responsible for their behaviour. They will be much influenced by my example; everything that I say or do before them must be according

to a high standard, for nothing is more contagious than example. I indeed feel the heavy responsibility of my position when I reflect how much these children's characters will be formed by my own conduct."

Sunday, Oct. 12. I have just returned from a place of worship. What a privilege to be a true Christian, for in Christ there is perfect liberty and equality. The church of Christ should be a peace society; the church of Christ should be the Christian's benefit society, recognising the support of the poor and the aged; the church of Christ should be the Christian's law court, where all differences should be settled by *brotherly arbitration.*

Oct. 14. My poor little boy Johnny is ill. Unobserved by any one he got to the water-butt to play with a piece of wood, and made himself wet to the skin. A violent cold, succeeded by a high state of fever and extreme prostration of strength, ensued. I am in most cases my own family doctor. I gave him simple purgatives, and rubbed his body two or three times a-day with a sponge dipped in vinegar and water, and I am happy to see him recovering. Poor little fellow! how it has shaken him; he who but the other day looked all blooming and beauty is now so pale and wan. Indeed, we are fearfully and wonderfully made! I rejoice to think I have, by God's blessing, been able to keep the doctor out of the house with his long list of poisons. Comparatively few invalids are aware of the efficacy of fasting, mild purgatives, and proper attention to the skin in sickness. . . . . But what a heavy time my poor wife has had of it during my boy's illness. Neither night nor day would he allow his mother to leave him. She even had to attend her drawing-class with the poor sick child in her arms. Woman! woman! O divine woman! that man would deign to take a lesson of patience and resignation from thee!

Oct. 14. I this day asked my pupils what conduced most to their happiness. Beneath I give their answers verbatim :—

No. 1.—"Going out to see pretty sights, visiting my uncles and aunts, and going to church in my best clothes."

No. 2.—"Innocence is happiness."

No. 3.—"When I am loved by every one."

No. 4.—"I am most happy when at play."

No. 5.—"Going to bed and sleeping."

No. 6.—"I am most happy when God loves me."

No. 7.—"I am happy at school."

Other answers were given, and some replied by merely saying "I don't know." I next asked them what caused them the greatest unhappiness; to which they replied as under:

No. 1.—"The death of my father or mother."

No. 2.—"A guilty conscience."

No. 3.—"Going to bed is my greatest trouble."

No. 4.—"When I make my parents cross."

No. 5.—"When father puts me to bed without supper."
No. 6.—"A wet day."
No. 7.—"When I see my mother cry when father scolds her."

Oct. 20. "We are all born, but we are not buried." "We know what we are, but we know not what we may be."

My most excellent wife has been over the wash-tub all the morning, and this afternoon there she was as trim as needs be superintending her drawing-class. What a blessing it is for our family that she can thus throw off the fine lady and assume it at pleasure. How many would have sunk to rise no more if they had experienced one-fourth the trouble and reverses of fortune that have fallen to her lot! But her resignation, her cheerfulness (for she is actually cheerful), her patience, all betoken her superior intellect. What should I be without her? O God, let me not think of it! I should indeed be but as a reed cast upon the troubled waters of life!

Her management, too! why she has all at once accommodated herself to our altered means. Nobody would believe that we only have £60 per annum at our command; the children, and herself, and house all look so neat and clean, they are the admiration of all the neighbours, and my linen is always as white as a curd. She makes our little pittance go as far as some people would make three times that sum. So much for good management and frugality. She is up at five o'clock and busy all day long.

Oct. 29. My wife is confined to her bed. I anticipated as much; I feared her slim frame could not long keep up under the excessive fatigues of body and mind to which she has of late been subjected. She will take no other advice but mine. I have over and over again threatened to call in a medical man, but she will not hear of it. So I am her doctor, and my daughter is her nurse. How assiduous and delicately attentive the little creature is to her mother's every want! The mother has already educated her to be handy and useful; with her other excellent qualifications that will be a fortune for poor Sarah—the only dowry, by the way, she is ever likely to possess.

My wife's illness arises from excessive fatigue; a few days' rest will, I think, restore her. I have provided some light and interesting books for her reading, and have procured a suitable diet with a little sherry and water, and hope soon to see the natural result of rest take place.

What a true picture of misery does our school present on account of the illness of my wife! how anxiously do the boys inquire every day after the health of their dear Mrs. ——. I saw the tear start into the eye of more than one of my pupils when I informed them of the illness of my wife. How glorious would it be for the cause of education if such a feeling subsisted between all pupils and teachers as exists between my wife, myself, and our

boys! How thrice glorious if kings lived in the breasts of their people as we do in the affections of our scholars!

Nov. 3. This is a happy day for me, a happy day for my children and pupils. This morning my good wife was sufficiently recovered to go into the school for a short time; the boys quite overcame her with their congratulations and salutations, and many were the tears of joy shed on the occasion. She was led into the room by her ever-attentive little nurse Sarah, whose attention has been unremitting during the whole time her mother has been ill. The congratulations and salutations were too much for the weak frame of my wife to bear up against unmoved; she was quite overcome, and relieved herself with an involuntary flood of tears. Such was the power of sympathy, that every one in the school wept. I must even acknowledge my weakness on the occasion—if weakness it be—for I could not refrain from dropping a tear. It was an affecting and interesting sight; these were real tears of sympathy. Fortunate children to be under the guidance of such a teacher! happy man to have such a wife!

Nov. 5. Oh, what a noisy day has this been in my school! The Fifth of November is certainly the greatest holiday in the year with boys. The school business has been quite forgotten, and nothing but squibs, crackers, Roman candles, Guys, and bonfires have been thought of. The boys seemed so elated, that I had not the heart to put a *veto* on their joyous proceedings. I, however, took some little pains to direct their conversation and transactions.

Master Hart I observed was so hoarse he could scarcely speak. When I asked him the cause of his hoarseness, he told me that it was occasioned by singing

> " Please to remember the Fifth of November,
> Gunpowder, treason, and plot.
> I know no reason why Gunpowder Treason
> Should ever be forgot.
> Holloa, boys! holloa, boys! huzza-a-a!"

At the termination of this stanza all the boys in the school re-echoed at the top of their voices the sublime chorus—

> " Holloa, boys! holloa, boys! huzza-a-a!"

I smiled amid the tremendous din: it is true I was somewhat discomposed at the uproar, but I knew it was useless to frown; experience had taught me that whenever my own equanimity forsook me—which happened occasionally—I lost all command over my pupils. On this occasion I was in " proper tune," and had no difficulty in obtaining order. By means of a particular expression of countenance, and a signal with my right hand, silence was instantly obtained. I now took the opportunity of explaining the

circumstance which gave rise to the observance of the day, to which great attention was paid.

Some of the boys were busily engaged with their heads in their desks: I found they were employed making serpents, blue-candles, miniature Guys, &c.

A little incident occurred which gave rise to no little merriment at the expense of myself. One of the boys, it appears, lighted a cracker, and placed it beneath my stool: in due course it "went off," and so surprised me, that I jumped from my elevated seat with great precipitation, by which means my wig was unfortunately displaced, and my bald head was for the first time exposed to the view of my boys, who could not restrain their laughter at the novel sight. Of course "nobody knew who did it;" and had they known they would not have told me, for it is one of the rules of the school, instituted by myself, *that one boy shall not tell tales of another.*

Nov. 6. I this morning penned the following short article, and forwarded it to the ———— Magazine.

"NOTES BY A LONDON SCHOOLMASTER.

"Reader, what art thou?—a divine, a politician, a lawyer, or a scribe? Whatever thou mayest be, do not arrogate to thyself the title of philosopher, unless thou art, or hast been, a schoolmaster! Keep a boys' school for one year, and if thou retainest thy senses for that period, then thou art indeed a philosopher! Yes, keep a day-school, if you wish your philosophy to be fully and fairly tested.

"Nay, turn not up thy nose, most dignified reader; for what calling is so noble, so honourable, as that of *forming the minds of the rising generation?* But, allow me to ask, in what profession are its members so badly remunerated? Alas! more than three-fourths of our schoolmasters are not worthy to be trusted with the care of our dogs and horses. How is it to be otherwise, when the schoolmaster is so badly looked upon and ill paid?

"It is mere nonsense to talk of the people becoming rational and intelligent, whilst the instructors of youth are deficient in wisdom and rationality!

"One would think, by the pompous public examinations continually taking place, that English children must be great prodigies. Alas! these parrotic exhibitions are, for the most part, made up of 'sound and fury, signifying nothing'—a mere process of mental stuffing. I recollect, on a certain occasion, being present at the examination of the children belonging to one of our public schools, when a boy was asked a particular question, to which he replied to his interrogator, that the query put was 'not *his* question.'

"The great fault in the present system of education appears to

be, that too much stress is laid upon words—too little regard is paid to directing the attention of the pupils to the *objects* the words describe.

"I believe there is a way to make education pleasing, instead of an infliction, as it at present is. The enlightened teacher will be the friend, the confidant, the companion of his interesting charges, not their tormentor. It is *out* of school that the child's character is most fully developed, when unconstrained by the rules imposed during the period allotted to study; and it is at these times that the intelligent teacher will, if he has an opportunity, watch the various dispositions of the children committed to his charge, and endeavour to correct whatever he may see amiss in their behaviour. * * * *

"It has never been so much my object to form merely accomplished boys, as to prepare the minds of youth, so that in after years they should become useful members of society, and good citizens. I know that infant prodigies mostly degenerate into common-place men, or become prematurely debilitated in body and enervated in mind.

"Holding the opinions above described, it will easily be conceived that I adopt a system wherein moral persuasion takes precedence of brute force; a system where love is held forth as the constraining motive—not fear. I aim at introducing a system, the which shall be the means of making children *like* instead of *detest* schools. I assume the character of friend and companion to the pupils, and thereby win the *affection* and *confidence* of my little charges. Alas, for education! alas, for the rising generation! whilst the teachers of youth can only secure the obedience of their pupils by holding the cane *in terrorem* over them.

"The schoolmaster should not be the thing he now is, with his cane in his hand, and fire in his eyes. He should be the personification of love, kindness, and amiability, and the *vehicle of instruction* to his pupils.

"No enlightened system of education can be established until the schoolmaster ceases to be the tyrant he now is, and shall have revealed to him the principle of LOVE, whereby he can appeal to the nobler faculties of the rising generation, instead of calling the inferior passions into existence, as is at present too much the case.

"Sound rational education is indeed only acquired by very slow degrees; so gradual can the process of instruction be carried on—so slow are the advances in true knowledge to be made, that mental improvement may be likened to the shadow on the sun-dial, or to the motion of the hands of a clock; for, 'as we cannot discern the shadow moving along the dial plate, or the hands of the clock alter their position, so our advances in learning can only be perceived by the distance gone over.'

"Human nature must, to a great extent, be viewed as a com-

modity as capable of being manufactured as is the material wrought upon by our various manufacturers. Our private dwellings—our schools, chapels, churches, and colleges—our jails, theatres, hospitals, fairs, unions, and houses of parliament, are our manufactories.

"In our nurses, parents, teachers, priests, legislators, &c., we behold our manufacturers."

Nov. 7. This morning the rector of the parish called upon me. His object was to suggest the propriety of placing my school under the formal patronage of the Bishop of London and the clergy. Although a Churchman myself, I thankfully declined the proposition. I like not this uncalled-for clerical interference. I am aware the circumstance of my refusing this offer of the rector will militate against my school; yet would I rather maintain my independence, and defend the minds of my pupils from what may be deemed unwarrantable interference on the part of the Church. The rev. gentleman truly said, "Mr. K——, many will be glad of the offer, as the patronage of the Church is great."

. . . . I think myself fortunate in having met with an acquaintance—I think I may say a friend—in the person of my neighbour, Mr. Hoskins. Mr. H. is a man of superior understanding, and of good information. Although a tradesman, he devotes a portion of his time to study. He has what he calls his "sacred day" once a week. On this day (Thursday) he rises more early than usual, in order to get the business of the day forward. Breakfasts at eight o'clock, and retires to his little best parlour up-stairs at nine.

Here, he tells me, he endeavours to forget "the shop," and the cares of the world, by devoting himself exclusively and in earnest to the improvement of his mind. Books and writing materials are his companions on these his "sacred days." It is also a sort of fast day with him, for he does not even come down to his meals on these occasions, but his wife carries him up coffee and dry toast, which, he says, suits him better than a full meal to study upon. Mrs. H. kindly and willingly looks to the business on these days.

The result of thus blending literature with commerce has not been lost to the world; for my friend has attained some share of literary fame, as more than one periodical of respectability is open to the effusions penned on these occasions. If my friend has any doubts as to the construction of a sentence, he appeals to me as his "schoolmaster," in order to be set right.

The commonest observer must have remarked the great improvement that has taken place in the mind and morals of the tradesman and artisan during the last quarter of a century. The hereditary aristocracy of the country must look to it—must move on;

for the "schoolmaster" is abroad, doing his work in earnest; and presently the people will see that a crown, a mitre, or a coronet does not possess one idea; will confess that the only marks of distinction in man worthy the regard of reasonable beings, are, *superiority of mind and morals.*

I am not what is termed a political brawler, and I trust I never shall be. I never, either in public or private, utter a sentiment having a political tendency; but here in my humble apartment do I repeat, that the aristocracy of this country must look well to their position—must be convinced that there are things of more importance than hereditary honours and privileges. If they remain blind to this important fact, they must suffer the consequences of disregarding the "shadows of coming events." Then Titles, Honours, and Privileges will prove of little avail, when opposed by Right, Virtue, and Intelligence. Let the sword of cold steel be for ever sheathed: there is no weapon so keen as the sword of Truth.

Thus much have I said, being at the time fully impressed with an idea of what is due to all men; and now adieu to this (to me) most unpleasant subject. I would rather sit on the side of a hill, contemplating the revolutions of the water-wheel propelled by the rippling stream, than meditate on the fearful revolutions of empires. I would rather hear the whistling of the wind in my favourite forest of Hainault, than the roar of cannon in the battle-field. All this comes of friend Hoskins and his "sacred day:" how would he laugh were he at my elbow just now.

Nov. 8. It is good to be independent; by independent I mean able and willing to help ourselves as far as in this dependent state we are able. It is right that children should be rendered independent so far as is consistent with their tender years. Teach children to help themselves, by which means a great benefit will be conferred upon them; teach them to play with their toys, and derive pleasure from these things by themselves (in the absence of other children), and you will thereby make them happy. Some badly educated children are always on "the worry;" they want this, they want that—or they are wanting for this person or for that person to play with them. This state of *dependance* should be checked, and *independence* inculcated and established. The cultivation of the independence of action here alluded to cannot be too early attended to. The dependent child will in all probability be the dependent man. How often do we see men and women listless for want of this thing or that person—simply because they have not been trained to make the most of that which is within their reach. There is the art of attaining happiness; and that art should be exercised by the fortunate possessor on the minds of youth.

"Children, like tender osiers, take the bow,
And as they first are fashioned always grow;
For what we learn in youth, to that alone
In age we are by second nature prone.

Whilst the moist clay is pliant to command,
Unwrought, and easy to the potter's hand;
Now take the mould, now bend thy mind to feel
The first sharp motion of the forming wheel."

The great requirements for a teacher of youth are order, regularity, firmness, and kindness. A man may be a most excellent scholar, a first-rate penman, and a profound mathematician, but if he is not a strict disciplinarian he is unfit for a teacher of youth.

A good teacher will be firm and kind when he chides his pupils. If firm without kindness his pupils will but fear him; if kind and not firm, they will disregard him, and cause much trouble; but if firm, and kind too, his pupils will love and obey him.

If good discipline be maintained one minute, or day, and relaxed the next, alas! for the establishment where such a state of things exists. Alas! for the conductor of such an establishment!

Woe be to that man who, through indolence, want of firmness, or an abstracted turn of mind, gives out of his hands the reins of legitimate government. He will, indeed, have to repent his folly.

The schoolmaster has to instil into the minds of his scholars that for which they appear to have a great antipathy; he has to compel them to assume a state of mind and body entirely repugnant to their natural organization—in fact, he has, as it were, to place old heads on young shoulders—no very easy task to perform.

Nov. 10th. I this day visited my aged and infirm mother. I took my little boy, Johnny, with me. My revered parent has lost the use of her limbs, in consequence of which she is removed from one part of the house to another on a chair with a castor on each leg. My little boy climbed up into the chair for the purpose of *enjoying* a ride, at which time I could not help thinking of the *pain* endured by one, as she is wheeled from her bedside to the sitting-room, and the *pleasure* manifested by the other as in ecstasy he rides about in the invalid-chair. How emblematic, thought I, is this of youth and old age.

Nov. 11th. I witnessed an act on the part of my son George this day that pleased me more than his proficiency or verbal knowledge of any creed or catechism extant. We were going to see his cousin Mary. On our way thither I gave him an apple—my boy is fond of apples—he put it in his pocket.

"Why did you put the apple in your pocket?" said I to him.

"Because I wish to save it for my cousin," he replied.

"That's a good boy," said I, patting him on the head. "But eat the apple now, and I will buy some cakes for you to give your cousin;" upon which he commenced eating the fruit.

As he ascended some steps near London Bridge, a juvenile beggar accosted him, when my boy gave of his own accord to the poor mendicant all he had—the remains of his apple.

We see but in part; we know but in part, say the Scriptures. How important is the deduction to be drawn from this great truth. Believing as I do the above forcible passage, how can I presume to judge another man's opinions and character? I am unacquainted with the secret springs and motives of his actions. I know not the constitution of his mind. The same objects, arguments, and opinions, if presented for his acceptance, may be viewed in quite a different light by me and others. I cannot enter into the arcana of his thoughts. What a lesson of charity does this text teach us! By these simple words we see why we are not to judge one another. I cannot enter into the mind of another man; I am ignorant of the secret impulses by which he is actuated, and therefore I am not in a position to denounce him. I, however, have a right to speak freely of his actions as they affect myself and others, but I have no right to judge him.

Parents should take some little pains to see that their children are employed. In congenial occupation lies one of the great secrets of happiness, not only with children but with adults also.

Let the school lessons for the following day be first attended to when at home. Let the parent then examine his children on those lessons, in order to see that they possess something more than a mere verbal knowledge of the words repeated and learned by rote. Let him be convinced that his pupils understand the *meaning* the words are intended to convey. After this let the parent converse with his children upon some interesting subject. Then let the children play. Children should be bountifully supplied with judiciously selected toys. These, when done with, should be put away carefully and in order. Let boys have kites, tops, hoops, musical instruments, drawing materials, books, dissected maps, a small chest of tools, &c., &c. By thus supplying his child, the judicious parent or teacher will probably ascertain the bent of his mind.

The girls, too, in addition to their dolls, baby houses, &c., &c., should have musical instruments, drawing materials, books, dissected maps, &c., &c.

Rational amusement is the surest safeguard against dissipation.

> "The devil still will find some work
> For idle hands to do."

Parents should be very careful to guard their offspring against the evils resulting from violent stimulants in pleasure. We see children "reckoning" for days and weeks beforehand on some coming event—a party, for instance. The long-looked-for period arrives, when the child is powerfully excited, after which it falls into a dormant state, as it were.

It would not be judicious to abolish their gala days; it would be well, however, so to educate children that they should not be dependent on such fleeting occurrences for happiness.

Above all things the guardians of children should know the character of their children's playmates.

In educating children let it ever be borne in mind that there is the physical, the moral, and intellectual to be trained.

Although the two sexes have a separate sphere of existence, yet it is not well to deprive them of the beneficial influence which they may, under careful direction, have upon each other. The vigour and liveliness of boys may be modified and improved by the grace and loveliness of girls, and *vice versâ*.

In correcting children never depart, on any account, from the system of moral persuasion. The parent or teacher must be a superior long-suffering being if he expects to educate children aright. The religious training of the child will, of course, in a great measure depend upon the character and opinions of the parent.

How prone are children to combativeness! My little boys, I perceive, have been out and bought a farthing whip each, and there they are whipping each other and the water-butt *in play*. That won't do. This combative propensity must be checked. I will go down and purchase their whips of them for double the amount they cost, and they shall buy some toy calculated to amuse or instruct without calling into action the inferior organs.

. . . . This is the anniversary of my son John's birthday. He has completed his third year.

My pupils each addressed a note to me this afternoon, of which the following may be taken as a fair sample:—

"Dear Sir,

"I take the liberty of writing these few lines respectfully to request you to have the goodness to allow the boys to leave school at half-past three o'clock, as it is the anniversary of little Johnny's birthday, who, with yourself, Mrs. K., and all your family, we wish many happy returns of the same. Hoping this will meet your approbation,

"I remain,

"Dear Sir,

"Your dutiful and affectionate Pupil."

I complied with the request of my boys, who left school with their hearts leaping with joy.

. . . . My poor little girl is seriously ill; she is attacked with he scarlet fever; the symptoms are very violent; I must send for the doctor.

The doctor has been; he says it is a very bad case.

My child is dead! My poor Sarah, that but the other day was all life, joy, and activity, is no more! What a shock to my wife

and myself! How we loved that child; and what an affectionate creature she was! Never shall I forget the intensity of affection that glowed in her countenance as she threw out her arms to embrace me a quarter of an hour before she breathed her last. Her mother and myself never left her during her fatal illness; and we saw her breathe her spirit into the next world as gently as an angel. I shall never forget my feelings at the moment my wife said, "She is gone!"

Although but a child she was a companion to her mother and myself, and was as a mother to her brothers. She was so everything we could wish, and many were the persons who said to us, "I wish our child was like your Sarah." I indeed experienced in the conduct of my poor lost child the advantages of cultivating the *heart*. Poor girl! she had a good heart and head. How she sighed for the distressed, and shuddered at anything she noticed that savoured not of humanity. Her affectionate disposition has made an indelible impression on my mind.

I put my two boys to bed to-night; as usual they said "God bless father, mother, *sister*." My heart is full; but I must keep up, to comfort my wife, whose grief appears almost inconsolable.

BERNARD GREY;

OR, THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

DRAW nearer to the hearth, and let
  Us talk of other years;
They're dear to faithful mem'ry yet,
  With all their smiles and tears.

'Tis thirty years this very day
  Since first I went to school;
Thou wilt remember Bernard Grey—
  No scholar, yet no fool.

We boys, incompetent to scan
  The learning of his pate,
Look'd on him as a wondrous man—
  A very potentate.

Oft when our trusty scout espied—
  With watchful eye and keen—
Old Bernard stalk in pomp and pride
  Across the village green,

Full soon the raging storm was spent
As we our places took,
And every truant eye was bent
On paper, slate, and book ;

And when he came within the door,
Robed in his ample gown,
And marching up the schoolroom floor
In elbow-chair sat down ;

That wig of his we watch'd with dread,
No weather-glass more true ;
When set awry upon his head
Its portent dire we knew.

And yet, withal, we loved him well,
He had some pleasant ways,
And could a hundred stories tell
Of his own boyish days.

And much we marvelled at the pride
With which he told his fun,
Who would himself the birch have plied
If we the like had done.

But when the nut-brown ale once took
Possession of his heart,
He all his lordly airs forsook,
And lost the reins of art ;

And let us see, as kings will let
Their subjects sometimes see,
That great men may themselves forget,
Like those of low degree.

That schoolroom, how it rises oft
Before my mental sight,
On many a summer's evening soft,
And many a winter's night.

The crazy door, the rafter'd roof,
The forms in long array,
The windows, scarcely weather-proof
Against a stormy day ;

The famish'd grate but ill supplied
With fire, a scanty store,
That oft afar we shivering eyed,
And shivered still the more.

And yet, for all its want of cheer,
I'd be again the boy,
And sit in that old schoolroom drear,
To share a schoolboy's joy.

For happy, in despite of cold
And dreaded task, were we,
And richer than in gems and gold,
Our hearts were full of glee;

Still looking forward with delight
To Christmas spent at home,
The morning's sport, the frolic night,
The freedom full to roam;

The household faces breathing joy,
The busy hands employ'd
About the idle, truant boy,
Of every care devoid.

How many years away have roll'd
Since those thrice-happy days,
Rich in the fruit of love untold,
And all its pleasant ways.

Those blessed days have been to me
The talisman of life,
From treacherous snares to set me free,
With which my path was rife;

For still a father's image rose,
And still a mother's tear
'Twixt sin and me would interpose
With thoughts to memory dear.

Oh! never let the heart forget
The home of early joy,
But pay to nature's hand the debt
Contracted when *a boy;*

The debt that God alone can give
The power and will to pay,
By granting us the grace to live
In his appointed way;

That age may find us well prepar'd
To taste eternal joy
With those who all our pleasures shar'd,
And sorrows, when a boy.

NOTE.

Many years ago, and down to the middle of the reign of George the Third, when it was the fashion for particular classes to be distinguished by a peculiar costume; when the physician was known by his wig and gold-headed cane, the clergyman by his shovel hat, and the gentleman of no profession by his bag-wig and sword, it was the custom with many village pedagogues to deck themselves in ample flowing gown. This piece of magisterial dignity no doubt answered its obvious purpose, and greatly increased the respect and awe with which the simple village youths gazed upon "the master" as the concentration of all mortal wisdom and learning. Even within the memory of living persons the latter custom was not quite obsolete in country schools; and the friend from whose description the particulars of this sketch are taken, still remembers (as he laughingly said), with an instinctive horror, the evil omen of the "wig awry."

A HASTY SNATCH FROM THE AUTHENTIC RECORDS OF "A GENIUS."

I COMPLETED a work of fiction in three volumes, God and myself only knew the privations I suffered during the nine months I was employed on that undertaking. I placed the manuscript in the hands of a respectable publisher at the aristocratic end of the town. In a fortnight I was to call on him to hear his opinion of the work. At the appointed time I hastened to know the fate of my manuscript. At this period I had only twopence in my pocket. My wardrobe was as yet tolerably good; my boots were fresh blacked, and my linen was changed that morning.

The publisher received me most graciously, which circumstance a little raised my hopes. We conversed together for more than an hour, but he declined my work; frankly acknowledging it contained marks of great talent, but was defective in the plot. This announcement did not unnerve me, for I had met with too many disappointments to be cast down even at an event like this.

The publisher volunteered to give me a letter of introduction to one of the leading men of letters of the day connected with the periodical literature of the Metropolis. I thanked the gentleman for his kind offer; the proffered billet was penned forthwith and handed to me. I now took my leave of the publisher, promising to call on the morrow for my manuscript.

As I hastened forward to deliver my letter of introduction I said to myself, "Here's the labour of more than nine months annihilated, and I have but twopence in my pocket."

I arrived at the house of the popular individual to whom my letter was addressed; but here I met with a second disappointment, for he was out of town.

It was now five o'clock in the afternoon, I was faint and dejected. I entered a coffee house; it was full of customers, I asked the waiter in a whisper if he could make me a pennyworth of bread and a pennyworth of coffee. The man replied, "I will see." He then communed with his mistress awhile, and presently proceeded towards me with some coffee and toast. As he placed the refreshments before me he said, "It comes to sixpence, sir, but mistress says never mind as you've got no more money."

I gave the man the twopence and told him to thank his mistress for me.

As I partook of my humble repast, I said to myself, "Something must be done, and that speedily: thank God my mind is still unimpaired, I have yet power with my pen."

I had paper in my pocket book, pens and ink were before me; I wrote down with the greatest rapidity what I *felt* at the time, for I could not draw my mind from contemplating the critical position I then occupied. I read my manuscript over and sent it to a respectable periodical, and dated my private letter to the editor from the coffee house.

I looked over the advertisements of that day's *Times*, and saw one headed as follows, "*Wanted a Town Traveller, &c. &c.*" "Something must be done," I repeated, "for whilst the grass grows the horse may starve; I'll e'en apply for the situation." I did so in person, although it stated that none but written communications would be attended to. I hastened to the city and presently arrived opposite the warehouse of the advertiser. At this moment my heart misgave me, for there were a number of men on the same errand as myself around the premises. I paused, and after awhile said to myself, "I will go no further: some of these men are doubtless more needy than I am; they may, too, have wives and families dependent on them, but after all something must be done for *myself*," thought I, and in less than a minute (thanks to my appearance), I was standing before the advertiser. In one breath that personage asked me how long I had lived in my last place, whether I could have a good character, and what salary I expected; I hesitated. He repeated his queries, I at length told him I was a reduced member of a respectable family and had of late obtained my livelihood by my pen, but that I was quite willing to turn my hand to anything by which an honest livelihood might be obtained.

The wholesale dealer looked at me dubiously, and then said, "Indeed, sir, I am sorry for you, but I fear you are not fitted for the situation." And so we parted. Night hurried on. I was faint, hungry, and cold, and had not where to lay my head; I ever abhorred running in debt and troubling friends, or it might have been otherwise with me.

With longing eyes I looked in at the shop windows of the pastry cooks, confectioners, and greengrocers: to me all the good things there exhibited were forbidden.

It was past midnight. The theatres had discharged their thousands of pleasure-seeking souls. I was annoyed by unfortunate females, and beset with midnight beggars, some bearing infants in their arms. Alas, for them and theirs!

I found myself in one of the squares, not knowing whither I was going. My attention was now arrested by a singular incident.

Two beings in the garb of gentlemen were annoying a young and beautiful female in full dress.

In a moment my better sympathies were awakened. "Desist, sirs!" said I, "or you will feel the effects of my displeasure."

Reader, I am not strong, neither am I pugnacious, but I never

could see a woman insulted, nor the weak oppressed by the strong without interfering; and the spirit that dwells within has ever brought me through triumphantly when engaged in the cause of right.

"Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just; and he but naked, though locked in steel, whose conscience with injustice is corrupted."

The gentlemanly ruffians desisted from their annoyance; walked on, gave a few "Ha! Ha! Ha's!" and no doubt *felt* with due force the unenviable sensations consequent on infamous behaviour.

My business was now with the interesting object I had rescued from the rude treatment of two braggarts. In the greatest agitation she thanked me for the part I had just taken. I cannot but say my suspicions were somewhat aroused. "A young female alone and unprotected at this hour is very strange," thought I. But I caught a full view of her face, and my misgivings immediately vanished.

"Madam, I would not annoy you for a moment," said I, "but if you will place yourself under my protection till you reach your home, no further harm shall come to you."

To this suggestion my lovely companion made no reply, but appeared as if she wished for my absence.

"If my presence annoys you, I will immediately take my leave," said I; and then added, "I, madam, have a mother and sisters living, all of whom I love; even for their sakes I would not offend you."

Laura (for that was the lady's name) looked up in my face, and with a smile I shall not easily forget, said, "Then, sir, I will accept your kind offer."

I presented my arm to my lovely companion, upon which she gently placed her hand, covered with a pure white kid glove.

The violent palpitation of her heart vibrated even to the ends of her fingers, and raised kindred emotions in my own breast.

"Pardon me, madam," said I, "but it seems strange that you should be out alone at such an unseasonable hour."

"It does," she replied, "but I have been ill-used, I'll tell you, sir, for I think you can sympathise with me. I have by my friends been compelled to receive the attentions of a perfidious but wealthy young suitor whom my heart detests: this evening, I, at the request—nay, command of my parents reluctantly accompanied him to a ball, and he there took an opportunity of offering me a gross insult. I tore myself from his hated presence, and was hurrying home when I was interrupted by those two men from whose impertinence you relieved me."

Her voice faltered as she made the above statement, and I feared she would faint in my arms.

"Be of good cheer, madam," said I, "you have escaped the

evil machinations of a villain, your friends will repent of their conduct; all may yet be well, for 'Behind a frowning Providence oft there's a smiling face.'"

I would have said more, but Laura ascended some steps of a street door of a house in —— Square.

"I live here," said she, "accept my thanks for your noble conduct, and call to-morrow to receive the acknowledgments of my friends; depend on it Laura will not soon forget the stranger," then gently pressing my hand she bade me adieu, and we parted.

My own troubles were for a time obliterated in contemplating those of the beautiful Laura.

I was however presently called to a full sense of my own critical position. I was houseless and without money: a wanderer by dire compulsion in the streets of the Metropolis at this unseasonable hour. How did I think of the comforts of my father's house; how did my mind dwell on the affectionate treatment of my fond mother, and my accomplished sisters. More than once I said to myself, "If mother and Ellen, and Rebecca and Harriet, knew how I at this moment am situated how would they fly to my relief!" And as I thought on these things the tears glistened in my eyes.

I paced the solemn streets in sadness, having no other object in view than to kill time. I longed for the approach of the morrow, but it was yet only three o'clock. I overtook a policeman and inquired of him if he could direct me to a place of shelter for a few hours. The man referred me to a certain institution where gratuitous shelter to the houseless is provided. Thither with all speed I hastened. I rang the bell and presently told my errand. The man who opened the door smiled and said, "Sir, this place is not for the like of you, you must be joking I think; you perhaps only want me to show you over the establishment, which I will do with pleasure."

I assured the porter I was earnest in my application, upon which he bade me walk in, as he said he was, according to the rules of the institution, obliged to receive *all* who applied for shelter.

He now conducted me over the establishment. It somewhat resembles an immense barn surrounded with galleries.

The men sleep on the ground floor, the women's apartments are above. The beds are formed of clean straw; and rugs are used for covering.

The establishment is lighted with gas. The fires were burning briskly, and the heavy breath of more than a thousand outcasts ascended to the roof of the building.

"If you take my advice, sir, you will not stop here, for you will be covered with vermin by the morning," said the porter.

I had determined to walk the streets till the break of day rather than herd with such company, and was about to take my

departure, when the man kindly gave me permission to stretch myself on a bench in his own apartment. I gladly accepted this kind offer, and soon fell asleep, and presently dreamt of the beautiful Laura.

At nine o'clock in the morning, I took my departure, and hastened to the coffee house in which I the day previous expended my last penny, and there to my inexpressible joy, I found a letter for me from the editor of the periodical alluded to, in which letter was enclosed a check for five pounds for the article I dashed off the day previous. This I immediately got cashed, and returned to my old quarters and partook of a hearty breakfast, after which I said to myself "Shall I pay a visit to the friends of Laura?" But, reader, of that beautiful object, and the fate of my manuscript I will speak anon.

PART SECOND.

I forgot to say why I left my father's house, but as I am a genius (!) I need not dwell long on this unpleasant matter; for geniuses, alas! act very differently to your common-place people. The fact is I quitted home to tread the boards; an act for which my father did not forgive me till my marriage.

How oft in my wanderings did the image of Laura present itself to my view! Even in my studies was she in imagination with me; many a time when in deep meditation her beautiful figure floated before my eyes driving all other thoughts, save those relating to the lovely object of my vision, from my brain.

I longed for an introduction to the parents of Laura, but could not think of thrusting myself on their notice. Often as I wandered about the Metropolis, I found myself gazing on the house that contained the object of my affections; for I felt, although I had only seen her once, that I loved the beautiful Laura.

Ye sordid parents, meditate for one moment on what you are about to do ere you sell your children for riches. Oh! that you would pause and think awhile before you issue your mandates; that you would say to yourselves, "My daughter—my child that I am now about to sell to this man, does he love my child? Does my child love him? They must, if married, live together till parted by death, or something worse than death; could I endure to see my child gradually sink, and reflect that I was the cause of her premature decay? Can I sacrifice my child for the sake of a fine house and equipage, and a parcel of useless domestics?" * * * * *

About twelve months after I first beheld Laura, as I was walking

along the Strand, I saw two young men purposely overthrow an apple stall. The poor woman's wares rolled in all directions. I assisted her to replace the fruit on the stall. No doubt these fine young sparks thought they had achieved a great performance. One would think such beings never knew a mother's tender care, or they would not thus serve a defenceless female.

As I was assisting to gather the fruit together, I heard a sweet voice behind me say, "Poor woman! she has met with a misfortune." That voice I knew, for when once heard, it never could be forgotten. I turned to look at the speaker; and beheld Laura leaning on the arm of a middle-aged gentleman. She gave a start, gazed on me intently, changed colour, and said, "Father, this is the strange gentleman that protected me from insult when I was hastening home from the presence of the perfidious Mr. Saker." Laura and her father now shook me most cordially by the hand, the latter saying the while, "Bless you, sir, God bless you! Accept my thanks for rescuing my daughter from the hands of ruffians. What might she not have suffered had it not been for you! 'Twas I, I her father, who ought to have protected my child—yes, I it was who forced Laura to give her company to a perfidious wretch!"

"Never mind now, dear father, let us forget it," interrupted Laura.

"If not pre-engaged will you accompany us home to dinner, sir," said the parent of Laura, "for I know no individual I shall be so glad to entertain as yourself? I have tried all possible means to find out the protector of my child. I expected," continued he, "to find you, when we did meet, doing some kind action; from Laura's description of you I am convinced you are a friend of humanity, ever ready to assist an unfortunate fellow-creature."

I accepted the invitation with the greatest pleasure. The thought of enjoying the company of my Laura was ecstasy to me.

On reaching Laura's home I was introduced to her mother, who was a woman of good understanding and lady-like manners.

Whilst Laura was changing her walking dress, her father described to me the person and character of the perfidious Mr. Saker, and then said, "My daughter often talks about you, sir." At this moment Laura entered the room smiling like a May morning. I rose to place her in a chair between her father and myself. I found the mind of Laura as pure and holy as her form and features were lovely. She was all that man could look for or desire in woman. I spent a most delightful evening in her company, and on my departure I was, by her parents, politely requested to renew my visit, which request I most gladly complied with.

After gaining some little popularity in the literary world, whereby I could with my pen support a wife in comfort, I made

proposals for the hand of Laura. My suit was accepted; and after a few months we were married. Laura had a handsome marriage portion; and my father so much relented towards me as to furnish a house for us at a great expense. And I have reason to bless the night I rescued my Laura from the hands of unfeeling ruffians.

Now that I am married and well to do in the world, my house is the resort of many of the leading wits of the Metropolis. The fellows eat, drink, talk, and laugh as if they were the most happy and least brain-battered mortals in the world. Of course they are acquainted with my history; know I was member of the Shuffleton Pope Club, and are moreover aware I had the unpublished manuscript of a work of fiction in three volumes by me.

The manuscript I had never altered, or even looked at, from the time I received it from the hands of the publisher till the period of which I am speaking. My literary friends, who formed a powerful *coterie*, insisted on seeing my three-volume novel. I complied with their request, and distributed the manuscript among them. A time was appointed for discussing the merits of the resuscitated work, upon which occasion one and all agreed that "The ———," was a most splendid production! All declared it was extremely well written! Rich in dramatic effect!! And most excellent in the plot!!! "The work must be published," said my friends with one accord.

The manuscript was accordingly placed in the hands of the celebrated Mr. ———, in consequence of the high praise bestowed upon my work by *my* literary friends, and I received a handsome remuneration for the same.

When "The ———" issued from the press it was well puffed off by my own friends and colleagues, and as a matter of course became very popular.

Although my work took so well now I had obtained a "name" and was in *prosperity*, I knew it was the very same production that had, two years before, been rejected when I was unknown, friendless, and in adversity; and often do I say to myself when I think of the above circumstance, "How hard do our various literary *coteries* strive to keep new competitors out of the field, and prevent fresh talent being brought before the public."

* * * * * * *

Alas! reader, how many writers of genius sink into premature graves, *even now*, because they have not the required sop to offer the Cerberuses who guard the porch of the temple of literature.

CLASSIC HAUNTS AND RUINS.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL, AUTHOR OF "THE TRADUCED."

No. IV.

THE ACROPOLIS AT ATHENS.

From Alpine mountains view the world below,
Towns, waving woods, and streams meandering slow;
Dim is the scene to that which greets thee here,
Prompting to worship, waking rapture's tear.
Yes, rise, fair mount, the bright blue heavens to kiss!
Stoop not thy pride, august Acropolis!*
Thy brow still wears its crown of columns grey,
Beauteous in ruin, haughty in decay.
Two thousand years o'er earth have spread their pall,
Not yet thy boast, yon stately shrine, shall fall.
Glory and Phidias' shade the relic keep,
Shield as they watch, and strengthen as they weep.†
Here let me stand, where once far travellers saw
Minerva's flashing arms, and bowed with awe;‡
And while I sigh o'er Athens' modern hour,
O'er ruined fane, crushed wall, and crumbling tower,
Let fancy up the stream of ages glide,
And view the scene of ancient pomp and pride.

See, where the priests to Jove's bright temple lead,
With garlands crowned, their victim doomed to bleed;
High towers yon pile, where Thespis' magic art
Now fills with terror, and now melts the heart;
Plaudits and sighs rise mingling through the air,
For Phædra's tears are thrilling thousands there.§

* The Acropolis, or Citadel of Athens, is a rock which starts up abruptly from the plain, within the ancient walls, but not quite in the centre of the city. It is crowned with the ruins of the Parthenon, and the beautiful Ionic edifice known by the name of the Erechtheium.

† The Temple of Minerva, or the Parthenon, the finest specimen in the world of the pure Grecian Doric, was erected 448 years before Christ, in the time of Pericles; the architects were Callicrates and Ictinus, but the great sculptor was Phidias.

‡ The helm and spear of the colossal statue of Minerva could be seen towering above the Parthenon, at the distance of several miles.—See Pausanius.

§ The great Theatre at Athens was situated at the foot of the Acropolis, on the south-east side. The Odeum, or Music Hall of Pericles, stood about one hundred yards west of the former building. Neither of these magnificent edifices had roofs.

Hark! too, where palms around the Odeum wave,
Soft as a Nereid whispers from her cave,
Music breathes forth; the lyre of passion born,
The Myscian flute, the Thracian's mellow horn,
Up the high mount in mingled murmurs swell,
Till the soul faints beneath that Orphean spell.
Now eastward gaze, beyond the tower-crowned walls,
On smooth Ilissus bright the sunshine falls.
Immortal stream! the haunt, from age to age,
Of genius' sons—the poet and the sage;
From the still groves that crown its flowery side,
Down to the fount where fair Callirhoe died,*
What oracles have poured! what thoughts of fire!
That ne'er shall die till wisdom's self expire.

The sacred stork on yon high wind-tower† sits,
O'er Theseus' fane the shade of beauty flits,
Its stately columns ranged in glittering row,
Its front of marble fair as taintless snow.
Pass we the Pnyx, with bloomy vines o'ergrown,
To that famed hill whose name through earth is known.‡
Lo! where they sit in solemn, stern debate,
The hoary chiefs, the Archons of the state!
In each bold breast the patriot's ardour glows,
Glory for Athens, vengeance for her foes!
Around, Demosthenes' lip-thunder rolls,
Clears error's clouds, and captivates their souls.

Toward northern groves now turn the musing eye,
And through time's vistas still let fancy fly.
In marble pomp, o'er all the plain are spread
White sculptured tombs, where rest the mighty dead.§
Here godlike Plato's high career is o'er,
And fair Aspasia lures and smiles no more.
Here Athens' Tell doth brave Harmodius sleep,
And love and genius o'er Corinna weep.

The prospect changes; sunset's mellow beam
Turns into gold Cephisus' winding stream;
There palms, and flowers, and fruit-hung orange-trees,
Give grace to earth, and incense to the breeze.

* The fountain of the "Nine Springs," called also the Fount of Callirhoe, who killed herself there.

† The Tower of the Winds, built by Andronicus Cyrrhestes, and standing at this day.

‡ The Areopagus.

§ The chief cemetery of Athens was beyond the gate Dipylon, where the open space reaching to the Groves of the Academy, was covered with the tombs of illustrious men.

So pure the wave, so cool the purple air,
That gods might walk and deem Elysium there.
Lo! where yon maids flit round the blossomed bowers,
Their eyes all mirth, their bright brows wreathed with flowers,
Lave in the crystal stream their rosy feet,
While rings their laughter, silvery, soft, and sweet;
In armour clad, Athenian youths advance,
Part the fair throng, and weave the Pyrrhic dance.*
Bright gleams the silver shield, and burns the eye,
And sterner bosoms learn love's melting sigh.
How wave those arms which jewelled bracelets deck!
The perfumed breezes woo each ivory neck.
Among the flowers, like stars, their small feet glow,
Tinged by the beam, in gold their tresses flow.
And thus they dance, till up the round moon springs,
And evening o'er them spreads her starry wings.

One vision more. Far, far as eye can sweep,
From eastern vales to Parne's cloud-topped steep;
Thence to the plains where turf-clad burrows hide
The Greek and Persian, slumbering side by side;†
While glancing south, o'er waves that roll in light,
From Colia's cape to Sunium's templed height,
Till the eye rests where conscious billows kiss
Th' immortal rocks that gird famed Salamis;
Oh! what a scene of splendour meets the gaze,
Speaking, with trumpet-voice, of glory's days!

Athens! thou birth-place of the great, the free!
Though bowed thy power, and dimmed thy name may be;
Though the bright sun of old renown hath set,
Fair beams the star of memory o'er thee yet.
City, where sang the bard, and taught the sage,
Thy shrines may fall, thou ne'er wilt know old age;
Fresh shall thy image glow in every heart,
And but with Time's last hour thy fame depart.

* In the ancient and famous Pyrrhic dance the men always wore armour.
† Marathon.

HELMSLEY HALL.

A TALE.

BY MRS. GORDON, AUTHOR OF "THE FORTUNES OF THE FALCONARS."

The machinery for dreaming, planted in the human brain, was not planted for nothing. That faculty, in alliance with the mystery of darkness, is the one great tube through which man communicates with the shadowy.

De Quincy.

It is now nearly twenty years ago, that during one of the last *really* warm summers with which this island has been favoured, I spent several months in an ancient cathedral city in the west of England, with the family of a clerical friend who had very recently entered upon a prebendal stall there. I had never before resided near a cathedral, and there was something inexpressibly captivating to my imagination in its services, and in the whole character of the place. Its venerable antiquity, so carefully guarded from ruin or decay, yet all belonging to a former age, and having so little in common with the present; its stillness, its seclusion, so far removed from the din and tumult of the work-a-day world, with the perpetual atmosphere of melody, the morning and evening incense of prayer and praise overshadowing and sanctifying all the ongoings of life within its precincts; all these things, which to a mind endowed with any degree of poetical feeling can never lose their solemn and affecting charm, had for me the added attraction of novelty; and I felt as if suddenly transported into another state of existence, and one belonging to a time when the world was younger and more in earnest than it is in the present age.

To the living adjuncts of this time-hallowed place, the dignified clergy who, with their families, composed its principal society, the same charm of novelty for awhile attached itself; and I found something consonant to the character of the scene in the polished ceremoniousness and grave formality of a society which, like those of all cathedral towns, piqued itself—and with justice—on its superior style and unimpeachable respectability. But after a time, as I became more initiated into its secrets, I discovered in it as great a lack of the elements of poetry, as there was a superabundance of these in the place itself; detected the dulness and inanity of provincial life as distinguished from rural; the bondage of a limited circle, where everybody's motions are matter of universal notoriety, and where freedom of action, and even of thought, are, in consequence, nearly unattainable; and felt even my first emotions within the precincts

of the minster becoming less and less vivid beneath the weight of "le manteau de plomb," to which Madame de Stael so feelingly compares mediocrity like that by which I was surrounded.

From this state of feeling—a most repugnant one to a mind full of lively imagination—I was aroused by the acquisition of a most agreeable companion in the daughter of a country gentleman whose seat was about ten miles from the town, and who came to pass a few weeks in the house of a family very intimate with the friends with whom I was a guest. Similarity of tastes and pursuits soon created an intimacy between us, and my new friend being an indefatigable pedestrian, I speedily acquired an extended knowledge of the beautiful neighbourhood of the town under her guidance, and learned much that was interesting in local history from her accurate knowledge of her native county. One day we departed together on a walk of two miles or thereabouts, to visit an old hall, the grounds of which were said to be very beautiful, and which at present stood untenanted; the proprietor, who had succeeded to it as heir of entail, having a residence of his own in another county, and only visiting it occasionally. The day we had chosen was one peculiarly well adapted for displaying to advantage the beauties of the rich woodland scenery through which our road lay. It was one of those summer days that alternate between bright and dark; when large, heavy masses of white-edged clouds at times swallow up the sunlight, causing the blue depths between to look deeper and yet more intensely blue, and then again the glorious radiance bursts forth, the brighter from its temporary obscuration, casting the most beautiful variety of light and shadow over the masses of foliage, the green lawns, the meadows greener still with their second crop of clover, and the ripening fields of corn. Our road lay through deep shady lanes, and paths skirting the edges of extensive woods; till crossing by a rustic bridge over a little quiet brook, not flashing and sparkling in the sunlight, and hurrying with its rippling music over tiny rocks and pebbles, like the "bickering burnies" of my native land, but stealing gently along as is the wont of streams in a level country, between banks fringed with willows and fragrant meadow sweet, we reached a small gate in the park-paling, which admitted us to the grounds of Helmsley Hall.

The gate was unlocked; for, as my companion informed me, it never had been the custom of the former family to exclude any respectable visitors from their grounds. "They were good, kind, old-English hearts, the Stanleys, one and all," said she, "pleasant neighbours to the rich, and unfailing friends to the poor; and I fancy they thought the safety of their property better secured in the good-will of all who knew them, than by locks and bolts, or man-traps and spring-guns. And so it proved, for one never heard of any unfair advantage being taken of their open gates and

the free ingress to their grounds. And now the gates are left open because it has always been the custom, and there is nobody sufficiently interested in the place to care to shut them."

These words excited my curiosity to inquire into the history of "the former family," a phrase which always conveys a melancholy impression, particularly when coupled with a fine old place like that which we were now approaching, and my companion promised to satisfy me presently, but in the meantime called my attention to the beauty of the paths we were traversing. "It would be a pity," she said, "to withdraw your attention from them to listen to a very mournful though not very eventful story, which I can tell you as well at another time."

They were indeed beautiful woodland paths; not gravelled walks, but merely foot-ways broad enough for two to walk abreast, cut in the mossy turf; and once trimly kept, but now encroached upon by the vegetation, as though it were long since any one had cleaned or weeded them. And beautiful, most beautiful, were the old umbrageous trees amongst which they wound; scattered singly or in groups, over the green grass of what my friend told me had once been a deer-park, but was now grazed by sheep alone. The way we were going led us through a deep shrubby dingle, at the bottom of which ran the brook already mentioned, which we crossed by a second bridge, and, ascending the opposite side, passed by another gate into the lawn more immediately in front of the house, and found ourselves in the approach which led to it from the principal lodge, a long way round compared to the short cut by which we had come from the town.

The hall was one of those old Elizabethan mansions of which one finds so many amongst the country residences of England; not in itself remarkable for anything save its look of time-honoured respectability, and of having been preserved inviolate from modern innovations.

All was in keeping, all in accordance with the age of the building, which stood upon a gentle slope, sheltered by a grove of magnificent trees, looking coeval with itself. Along one side of the house ran a terrace-walk, edged by an ancient carved balustrade of stone, nearly covered by climbing plants, amongst which the yellow and white jasmine were in most profusion, and, clothed with their pale and golden little stars, were loading the very air with sweetness. From the middle of this terrace a flight of stone steps descended to another, and that again to a third and fourth; all the lower terraces bordered, instead of a stone balustrade, by a hedge of yew, so thick and close as to look like a green wall, and allowed at regular intervals to grow to a considerable height, for the purpose of being cut into the monstrosities so dear to the gardeners of our forefathers—St. George with the dragon, griffins, and above all, the Stanley crest, the eagle and child—at least

what purported to represent that device—but all sadly neglected and grown out of shape. These warm sunny terrace-walks were each bordered on the opposite side to the hedge with flowers, on whose culture it was evident that no small pains had once been bestowed, and still, uncared-for as they seemed, their desolate luxuriance overspread the bounds that had once confined them, and in various nooks stood old stone benches, and several rustic seats of more modern date, but dropping to pieces from exposure to the weather.

There was a peculiar degree of solemn stillness and silence diffused over this deserted pleasance, trodden by the feet of so many generations, unchanged amid all their changes, and now smiling in its unheeded beauty and repose beside the empty house whence these generations had passed away, and beneath the eternal skies that watch the mutations of this lower world.

A word or audible sound seemed out of place in this atmosphere of memory; and my friend and I proceeded without speaking from one terrace to another, till, at the foot of the slope, we found ourselves on the edge of a small circular fish-pond, surrounded by banks of turf once shaven as smooth as velvet, in the middle of which a stone dolphin, with tail erect, had in former days discharged a fountain from its open jaws. Immediately opposite to where we stood a turfen walk, straight as a dart, and bordered by gigantic yew hedges, was terminated by the lofty iron gates of the garden. Amid its "pleached bowers and alleys green" we rambled long, contrasting its beautiful diversity with the prim formality of a modern garden; then quitting it we pursued a winding walk, overhung by the depending branches of fine old lime trees, "musical with bees," which skirted the banks of an artificial lake, at whose upper extremity stood an old-fashioned summer-house.

"Now," said my friend, as we entered it, "if you will rest here awhile I, who am a better pedestrian, and not in the least fatigued, will return to the house by a shorter way than the one we have come, and inquire if we can be admitted to see it. It is not a show house, and I know there are no orders to exhibit it to visitors; but an exception may perhaps be made in our favour, and there is a beautiful picture, a family group, that I want to show you before telling you the history of those who compose it. If I find that we cannot be allowed admission, why then we must return whence we came, and I know that we can get out of the grounds in this direction without being forced to retrace our steps."

My remonstrances on the additional trouble this arrangement would cause her being overruled, she accordingly left me to rest in the summer-house, which, to own the truth, I was not loth to do. I seated myself by one of its windows, looking directly down a steep bank into a sort of nook, which appeared to me one of

that of Heaven. I hastened from the summer-house, and met my friend not far from it. She uttered an exclamation at sight of the tears which I could not control; and I explained, in a few words, their cause.

"Ah!" she ejaculated, "the poor young widow, Mrs. Arthur Stanley. The housekeeper told me that she and poor Jane Stanley had been here all the morning, and in the house for a long while; I am so glad they did not meet us."

"They are sisters, are they not?" I asked.

"Sisters-in-law, and almost more than sisters in affection. I shall tell you their story as we go home. Now, come, for I have obtained permission to show you the picture I mentioned."

I entered the house with a new interest, finding it thus connected with these sweet mourners, over whose probable history I had so often pondered. It was one which must have been a paradise of domestic comfort in the days of its inhabitation, though now, with its furniture displaced, piled up in heaps, and covered over for the sake of preservation, its echoing stairs and passages, and its empty apartments; it wore that aspect of desolation which always broods over the deserted dwellings of man, and which in the present instance was more painfully felt from the knowledge that this desolation had been produced by a series of domestic calamities.

The picture I had come to see was a very good one, and represented the late Mr. Stanley, his wife, and four children, two boys and two girls. Grouping, design, and colouring, combined to render it a beautiful painting, but an interest altogether independent of these seemed to invest this memento of "the former family"—all that now remained to recall the traces of them in the halls of their forefathers.

"Lack-a-day!" exclaimed the respectable elderly woman intrusted with the charge of the house; "little did my good master think, the day that picture was hung up here, how soon it would be all that was left of him and his! Poor dear Mrs. Arthur, ma'am, and Miss Stanley, 'twould have moved a heart of stone to see them stand crying before it this morning. Thinks I to myself, many folks would have given it them, for sure there's nobody here to care for it. But 'tis what they calls a *hare*-loom, it seems, and that's a word that always comes in the way, like, when anything kind's to be done."

In the course of our homeward walk my friend, as she had promised, gave me an account of the latter days of the Stanley family, which I shall now proceed to relate in more connected terms. It was one of those tales of blight and decay of which one sometimes hears, in which man is irresistibly impelled to the conviction that the hand of God, and that hand alone, is dealing with him for its own mysterious purpose. Speaking as unsanctified humanity

might be supposed to do, no reason could be discerned why this family should be thus afflicted, thus gradually extinguished from the face of the earth. They were, as my friend had said, good, kind, old-English hearts; an excellent race of men and women for generations, and the last owner of Helmsley Hall pre-eminently so in every relation of life. Yet these were taken, and others infinitely less deserving left; for God seeth not as man seeth, and it is not in general on this side of time that the just meet with their reward.

The late Mr. Stanley was, as the picture represented him, the father of two sons and two daughters, who all lived to grow up in vigorous youth around him. Of the daughters, Jane, the last survivor, was the elder by five years; the second brother, Arthur, coming between her and Lucy, a lovely, bright-eyed, joyous girl, the darling of the whole family. A young orphan relative, Marion Neville, exactly Lucy's age, had lived with them as a daughter of the house from the period of attaining her fourteenth year, and by people unacquainted with the family history was always taken for a third daughter, so perfect was the union amongst them, and so impartial the kindness shown her. A happier circle, or one more amiable, it was impossible to see, until its first trial occurred in the death of Mrs. Stanley, about eight years previous to the time at which I heard the story. This blow, a dreadful one to all, sank most deeply on the heart of her surviving partner; and from that period Mr. Stanley felt his hold upon this world loosened, and but for his children's sakes would little have cared how soon the decree had gone forth which should send him to follow her. But the affectionate group around him, and their devoted care of his comforts, bound him to earth, and in them all his hopes and wishes centred. Of his two sons, Arthur was perhaps in secret his father's favourite. Frederic, the elder, was a fine, warm-hearted young man, and fondly attached to his family; but there was a degree of wilfulness and recklessness in his character calculated to alarm an anxious parent, not only on his own account, but for the sake of his sisters' happiness, should they henceforth be left to his guardianship. Arthur, on the contrary, to the energy and firmness without which the best qualities in a man are comparatively valueless, united a degree of tenderness and consideration for others, almost feminine in their total unselfishness; and in him his father reposed the most unbounded confidence. Their turn of mind, their tastes and pursuits, assimilated greatly, and a friendship more perfect between a father and a son could rarely be seen. He must, in truth, have been a gallant and noble being, as my friend described him, and of an outward mien harmonising with his open, generous, kindly nature. I pictured him to myself, as she dwelt upon his bright blue eye and beaming smile, his tall, graceful, athletic figure, and the frank, winning,

irresistible cordiality of his address, till I could have fancied I beheld him at Marion's side—Marion as she must then have been—beneath the acacia tree where he first had told the love that had grown up between them since boy and girlhood, and thought what love it must have been, and what must now be the bitterness of her lonely sorrow.

True love indeed it was—earnest, devoted love; and yet its course ran smooth; its *brief* course, for never let human heart reckon upon the long continuance of such. As surely as the shadow follows on the sunbeam, so surely must the cup of mortal happiness be dashed with bitterness; and those amongst us whose rare lot it has been to taste the draught only fit for Heaven—the unmingled draught of love and joy—have never been permitted to do more than taste it. The generous father offered no opposition to Arthur's choice, though Marion was portionless. He had, he said, long loved her as his child, and he knew his dear boy deserved her, and would make her happy. But he exacted a promise of delay until Arthur, who had embraced the military profession, for which he had shown a decided bent since boyhood, should have obtained his captain's commission, arrangements for the purchase of which had been made. A promise this not hard to give, nor hard to keep, living as Marion did in the bosom of such affection, cheered by such letters, and seeing Arthur whenever he could obtain leave of absence, even for a few days—if possible even more devoted to her for their separation. So time glided on, and Marion was nineteen, and Arthur nearly twenty-three, when his commission was gazetted, and his regiment unexpectedly ordered to Bombay!

This was a cruel blow to all parties—to the father and sisters unutterably so. Even Marion, who would have followed Arthur to the world's end, felt as if her heart were rent in twain when she thought of leaving the beloved inhabitants of Helmsley, and leaving them so desolate. She had Arthur, but they would lose both. The young soldier himself, deeply as he felt the prospect of this long separation, still, full of the buoyant impulses of young life, and hope, and love, cheered them all, even in their own despite, by his undoubting anticipations for the future, and his perpetual dwelling on the time when they should meet again.

All from this time forth was hurry and bewilderment; Arthur and Marion were married in the old parish church of Helmsley, where long generations of Stanleys had been wedded and buried before them. A few days' wandering together among the Welsh mountains—days in whose brief space the bliss of years seemed concentrated—a few weeks of troubled, feverish, grief-blended joy under their father's roof—and then all was over. The loving father and son, the brother and sisters who had never known an hour's anger or estrangement, parted to meet no more in this

world; and Marion tore herself from the arms of those she loved so dearly to follow him who was now to be all the world to her.

From this time forth heavy clouds began to settle down upon Helmsley Hall. The sunshine that departed with Arthur and Marion never returned again. Even Lucy's joyous spirit drooped "like some lone bird without a mate" from the hour that severed her from Marion—her twin-sister, as she had been used fondly to call her. Jane Stanley had been, since very early womanhood, a subdued and pensive girl. Some story there was, of which no one knew any distinct particulars, of a blight of that nature which at once, and for life, breaks the spirits of a woman—a tale of young, warm, trusting affection, basely trifled with, and flung back upon the heart which had written—

> ". . . . With its fiery rain
> Wild words on dust."

A common tale it is, but whatever had been its peculiar features in her case, its effects had been to sadden, not sour, her gentle nature; and a deeper shade of melancholy was all that could now be discerned of alteration in her demeanour. But upon Lucy the change was painful to see; and, alas! deeper and heavier sorrows soon followed in the train of the present. Frederic Stanley had of late caused much distress to his father. He had been much from home; had travelled long upon the continent; and at Florence had been led into an unfortunate intimacy with some men of rank and fortune belonging to what is called the *sporting* circles—that class of tourists who gain an unenviable notoriety abroad for themselves and their country. This intimacy, and the tastes resulting from it, continued after his return home; and about a year from the time of Arthur's departure Mr. Stanley found himself compelled—to save his son from dishonour—to pay racing debts for him to a very large amount. Not only was this in itself an acute pang to a man of Mr. Stanley's high-toned principles, but a serious trouble in another point of view. His large property being strictly entailed, it was not in his power to burden it with an adequate provision for his younger children. Their mother's fortune, fifteen thousand pounds, was settled in equal shares upon them; but, anxious to augment it, he had for years laid by an annual sum to accumulate for their behoof. Most unfortunately this was not done on the now universal plan of effecting an insurance on his own life—which in those days was not so well understood as at present—and the payment of Frederic's debts reduced it to a mere trifle. That generous though imprudent young man, stung to the heart by remorse for the consequences of his misconduct to his sisters and brother, and the degree to which he perceived the subject prey upon his father's mind, formed many resolutions of amendment and of future compensation to

them, came down to Helmsley and there remained quietly for several months, to the manifest improvement of the cheerfulness and comfort of the household. Mr. Stanley now began to entertain sanguine hopes of his son's future steadiness, and to look with less despondency on the prospects of his daughters. But the hand of the destroying angel was stretched forth against his house.

Frederic Stanley was a rash and dauntless equestrian, and to divert his leisure in the country had undertaken the task of breaking a high-spirited young horse. With his characteristic wilfulness and contempt of danger, he persisted, in spite of the remonstrances of the old groom—the experienced head of the stable department—in taking this animal out of the park and along the high road long before that functionary considered it safe to do so. The impunity of several days' trial augmented his daring into utter recklessness; and one morning, having had the horse as usual brought to the door, he galloped off in the wildest spirits, with many laughing injunctions to the old man to come in a short while and look for his body at the foot of Barnham Rise, a steep and dangerous height, down the face of which the road to ——— wound in those days.

Jane and Lucy were standing on the terrace, near enough to the front of the house to see and hear all that passed; and both at the same moment were struck by a peculiar look and ominous shake of the head with which the old groom gazed after his young master as these parting words died away in the clatter of the headlong speed with which he darted off. "I likes no such jests," they heard him mutter to himself as he turned from the door. Both sisters afterwards averred that at that instant the most deadly sinking of the heart fell upon them. They left the terrace as if by mutual consent, re-entered the drawing-room, and sat down to their usual occupations in silence. Three hours after Lucy rose from her chair, came up to Jane, and laid a hand upon hers whose marble coldness made her start.

"Jane," gasped she, in a choking voice, "I—I wish Frederic were come home."

"So do I, Lucy," whispered Jane, vainly trying to control the nervous trembling which shook her from head to foot. "How cold it is!" she ejaculated after a minute's pause, crouching down towards the fire. "Lucy, darling, it is foolish in us to frighten ourselves so; how often have we seen Frederic ride off in that wild way and return quite . . . ."

The word was arrested on her lips by the slow opening of the drawing-room door. Both sisters started to their feet, and stood gazing at it as though they had expected the entrance of a spectre. And more like a spectre than a living man was he who now, unannounced, stood before them. It was Sir Henry Monthermer, their nearest neighbour and intimate friend, in full hunting cos-

tume, splashed from head to foot, his face pale as a corpse, and manifestly, in spite of his utmost efforts, trembling in every limb.

Lucy sank upon a chair. Jane advanced a step. "Tell me at once, Sir Henry," she said, in a hoarse whisper, "tell me what it is."

"My dear Miss Stanley," exclaimed Sir Henry, taking her hand . . . .

The old housekeeper and several of the other female servants were clustered near the door in tears. Suddenly a shriek resounded within the drawing-room, so wild, so piercing, as nothing but the very height of agony can wring from the stricken heart. The bell rang furiously, and the women rushed in. They found Sir Henry Monthermer supporting the insensible form of Lucy. Jane was on her knees by her sister's chair, her hands locked together, her face white as marble, her tearless eyes distended, and her bosom heaving almost to suffocation.

"Where is my poor father?" she gasped out as the servants entered.

"Dr. Willis is with my master, ma'am, in the library," whispered the housekeeper, advancing.

"Take care of *her*, Mrs. Peters, I must go to papa."

She rose from her knees and leaned for a minute against a chair.

"Dear Miss Stanley, do not attempt it," Sir Heny anxiously exclaimed.

"I *must*," said Jane, "I am quite able. I must go to my father."

Over the anguish of that dreadful day I draw a veil. What language could picture it? Too fearfully true had been poor Frederic's wild words. At the head of Barnham Rise the hounds, in full cry, had burst from the woods, and crossed the road directly before him, followed by a large field of sportsmen. The young horse, already excited by the speed at which he had been going, became utterly ungovernable; a fierce contest ensued; he reared, he plunged, he sprang with all his four feet into the air, but the undaunted rider kept his seat. At last he dashed frantically down the steep descent. A sharp turn occurred near its foot; the maddened animal ran full against the wall which fenced it, the concussion struck him bleeding to the earth, and pitched his unfortunate master right over the wall upon his head. The horror-struck spectators galloped to his assistance. In a few seconds a dozen hands were raising him; but the speed of lightning could have brought no help to him. His neck was broken, and his death had been instantaneous. That very afternoon, the old groom, with the other sorrowing servants of his father's house, repaired to Barnham Rise, thence to bear home the lifeless remains of him who had that morning, in the exuberance of

youthful daring, uttered the unconscious prophecy of his own fate.

This awful termination to the career of his erring, wayward, but most attaching son, proved the father's death blow. He never recovered from the shock, which for a time, by its very excess of horror, seemed to have deadened him to the faculty of suffering; but whose fatal effects became daily more perceptible. It was long too ere poor Lucy arose, the shadow of her former self, from the sick bed on which the same cause had laid her prostrate. While Jane was saved, by the absolute necessity for exertion, from similar bodily sufferings, it may be doubted whether the repressed misery, the stifled anguish of her heart, were not more dreadful than theirs, from the very circumstance of their not re-acting upon her health, and so leaving her faculties in all their unimpaired intensity. Desolate indeed would have been her situation, but for the unfailing, almost parental kindness and attention of Dr. Willis, the rector of the parish, her father's bosom friend since their college days; and who, upon this terrible occasion, thought, felt, and acted for all. It was he who took upon himself the task of apprising Arthur of what had occurred; and to whom Mr. Stanley as soon as he was able to think collectedly of anything, delegated the office of writing to urge upon his only surviving son the necessity for taking immediate steps to leave the army, that he might come home to close the eyes which his father felt had well-nigh looked their last upon this world, and to afford a home and protection to his sisters. It was sickening to reflect on the length of time which must elapse ere Arthur could receive and act upon the letter; for India was indeed in those days a banishment, to a degree which in *ours* we have nearly learned to forget.

Frederic Stanley met his death early in the month of February; and about the middle of the following June, his father lay upon his death-bed. Mr. Stanley's decay was gradual, and latterly almost painless—more a sinking of the vital powers, than positive disease, and soothed to himself and those around him by the most humble spirit of resignation to the will of God, and undoubting trust in the atonement of the Saviour. One thought alone remained to trouble the serenity of his departing soul. He had committed his poor girls to the Father of the fatherless, he had them ever in his sight, he knew them to be safe at home, and trusted their future with confidence to their affectionate brother; but that brother, where was he? how was it with him then? Could he but see Arthur, could he but embrace his dear boy once more, he would die in peace. This he repeated incessantly. It is true the letters from Arthur and Marion were unfailing in their arrival; their family had missed none, and had never been harassed by long delay in their correspondence; but

they were all inevitably of such old dates, so many things might have occurred since they were written, that it could only be a very imperfect joy to receive them at any time, and much more at the present. The longings of the father's heart were unappeasable, and could not be controlled.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE CONGREGATION.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

A HOLY meeting! for one heart is there,
Amongst that kneeling multitude, one thought,
Bowed with the high solemnity of prayer,
Yet lifted by the Presence felt and sought,
That to itself, from out the world, hath brought
Man's strong affections for the blessings given,
And his yet stronger frailties, to be taught
How much of earth must from his soul be riven
Ere yet with fitness meet it asks the boon of Heaven.

A holy gathering! manhood with bent head
Feels its proud strength an infant's weakness there;
And, with that hallowing influence round her shed,
Woman's meek heart gains added power to bear
Life's heaviest portion, her allotted share;
And childhood, with its gleeful face subdued,
And spirit wakening to a world more fair,
Is conscious of that haunted solitude
On which in after years less blissful dreams obtrude.

So should it be! So is it? nay, but there
Earth with its rampant passions entereth in;
Mammon and God the double worship share,
And none account the idol-offering sin;
There the gross struggling goeth on, to win
The barrier'd place which pride hath set apart,
Classing her castes! ah! what are those akin
To Him who played on earth his humble part,
Honouring one rank alone, whose wealth was of the heart.

Fair shrine of England's worship! earnest thought
And prayerful ever should attend on thee;
Thou by the blood of faithful martyrs bought
And to their race bequeath'd, a temple free;
What had thy champions given our day to see—
Cobham and Wickliffe, and the pilgrim band
Of fathers, conscience-driven beyond the sea,
Who fled th' intolerance of their native land,
And rais'd an altar pure on a far, foreign strand?

Nor, though the night of persecution cease
To cast its baleful shadows on our shore,

Need we the less, amid this stagnant peace,
Bold hearts and true, to keep our eyes before;
To *keep!* ah, well misworded! to *restore*
The martyr spirit that hath inly died,
And never 'mid the crowd was needed more,
To o'ercome those mightiest despots, human pride,
Self-love, hate, envy, countless ills beside.

Less than the martyr's love, the martyr's zeal,
Sufficeth not to keep God's temple pure—
His holiest temple in the heart—there feel
A martyr's victory ere thou stand secure;
We boast of what our fathers could endure,
Forgetting that a nobler sacrifice
Waits on our daily path; a triumph sure,
Dar'd we but win it, over all that lies
For men to glorify, and bid Heaven's wrath arise.

Christ from his Father's temple drove the herd,
Buyers and sellers, bent on earthly gain;
What better are they, hearers of the word,
Who bring like thoughts its solemn truths to stain?
Or who in soulless apathy remain,
Or, roused, rouse only to the mortal strife
Of varied nothingnesses that enchain
Their souls, with every baleful passion rife?
Grovellers! when will they learn to live as they had *life?*

Better is he, and happier far, that yields
Such earthly shrine to its corrupted ways;
That with a timely indignation shields
His household from its mockery of praise;
That dares, with honest consciousness, to raise
His song of adoration to God's throne
'Mid nature's solitudes, that join his lays;
To worship where love's light is cast alone,
Making his quiet hearth a holier altar-stone!

Yet surely 'mid that throng, so world-entwin'd,
Some quiet, trustful spirit doth redeem
The darkness round, whose depths hath well enshrin'd
God's living light, believing it no dream;
Some pious Askew there may seek its beam;
Some gentle Russell with her martyr-heart;
Some Herbert, soul-rapt in the glowing theme
Till he has all forgot his earthly part,
Lost in the bright survey of heaven's unfolded chart.

Yes! such there are, the few and far between;
Alas! for them that wander from the way!
What yield the desert-growths to those who lean
So fondly on them through life's tearful day?
Sorrow and doubt, the grave with its decay,
Dim all time's glories, and engulf at last;
And we, the actors in this fitful play,
Shall we not learn its sequel from the past,
And know the one true part wherein our souls are cast?

ABDALLAH THE FAITHFUL.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

CHAPTER I.

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime,
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime?
Byron's Bride of Abydos.

MIRZA SOPHI, Shah of Persia, the grandson of Shah Abbas the Great, intrusted the education of his eldest son Abbas, afterwards Abbas Sophi the Second, to the care of his faithful vizier Aga Abdallah, who, according to the custom of the East, which enjoins the strictest privacy and seclusion to the younger branches of the royal family until they are called upon either to take up arms or to succeed to the throne, removed the youthful prince to his own country seat near Kasbin, a town in Irak.

Abbas was amiable, docile, and obedient. To extreme beauty of person were added talents of the highest order, with a gentleness and placability of temper which promised the happiest results for Persia, should he ever replace his cruel and tyrannical father, who had tarnished the brilliancy of his reign by acts of the most revolting atrocity.

Estranged thus early from his own family, Abbas soon learnt to consider the vizier's in that endearing light; bestowing on Abdallah the affection of a son, and on Fatima, his only daughter, that of a brother; which attachment was warmly and sincerely reciprocated by both those devoted beings.

Years glided almost imperceptibly away in uninterrupted enjoyment in this tranquil and delicious solitude. Abbas had no wish ungratified, no ambition disappointed, no love blighted or scorned. Happy in the cultivation of his talents, and the society of the beautiful Fatima and her benevolent and strong-minded father, he sighed not for the splendours of a court, nor the gaieties and dissipations of Ispahan. He was only anxious to forget his rank and the cares inseparable from it, dreading, one day or other, to be called upon to renounce the ease and pleasures he now revelled in for the toil and perplexities of royalty.

Music and painting formed the recreation of his severer studies, and in those Fatima shared; and in listening to her sweet voice, or watching the creations of her pencil, he felt that nothing more

was wanting to render his earthly felicity complete—nothing but the *certainty* of its duration; and of that he could have no present apprehension, so totally was he neglected by the shah his father, who, absorbed in the exultation of defeating his hated rival Karib Shah, in the province of Kilan, forcing the Turks to raise the siege of Bagdad, and taking the fortress of Ervan by assault, forgot that he had a son—a son who must succeed him—a son who, in despite of the seclusion to which he had condemned him, was yet known, loved, and admired by many of his subjects, for his virtues, talents, and the mercifulness of his disposition.

Mirza was, however, aroused from this state of torpor, suddenly and fearfully aroused from it, by hearing the young prince extolled for the very qualities he was but too conscious he was utterly destitute of.

Filled with the direst suspicion and jealousy, the tyrant immediately imagined that his innocent son was secretly rendering himself popular, and that he would seize the first favourable opportunity to dethrone—nay, perhaps assassinate him.

The more he brooded over these sinister thoughts, the more he persuaded himself of their probability; so that, in fact, that which was at first the merest conjecture soon became, in his distorted imagination, a gigantic and appalling reality. In his very dreams he saw the flashing scimitar which was to decapitate him, or tasted the poisoned bowl prepared by the hand of that unnatural son. He therefore resolved to take prompt and effectual measures to prevent such a catastrophe, feeling that to live in hourly dread of danger or treachery was even worse and more intolerable than death itself.

CHAPTER II.

> The silver light which, hallowing tree and tower,
> Sheds beauty and deep softness o'er the whole,
> Breathes also to the heart, and o'er it throws
> A loving languor, which is not repose.
>
> *Byron.*

One evening Fatima and Abbas were seated in an arbour in a retired part of the extensive gardens, to enjoy the refreshing coolness of the perfumed air, and watch the moon rising in placid loveliness over the sombre summits of the adjacent mountains.

Myrtles, jessamine, passion-flowers, and syringas, entwined by Nature's luxuriant hand, with the native lilac and gorgeous rose of Schiraz, formed an almost impervious shade, through which the slanting moonbeams partially penetrated to illume the fair brow of the lovely girl, who, for the first time, felt embarrassed beneath the ardent gaze fixed upon her half-averted face.

Fatima's small unjewelled hand was fervently clasped in that of Abbas; it had been so a thousand times before, but never with so tremulous, so tender, so conscious a pressure. A thousand times had he addressed the same fond, passionate words to her; but had his voice so faltered in breathing them, or her heart so throbbed in listening to them? A thousand times had he sworn that she was dearer to him than life; but had he ever done so with the deep, holy earnestness he now did? A thousand times had he kissed the slender moonbeam glistening on her forehead; but had his kiss ever left so lasting, so precious an impression? It seemed as if she had just awakened to a new, a more serious existence; the dream-play of girlhood was gone for ever, giving place to the beautiful importance of woman's real position. It seemed as if a delicate timidity held the light laugh suspended on her lips, and the vivid blush on her glowing cheek. It seemed as if an angel ear were bent to catch the vows of unalterable fidelity the enamoured Abbas extorted from her, and in uttering them she *felt* she was indeed bound to him for life. She was calm, subdued—nay, almost tearful, yet was she happy, supremely, superlatively happy; her heart at that moment resembling the expanded rose on her bosom, all openness and fragrance, yet with the dew-tears of twilight upon it, as if melancholy must ever blend with the loveliest things of earth.

"My dear children," said Abdallah, coming so suddenly upon them that they both started up in agitated surprise, "I have been long seeking you; you should not select such very retired places; young people should always be where they can be easily discovered."

"But this is Fatima's favourite bower," pleaded Abbas, pitying the distress even this slight reproof from her beloved father occasioned the gentle and sensitive girl. "I led her here," he continued, "she is so fond of contemplating the moon in her chequered radiance, shedding, as it were, a bashful glory on all around, like a veiled beauty, whose charms are heightened by the slight concealment. Indeed," he added, enthusiastically, stepping to the entrance of the arbour, and looking up to heaven with the ardour of a devotee, "never, never did I behold it so resplendent! I could gaze on it for ever. O Abdallah, my dear Abdallah, what a blessed thing is sight! Of *all* God's gifts I value it the most."

"Alas! alas!" exclaimed the old man, melting into tears.

"Why do you sigh, dear father?" said Fatima, tenderly taking his hand. "Why do you weep? Surely sight *is* a precious faculty—the most precious; you cannot then blame Abbas for his grateful appreciation of it."

"No, no, not blame, my child, but lament it, deeply, deeply lament it; for——to-night he must lose it for ever."

"What! Abbas, Abbas lose his sight?" screamed the horror-

struck girl; "be deprived of his beautiful speaking eyes, the lamps of my very heart's path to happiness? Impossible! impossible!"

"It is too true, I have just received the order from the shah; my own life is to answer for my obedience."

"But for what crime?" exclaimed Abbas, shaking off the stupor into which this terrible announcement had plunged him; "for what crime? I am innocent of any. I had almost forgotten I had a father; would that he had *quite* forgotten that he had a son! O God! to be reminded of him in this fearful way! Why not death at once—merciful, welcome death? I cannot exist if I no longer behold Fatima, yourself, all, all belonging to this dear place, with which, from infancy, mine eyes are familiar! Oh! what a doom! what a horrid doom! blind, blind for ever!" And he covered his eyes, shudderingly, with both his clasped hands, as if he already felt the barbarous attempt to deprive him of them.

"O my father, save him! save him in mercy to yourself, your child!"

"What! and die myself? But that would not preserve him; irrevocable are the decrees of tyranny. I cannot save him!"

"Then on both of us at once do you execute the fiendish sentence!" exclaimed Fatima, with wild energy; "for never, never more will I behold that sun which can shine on the monster who orders such a deed, or the minister who obeys it! O Abbas, dear, dear Abbas! you shall at least have the consolation of knowing that your devoted Fatima voluntarily shares your fated gloom; that she for ever renounces the sight of the sun, moon, stars, flowers, and all the glad and beautiful things of nature; and, and," she continued, sobbing convulsively, "her father's countenance—that countenance it was almost heavenly to contemplate, so benign, so good, so venerable did it appear!"

"You make such a sacrifice for me? No, no, no, sweet, sweet, idolized Fatima," said Abbas, as his passionate kisses drank the fast-flowing tears of the excited girl; "you forego all that delights and charms you? Never, never! You injure those precious, those beautiful, those worshipped orbs? then should I be blind indeed; then should I be *only* blind, for they are the light of my soul!"

"And did you think," said Abdallah, inexpressibly affected at this generous contest between those two innocent beings, "that I could for one moment intend to execute the fell command? that I would purchase the remnant of life at such an awful price? O Abbas! O Fatima! have all my instructions, my precepts, my examples, produced no more faith, confidence, in me than this? You have yet to know Abdallah, yet to know Abdallah's heart! Not one hair of that august head shall ever be injured by me. Not

one," and he laid his hands solemnly on the bowed head of the young prince, who, overcome by the various emotions which agitated him, fell on the vizier's neck and wept.

"But," continued Abdallah, when Abbas was soothed by his sympathy and assurances into some degree of composure, "as the tyrannical and unjust are always suspicious, it will be necessary for our own safety to invent some artful stratagem to deceive the emperor. You must simulate blindness, my dear Abbas; you must conceal yourself for some days as if suffering from the operation I sicken even to name; that will give you an opportunity of practising the pious counterfeit; I and my daughter will alone attend upon you, for who else, alas! could I trust? who else dare I trust? My slaves may be faithful, or they may be spies, I know not; deceit and corruption surround the great; or should they be faithful now, soon, soon may they be bribed by gold, or intimidated by fear, to treachery—the two powerful engines—ever at work in courts."

"How shall I ever learn so difficult a part? how refrain from gazing as I have been so long accustomed to do, in mute admiration, on the angelic countenance now bathed in tears for me? The very sound of Fatima's voice will instantly make me forget every precaution—danger, death—all, all, to mark its lovely and varying expression! O Abdallah! O my father! I never never can succeed; I shall only betray you, myself, perhaps Fatima to unheard-of peril by the rash attempt."

"This is no trifling love matter, my prince, no mere question of gratifying the senses by the contemplation of a woman's beauty, it is an affair of life or death; if, therefore, you cannot promise me to observe with a strict and manly firmness the deception so imperative for the future advantage and glory of Persia, I will at once and for ever remove the temptation to deviate from it from your presence. I shall not be the first minister who sacrificed his child for the benefit of his country; history furnishes many, many bright examples of such devoted patriotism."

This alarming threat completely determined the irresolute and wavering Abbas; that which appeared absolutely impossible to accomplish for himself, he considered comparatively easy when it involved the dearer interests of his beloved betrothed; and from that hour he affected blindness, and so skilfully, too, none suspected its truth.

CHAPTER III.

Why am I haunted with perpetual fears?
Why blasted, as the scathing lightning sears
The verdant palm tree, by suspicion dire,
Scorching my vitals with its fiend-fed fire?
The more I plunge in crime the less I find
The peace I promised to my perturb'd mind!
This last, worst doubt, I must resolve or die,
And see blind Abbas with this searching eye.

On the following morning a trusty messenger was despatched to the brutal and impatient shah assuring him that his orders had been faithfully and promptly executed. Indeed, the more effectually to convince him, and lull any latent suspicion that might arise hereafter, Abdallah actually sent the eyes of a young slave who had just died, in a golden case, to the unnatural father.

Mirza contemplated them without one feeling of compunction; then rewarding the bearer handsomely he dismissed him, with a vest of state, and a sword studded with diamonds of immense value for Abdallah, as marks of his especial approbation for the services he had so worthily performed.

For some little time the shah revelled in the security he imagined he had attained; but as suspicion is ever inseparable from guilt, and judging of others by his own base heart, he began to be tormented with the idea that he might, after all, have been deceived; that, in fact, he could not feel perfectly at ease until he saw with his own eyes that he had nothing more to apprehend from his son; that he was really blind.

He, therefore, without apprising the vizier of his intention, determined to surprise him with a visit.

Great was the consternation of Abdallah when he beheld the emperor approaching. He had only time to give the preconcerted signal to Abbas to be on his guard in his assumed character when Mirza entered the apartment. One glance at the impassive countenance of his son completely allayed his fears; it had, indeed, all the harrowing vacancy and immobility of total blindness.

Abdallah prostrated himself with more than usual humility, glad to conceal his confusion in that affected homage; then rising, he motioned to Fatima to leave the room, dreading the effects of her unveiled beauty on the profligate monarch.

"Who is that houri?" exclaimed the enraptured Mirza, as she gracefully inclined before him ere obeying her father.

"My daughter; my only child."

"By the Prophet! I never saw a lovelier maid! Had my lost spirit met her on Mount Meru I should have known I was on the confines of Paradise! How could you conceal such a treasure

from your king? Are you not bound to offer him the best, the choicest of your possessions? Rectify the error by sending her instantly to the palace by those I shall despatch to escort her there, or I shall suspect your fidelity, Abdallah!"

"Pardon your slave if he dares to expostulate with you, O mighty king! but let me implore you to spare my innocent child. Take all else I possess in the world—all!"

"How all? what else have you to offer in comparison of her? Not another word! Am I not absolute? Am I not as God, to command and be obeyed? Is not the power of life and death in my very nod?"

"You may imagine yourself as God, in the arrogance of your heart, to abuse the power he has, for some inscrutable purpose, delegated to you, O Mirza! to deprive me of life, my child of honour, as you have deprived your own inoffensive son of the light of heaven; but were you as God, when, before the walls of Bagdad, parched with fever, and fainting with exhaustion, you called in vain for water, that water, you, even as a king, could not command; or, will you be as God, when you stand before the awful tribunal of divine justice, to give an account of every act of oppression and tyranny you have committed upon earth? Oh! let the mercy of this moment be stored up *there* to plead in mitigation of others more unpardonable! Reward my long services by granting this distracted prayer; consider how numerous they have been, how faithfully, how devotedly I have served you."

"No more!" cried Mirza, furiously; "were you not born to serve me? Reward, slave! Is not your head yet upon your shoulders? what other reward can you hope or expect? It will not be there long if you still demur!"

"If not for my sake, if not for the days spent in the battle-field, the nights in watching your slumbers, let it be for the sake of your son, of the poor forlorn prince, who, robbed of every other source of enjoyment, still finds comfort and consolation in the society of one who loves him as a brother, who devotes every hour to lessen the regret his hapless situation causes him."

"What comfort can she be to him? Blind as he is, her beauty, her grace, her youth, are lost on him; whereas, in the gorgeous palace of her enamoured king, she would be adored as she deserves."

"Alas! blind as he undoubtedly is, he still does find inexpressible pleasure in Fatima; her voice alone can soothe him, her hand alone can guide him, her entreaties alone quell the impatient imprecations ever rising to his lips for his most unmerited wrongs."

"Audacious slave! is it thus you teach my son rebellion? thus instil the submission imperatively my due from him? It is well that he *is* blind; that act of obedience on your part saves you from

my present wrath; yet, take heed, mercy is not my natural attribute. Prepare the maid to accept the favours I design her, or dread the consequences; and for that blind boy, I will send him a young Georgian singer to amuse him."

How did that blind boy's eyelids quiver with rage and indignation during this discourse! How did he long to look the tyrant in the face, and blast him with the flashings of those fierce and angry eyes! But the fear of danger to Abdallah, the certainty of harm to Fatima, restrained him, and suppressing all outward appearance of emotion, he stood with his head bowed mournfully on his bosom, the very image of resigned misery.

Could the haughty Mirza have read the heart tumultuously throbbing beneath that tranquil exterior, how would he have trembled in his turn at the crouching lion, ready to spring and grapple with him for life, power, revenge! As it was he cast a passing glance on the abject being, whose tame submission awoke only a contemptuous pity, and stalked away.

Then, then did the released eyes of the threatening Abbas look after him, as if to transfix him in his retreat! Then, then did the long-pent-up words burst, like a fearful torrent, from his agitated lips, and loudly and furiously he called on the powers above to espouse his cause, to save the innocent, to crush the guilty, and to show in a signal manner that virtue and worth were the especial care of Heaven.

CHAPTER IV.

All-judging Heav'n,
Was there no bolt, no punishment above?
No, none is equal to despairing love.
Harard's Scanderbeg.

Nothing could exceed the despair of Fatima when she learned the ignominious destiny awaiting her. She clung frantically to Abbas, imploring him, in heart-rending accents, to shield her from infamy and disgrace.

Abdallah, the aged Abdallah, fell on his knees, and lifting up his venerable hands to heaven, entreated the Father of Goodness to take his child to himself rather than spare her to bring shame to his white and scanty hairs; whilst Abbas, the miserable, powerless Abbas, could only soothe them by vain and idle promises of succour and assistance.

When the chief eunuch of Mirza's harem arrived, with an escort of Tartarian and Georgian slaves. to conduct Fatima to Ispahan, she resisted every attempt to remove her from her father's arms with desperate determination. Abbas drew his scimitar, and placing himself before his distracted friends, swore by all that was

most sacred that he would kill the first person who presumed to offer the shadow of violence to either of them; that Fatima should not be removed; that he defied the orders of the shah, and that only by his own death should obedience to them ever be enforced.

"Then die!" exclaimed Kouli, clapping his hands for the mutes to appear; "for such were the last commands of the emperor. 'Spare none,' he said, 'who dares to raise a rebellious arm to shield the maid whose presence is necessary for our pleasure.'"

"Spare him, spare him!" shrieked the maddened girl, as they were bearing away the struggling Abbas to death; "I am ready to follow you!" and ere Abdallah could recover from the astonishment occasioned by the wild and sudden tumult, she burst from his arms and fled.

Abbas, with almost supernatural strength, then freed himself from the mutes left to prevent him, and followed her with the speed of an antelope, calling on the cavalcade to stop, but in vain. The well-trained horses far outstripped his haste; and when he saw the whole train totally disappear behind the dark mountains leading to the capital, he returned to consult with Abdallah on some more effectual means of rescuing Fatima from her impending and imminent peril.

His first impulse was to assemble all the slaves and friends willing to second them in the enterprise, and go boldly to the palace and demand her from the shah.

"Madness—absolute madness, my dear Abbas! Are you ignorant that opposition is the grand incentive to ferocity; that your eagerness to rescue my poor child would only enhance her fatal value in the tyrant's eyes, cause him to redouble his vigilance over her, and, perhaps, hasten the doom you dread? Despair not for her yet; I do not. That Providence who neither slumbereth nor sleepeth will watch over her; will, I feel assured, save her. When the storm rageth fiercest, threatening desolation and ruin on all around, lo! the clouds are separated by his hand, and the bow of calm, like an angel's zone, spans the heavens, and the winds are hushed. When environed by difficulties and dangers, when escape appears impossible, hopeless, and the heart sinks in the bosom with fainting anguish, the Lord, if we look to him, opens a way, a safe and certain way for us, and in the midst of thorns and briars spreads a smooth and flowery path to the fondly-sought refuge from ill! Wait his time, then, O my son!"

"I cannot, I cannot! If you knew the impetuosity of a lover's fears—how horrible are the thoughts hurrying through this frenzied brain!—you would not talk of waiting, nor speak of patience, Abdallah! Oh! if you loved her as dearly, as fondly, as I do——"

"As dearly, as fondly as *you?* Abbas, my love for her far, far exceeds all you know—all you can ever know of affection. My

love for her has borne the harrowing seal of insanity and death—*death*, Abbas! As Fatima now is—lovely, winning, tender, and devoted, such was her mother. On her fragrant bosom I found peace, in her mild, intelligent eye I read encouragement for virtue, and from her lips learnt wisdom and piety. She was my all, my solace in sorrow, joy in delight, pride in exultation, hope in expectation, guide on earth and to heaven; the very essence of my existence, rising in my soul like the perfume of the sacred sandal tree; but she died; she died in giving birth to the Fatima you, too, find everything precious to you. By the side of the new-born bud lay the crushed and withered flower; the starry eyes of the infant opened only on the closed orbs of the angelic mother, whose loss was alone mine. I kissed the glowing lips of the babe, and then the icy ones of my wife; their cold contact chilled the current of passion in my breast, and from that hour the lips of woman have never been wedded to mine. The custom of my country availed me nought; I consecrated myself to the dead, and sought not in variety the fascinations only to be found in one. The mighty cost at which I had obtained my child made her inestimably dear to me—dear, dear beyond imagination to conceive; and you never wrung this aching heart so much as when you put your own love for her in competition with mine. *Your* love is passion, desire, admiration, gratitude; but *mine*, Abbas, is divested of all save the cold, startling memory of the tomb!"

"Forgive me, Abdallah; pardon the rash precipitancy of youth, the unpremeditated expressions of despair. I see how I have wronged you; my love is indeed nothing in comparison to your years of widowhood—deep, deep devotion. Help me to implore the wrath of Heaven on the monster who has torn that beloved relic of the dead from your arms—help me to *curse* my father!"

"Forbear, young man, forbear. Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord. Call not curses down on your own head, but respect the shah, for he is still your father, and therefore to be respected."

CHAPTER V.

Some, who offend from a suspicious nature,
Will afterwards such fair confession make
As turns e'en the offence into a favour.
Joanna Baillie's De Montfort.

The conversation, or rather consultation, between Abbas and Abdallah was suddenly interrupted by the unexpected return of the party who had caused them such inexpressible anguish. Fatima fell on her father's bosom in an ecstasy of silent delight. Abbas, the delighted, the bewildered Abbas, could only embrace them

both; whilst Kouli endeavoured to explain the cause of their return, which he did by informing Abdallah that they had met another escort bearing orders from the emperor to convey the lady back with safety, and to hasten the departure of her father and the prince instead, for that the august Mirza was at the point of death, and must see them.

Scarcely a moment elapsed ere the cavalcade was again in motion; but how different were the feelings of the principal persons who formed it, now! Abbas, in the intoxication of the moment, forgot the occasion of his ourney, his father's illness, his father's barbarity, and could only think of Fatima being restored in her beauty and innocence to him. Abdallah, the ever-pious and devout Abdallah, saw in the restoration of that darling child in her unpolluted purity, the finger of the Providence he had ever watched to conduct him through the chequered scenes of a long and eventful life; while the more wary and worldly-minded Kouli saw in the abstracted young prince, the bridle of whose horse he obsequiously held, the future monarch of Persia; and he sought, by a thousand acts of debasing servility, to banish from the bosom of Abbas the impression of his late disrespectful conduct; but his intrusive officiousness only served to keep the remembrance of it alive by irritating the prince, who could not endure to have the delicious train of thought in which he was indulging continually broken in upon by the cringing and abject eunuch.

What a change had a short time effected in the haughty and implacable Mirza! how humbled, how altered, how subdued since last beheld!

On the approach of his faithful minister and son his countenance suddenly brightened with pleasure, then as suddenly fell, whilst a ferocious expression of despair displaced the placid and serene smile which briefly illumined it.

"O Abdallah," he exclaimed, "I feel now, indeed, the fearful truth of your reproof; I feel now, indeed, that I am not as God; I feel that I am only a poor, hapless, miserable mortal, bowed down with the intolerable weight of manifold and enormous crimes—down, down to the very grave; crimes formidably arraigned against me, like a dread battalion of fiends, to bar my entrance into Paradise—yet, yet dire and blood-dyed as too many of them are, not one, not one seems to me so horrible at this moment as that of wantonly depriving my unoffending son of sight, of leaving my envied, my cherished Persia, a blind sovereign! Oh, that it was in the power of any penitence, any miracle to restore those precious, those lamented orbs! But impossible, impossible!" he shrieked, with a wild convulsive shudder, "I saw them—saw them dim and bleeding; I felt them, yes, *felt* them, and yet I did not expire with horror and remorse! O Abbas! O my son! can you forgive your monster of a father?

Would I could give these fast-fading eyes to compensate the loss of yours. I can, and will give them in expiation of it!" and he frantically attempted to force his eyes from their recoiling sockets.

"If I thought," said the agitated Abdallah, restraining him, "that your majesty was sincere; if I thought that this show of penitence was not a subtle plot to ensnare unsuspecting innocence, I would——"

"What, what would you?" gasped the excited and expiring monarch, gazing with a fixed and awe-inspiring stare on the face of the vizier, as if eternal pardon hung on the next word he uttered; "What would you, Abdallah? Speak!"

"Bid your son kneel down by your dying couch, and with his mild *uninjured* eyes, look up to heaven, and entreat forgiveness for the crime you meditated in destroying them; and to thank the Author of all goodness for inspiring me with the holy resolution of saving them at any sacrifice. Kneel, Abbas, kneel, and gaze once more fearlessly upon the light of day!"

Slowly and reverentially did the young prince obey the solemn mandate. With an almost seraphic expression did he raise his now unbound, fine Asiatic eyes above; then, with a softened tenderness, regarded his father, as if pity alone for his sufferings and contrition melted his soul to filial love and sorrow.

"My son! my Abbas! my beloved, beautiful son, come near to me, nearer, nearer, that I may kiss those precious eyes, that I may bathe them with my tears, that I may—no, no, no, not *feel* them, I have too terrible a recollection of that! But look at me, look at me till the last, as you are looking now; it seems to shed a heavenly radiance over my shrinking soul; it seems to illumine, with a surpassing brightness, the dark valley to which I am hastening, and which I so dread to traverse! Look at me, then, Abbas! look at me, while I can still see those eyes of mercy! look! look! look till I die!"

The melancholy task of obeying his father did not tax the affectionate patience of Abbas long; he died in a few hours after the discovery which afforded his conscience such relief.

After the funeral ceremony, which was attended with extraordinary pomp and splendour, Abbas espoused his adored Fatima, and made her father his prime minister and confidential friend and adviser.

He purchased the entire province where he had passed his youth so happily and instructively, and on the site of Abdallah's house, erected a magnificent palace, which he called, "The Heart's Delight." Nothing could exceed its costliness and beauty; all the extravagant riches of the East were lavished with the utmost profusion upon it; yet everything was disposed with the greatest taste and elegance. The building was in the form of a regular

square; and in the centre of each side was a door, massively embossed with gold. It consisted of three stories, erected on arches; the ceilings ornamented with rich mosaic work, wrought in gold, pearls, and precious stones in the most elaborate manner; the walls were of porcelain, representing birds, fruits, and flowers, all as natural as life; the hangings were of the richest gold and silver brocades, fringed with pearls; and the carpets of the finest lama wool, dyed in the most beautiful and vivid colours. Every utensil used in this enchanting place, was of gold, studded with gems; while in every apartment were fountains of water, perpetually playing, to cool and refresh the air. The whole was surrounded by a superb colonnade of the purest marble. The garden, which was most extensive, corresponded with the grandeur of the edifice, being laid out with the greatest care and symmetry into parterres for the rarest flowers and fruit-trees; the alleys were planted with various aromatic trees and shrubs, and fanciful pavilions graced each corner.

Thither the enamoured Abbas used to resort with his beautiful Fatima, his empress, the sultana of his heart, when he wished to enjoy her charming society unmolested; when he wished to revert to the past, ever the dearest, the most prized, the aurora of life and love, tinged with the rose-hue of hope, and warmed with the cloudless rays of its rising sun! *There*, seated in the same bower, which had been preserved in its pristine state as a sacred relic, would Abbas, as the moon rose over the distant hills, clasp the hand of Fatima with still a lover's fondness, and recall to her that night of fear and agony, love and delight, when she first confessed her soul's secret—first wept for him—first voluntarily kissed the doomed eyes never to behold her more; and *there* would the gentle Fatima, when thus sweetly appealed to, in memory of that former anguish, and in gratitude for present joy, rise up, and flinging her arms round her husband's neck, kiss and kiss again, with passionate ecstasy, the blessed eyes so graciously spared to gaze upon her!

THE EARLY LESSON.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.

Prov. c. xxii. *v.* 6.

"Be serious, my child!"
For the heedless creature smil'd
Although its little hands were clasp'd in prayer,
"Look up unto the skies;"
But beyond its mother's eyes
He could not, for his only heaven was *there!*

"Pray to the Lord above,
For his heart's replete with love
And tender mercy for frail babes like thee,
Inviting them to come
To his bright, supernal home,
Secure for ever from calamity.
Lovely, untainted boy!
Oh! must coming time destroy
Thy heart, in its young purity sublime?
I shudder as each day
Fleeth rapidly away,
Advancing nearer the epoch of crime.
My son! oh, wouldst as now,
With thy immaculate brow,
Thou mightest gaze on thy fond mother's face!
While, sweet! beholding thee,
She, through tears of ecstasy,
A cherub, though on earth, might still embrace.
When silent in the grave
Is the voice that fain would save,
And clos'd the eye that watches with such care,
Bethink thee if a pain
Could approach where I am lain,
It would be from thy *crimes;* then, oh, beware!
Thy heart, like wax, now takes
Each impression virtue makes,
But sin's collision will the stamp efface,
Until in after years
Man looks through remorseful tears
In vain to find of it a single trace.
Then let a mother's prayer
Eternally fix it there,
That when from heaven her guardian eye looks down,
Should God permit such joy,
She may see her idol boy,
With brow unstain'd, meet for his saint-wreath'd crown."
His mother's solemn tone
Sank on his young *ear* alone,
For, oh! as yet he nothing knew of sin;
A time will surely come,
When, as from her very tomb,
It will dismay with its terrific din;
When he's forgot her prayer,
And has yielded to each snare
That Satan spreads in youth's unguarded path;
When that remember'd tone
Shall awake contrition's groan,
And bid him tremble at impending wrath;
Then will he straight repent,
And feel that sweet mercy sent,
That blessed tone of artless infant days,
And though she's in her grave,
His mother has power to save,
And lead him from the error of his ways!

POPULATION OF THE GLOBE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

"BE fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth:" such was the command of the omnipotent Creator to the first man and woman; and the injunction was accompanied by adequate means to fulfil it. "And men began to multiply on the face of the earth; for they had dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowls of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth." Thus, one of the advantages given to man was that of being omnivorous, or capable of subsisting upon an infinite variety of animal and vegetable productions; whilst, by another special privilege, he was so constituted that he could live, propagate, and multiply almost equally well in every climate of the globe. In being thus capacitated to inhabit every part of the earth, and to convert into food so great a multiplicity of substances, our species would seem, at first sight, to have been exempted from every impediment to their unlimited increase; inasmuch as man could accommodate himself to almost every variety of circumstances, and adapt circumstances to his situation. There are, however, three principal stages in social life, by which the propagation of mankind is more or less checked, and population limited. In the least civilized state, the savage or hunter, living on the spontaneous products of the earth, requires about a dozen times more territory to supply him with food than the shepherd; consequently, in an equal extent of country, the population of a savage community must be twelve times less than that of a pastoral people. And, therefore, when a savage population has increased so far as to exceed the proportion of the subsistence spontaneously supplied by nature, their tribes are driven by necessity to resort to wars of extermination among themselves, and thus to reduce from time to time their extra-population to their meagre means of subsistence; which circumstance is, no doubt, the reason why anthropophagi are frequently found in this unhappy and brutalized state of society. The pastoral life offers to the shepherd community a better, more abundant, and less precarious supply of food, in the herds of domesticated animals which they rear. Yet the feeding of flocks and herds also requires an extensive territory and frequent change of pasturage; so that a community of herdsmen must necessarily occupy a much larger proportion of soil than an agricultural society, and can only reach a twelfth part of the population of the latter in a country of similar

extent. When they increase beyond the resources for subsistence available in their erratic state, the surplus of their population are obliged to emigrate; and they thus send abroad warlike colonies well characterised by the name of *Sacred Springs* among the pastoral aborigines of Italy. Thus the Sabines were a "Sacred Spring" of the Umbrians, the Samnites of the Sabines, the Lucanians of the Samnites, &c.

In the mere pastoral state, we perceive that it is nature alone, producing spontaneously food for the living creatures of the earth, that supplies provision for the shepherd. It is equally obvious, that unassisted nature directly furnishes subsistence to the savage. It is only in the more advanced stage of society that man combines and improves the gifts of nature, and obtains all the supplies necessary for his wants. And, as the labour of a few husbandmen is sufficient to maintain many families, and to enable them to procure those means of subsistence by which many members of the commonwealth find leisure to cultivate the various handicraft trades, and to acquire a knowledge of the arts and sciences, the agricultural state is obviously that which is most favourable to human propagation. In this condition, mankind being better fed, clothed, and lodged—their wars, incited by a spirit of ambition, less destructive than those that are merely predatory—and their attention to the productions of the earth supplying them with cures for diseases, or preventives for those which ordinarily prevail—they are consequently placed in the most favourable situation for obeying the divine command to "multiply and replenish the earth."

The highest step in the progress of civilized life is the commercial state. Affording leisure for the artisan, it improves and vivifies everything at home; commanding subsistence from abroad, it pursues those schemes of adventurous speculation which a spirit of commercial enterprise opens; it establishes the beneficial relations which necessarily grow out of that spirit; imparts new means for developing the industry of the country; increases the general abundance, at the same time that it augments the wealth of individuals; and finally yields resources for the support and useful activity of a dense population. What is effected by commerce at large, and by the reciprocal interchange of commodities between nations, is produced on a smaller scale by the towns and cities of a civilized country. In this concentrated union of many interests, the towns attracting fresh citizens from the country, and demanding a constant supply of provisions, afford a ready market for the surplus productions of the agriculturist, as well as opportunities of employment for the superabundant population of the vicinity. Hence, the means of industry are incessantly augmented, and the propagation of inhabitants constantly increased. Accordingly, we see that population is generally more abundant round the towns

than at a distance, and denser near the great cities than in the neighbourhood of the smaller ones. In this manner the towns keep in constant requisition the productions of agriculture, and call more rapidly into existence the population of the country; and, to crown all, foreign traffic and commercial intercourse come in to increase the general industry and population.

With these two powerful agents (agriculture and commerce), population and subsistence advance, hand-in-hand, in rapid ratio. Indifferent almost to the natural fertility of the soil (a requisite not always the most important), unfruitful countries have been enabled by human perseverance and industry, not only to maintain a great number of inhabitants, but even to export provisions. It is, however, more easy to perceive the actual effects of these two agents than to appreciate the extent of their influence.

It is very difficult to determine the limits to which population is restricted in each of the THREE stages of society previously described, because the laws influencing the propagation of mankind have been almost as much concealed from our view in their social as in their physical operation. As, however, the one is more accessible to investigation than the other, we shall collect some facts and materials by which this important object may be first illustrated, and afterwards reduced into rules of arithmetical calculation. Our researches will commence by instituting a comparative estimate between the *area* and the *population* of countries whose statistics have been fully detailed or made known to us. These being properly ascertained, by reducing the number of persons to the square mile, we shall arrive at a standard by which to determine the unknown population of analogous regions. The first object will be to ascertain the superficial extent and the number of inhabitants of those countries in which these points have been precisely determined, and from these data to fix, as a proportionate number, the comparative amount of persons to the square mile. To check as well as to elucidate and exemplify these calculations, it will be necessary to reduce the square miles into their corresponding number of acres, and then to determine what is the proportionate number of acres to each inhabitant. With these data we shall find out the proportions existing between the *area* and the *population* in most of the countries of the globe; and, by analogical comparisons with territories of which we have no statistical returns, but which possess a certain similarity in circumstances and situation to those of which the statistics are known, we shall be able to obtain approximate estimates on which the probable number of their inhabitants may be calculated, and thus solve many problems in population hitherto unattempted, or, if attempted, deduced from suppositious inferences, or facts not sufficiently authenticated. The same comparative method will offer facilities by which to judge of the accuracy of ancient and modern

records, or to determine what is within or beyond the reach of the propagating power of human society.

The extensive region called Siberia, or Russian Tartary, is very thinly peopled. The Russian records attribute to it little more than two millions of inhabitants; but, as many wandering tribes and isolated societies are not comprised in these, we are authorized to raise the population to three millions, which, compared to the area, gives the ratio of *one inhabitant to the square mile*, being *six hundred and fifty acres to each person.* We shall find hereafter that *this proportion is about the common standard of the pastoral state.*

Independent Tartary has always been the haunt of barbarian hordes. Driven from the East by other wanderers, they accumulated in these regions till necessity compelled them to become the invaders of neighbouring countries, into which they penetrated and successively occupied.

The Arabians, at an early period, exchanging, to a considerable extent, their pastoral state for a more sedentary life, their present barren country displayed, in several districts, lines of the most delightful gardens, which became very populous and thickly inhabited; but, since their retrogression to the nomadic state, these beautiful spots have been overspread by the sands of the desert, or have been converted into a wild range of unproductive pasturage. Recent travellers assign to this country only three millions of semi-barbarous inhabitants, who are in the proportion of five persons to a square mile, being 123 acres for each individual.

Chinese Tartary is tolerably populous, particularly in Manchou, Thibet, and Little Bocharia. The pastoral state prevails only in Mangolia and the great Desert of Cobi. In computing the whole together, we find about ten persons to the square mile. At the rate of sixty-six acres to each individual, there are eight millions of inhabitants.

The numerous estimates respecting the population of China vary from fifty millions to the mystical number of three hundred and thirty-three. The great imperial map of the Celestial Empire, published in the year 1790, fixes, however, the population of China Proper at one hundred and forty-three millions of taxable persons, to whom may be added seven millions of untaxable inhabitants. These will make, altogether, one hundred and fifty millions of persons, or (as the Chinese records express it) of *mouths;* for such is the phraseology used, in place of our customary enumeration of the number of *souls* comprised in a census of the people. If we add to this amount ten millions more for the islands in the Chinese Seas and the Peninsula of Corea, which gives, together, the ratio of 123 inhabitants to a square mile, or a little more than five acres to each person, the boasted population of China will be found to be inferior to that of many European states, inferior to that of Germany, and even to that of Modern Egypt. We shall

see hereafter that this country, whose agricultural produce for the support of human life is almost exclusively rice, is capable of maintaining not only the high population which has been heretofore ascribed to it, but one still more numerous; nor would its inhabitants live in the continual dread of famine, or of pestilence, more commonly the attendants of ill-peopled and ill-cultivated countries, rather than of those supporting a dense and industrious population.

The want of statistical accounts supplying details of the population of the Indo-Chinese kingdoms of Tonquin, Cochin-China, Laos, and Cambodia, will oblige us to assume for them a ratio similar to that of the Indian Islands in their neighbourhood. This rate being known to be that of thirty persons to the square mile, or twenty-one acres to each individual, would give a population of nine millions for those dependencies.

The population of the Japanese Islands has been the subject of much diversity of opinion; but, as no country resembles China so much in its political institutions and the manners and habits of its people as those islands, to none can we more satisfactorily apply that proximate proportion suggested by strong points of analogy in the social features and characters of a similar people. The same proportionate number of inhabitants to the square mile, or of acres to each individual, as that of China, would fix seventeen millions as the population of Japan.

With regard to the Indian Archipelago, the Dutch reports having stated, on some few satisfactory data, the number of inhabitants on some of the islands, these statements, with proper allowances, will serve for the whole. Thus we are enabled to establish throughout these islands, collectively, the proportion of thirty persons to a square mile, or twenty-one acres to each inhabitant. This will give the number of fifteen millions of souls for the whole Indian Archipelago.

The Birman Empire is more thickly inhabited. Recent facts, derived from the social condition of its people, would determine us to fix the proportion at forty-one persons to the square mile, or at sixteen acres to each inhabitant, giving a numerical population of eighteen millions of souls.

Hindoostan is stated to possess one hundred millions of Hindoos, and ten millions of Mohammedans, or 100 persons to the square mile, being at the rate of six acres to each individual—a slender allotment for such a rich and fertile country, being only the same proportion as that presented by the census of the mountainous district of Switzerland.

In Persia, Candahar, and Afghanistan, arid deserts, increasing with the decrease of the population thinned by a long succession of disturbing causes, exhibit a proportion which reduces the inhabitants to eighteen persons in the square mile, being an allowance

of thirty-nine acres to each person, or a total of fourteen millions of souls.

Turkey in Asia, a country the long-continued prey of the worst possible government, possesses about the same proportions as Persia, in its eastern provinces; but towards the west, particularly in Natolia, it is much more populous. The accounts which recommend themselves by the most approved authority, give to the whole a population of about twelve millions, or twenty-six persons to a square mile, being twenty-four acres to each inhabitant.

Palestine, from one of the most populous countries in the world, has been reduced to the same low proportion—an aggregate of only about two hundred thousand inhabitants.

We should be led to reduce Arabia to the rate of the pastoral condition of society, if its sandy region, surrounded by a fertile border, and gemmed with a few green oases in which are some towns and many sedentary tribes, did not, according to the best authorities, compel us to fix the number of inhabitants at the rate of five persons to the square mile.

Thus we find in all Asia a population of about three hundred and seventy-two millions and a half of souls, being thirty-seven persons to the square mile, or eighteen acres to each inhabitant.

In Africa, beginning with Egypt, we find a country, comprising a valley of the greatest fertility, compressed between arid and parched deserts—presenting for the whole area a proportion of about eighteen persons to the square mile; being, in all, a population of about two millions and a half. If, however, we direct our attention to the habitable and cultivated parts exclusively, the ratio will be found to be 150 inhabitants to the square mile, giving the sum of four acres to each individual—a rate superior to the best-peopled countries of Asia, but greatly inferior to that of its ancient populousness.

Abyssinia, with its immense mountains and fertile valleys, has a mixed population of Christians and barbarians; but it cannot be estimated higher than eighteen persons to the square mile, or thirty-six acres to each individual. The result of this calculation will give about seven millions of inhabitants.

No part of the world resembles Arabia so much as the southern, western, and central regions of Africa, taken collectively. This resemblance, added to some partial statements, will determine the adoption of the same ratio of five persons to the square mile, or 123 acres to each inhabitant, giving a suppositious population of thirty-four millions.

The African islands, far better known to us, and much more densely peopled than the continent, have been estimated to possess four millions of inhabitants, or twenty persons to the square mile, being at the rate of thirty-two acres to each individual.

In the States of Barbary, the most probable relations have assigned, at this present time, to the stretch of shore understood by this peculiar appellation, fifteen millions of inhabitants, being twenty-seven persons to the square mile, or an allowance of twenty-four acres to each person; a result which gives only half the number of inhabitants that peopled the same countries when under the dominion of the Romans.

By these estimates, the whole of Africa would seem to possess a population of sixty-two millions and a half. Eight persons would, therefore, be the average to the square mile, or eighty-three acres the allotment for each individual—a very scanty proportion, not attributable to the aridity of the soil only, since large tracts are extremely fertile, but to the barbarism of the inhabitants, and the waste of life created by the slave trade.

The population of Turkey in Europe is generally estimated at twelve millions. This would give the proportion of sixty inhabitants to a square mile, being twelve acres for each person—a very depopulated condition for one of the finest countries in the world, anciently embellished with splendid cities, and inhabited by the most intelligent race of the then known families of the earth.

Contrary to what we perceive to be the result in regard to Greece, modern Italy possesses a higher rate of population than in the most prosperous period of the Roman empire. In the time of Pliny, it was stated to contain fourteen millions of souls; it has now reached the number of twenty millions of inhabitants, which would be 170 persons to the square mile, or four acres to each individual.

The Spanish peninsula is computed to contain fourteen millions and a half of inhabitants; that is, eighty persons to the square mile, or eight acres for the subsistence of each. Under the Moors, the population of Spain was double the present amount, it being then one of the most industrious and civilized countries of the middle ages.

France has attained a population of thirty millions of souls, being 190 persons to the square mile, or three and a half acres to each inhabitant. The increase, however, was very slow, since, in the time of Cæsar, there were at least six millions of souls in Gaul.

Great Britain and Ireland possess collectively higher proportions, with a population of upwards of twenty-one millions; but, individually, we shall perceive by some after analyses, that England and Ireland have acquired a higher rate, a rate even greater than that of the Netherlands and Belgic Prussia, with their 201 inhabitants to the square mile, or three acres to each person—proportions produced by a population of seven millions in a territorial space comparatively extremely limited in its dimensions.

The number of inhabitants in Switzerland is not so great by

half, since it does not reach two millions, with 100 persons to the square mile, or six and a half acres to each individual.

The whole of Germany is peopled by about forty millions of souls, the ratio being 150 persons to the square mile, or four and a half acres to each inhabitant.

Russia in Europe is so thinly inhabited that, with a population of fifty-two millions, there is scarcely the proportion of twenty-nine persons to the square mile, being but one individual to twenty-two acres.

Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, considered collectively, are yet more thinly inhabited; with a population of six millions, the ratio is reduced to sixteen persons to the square mile, or one individual to forty-one acres.

According to the foregoing analysis, the whole population of Europe will be found to be two hundred and four millions and a half; sixty-three persons being assigned to the square mile, or a little more than ten acres being apportioned to each inhabitant—a much more compact population than that found in Asia at this present, or perhaps at any previous, time, and the most dense ratio of any of the *five parts of the globe.*

Northern America is reduced to the lowest ratio of human society. Computed at a rate twelve times less than that of the pastoral state, it may serve as the standard of savage life, a condition of society which predominates over the whole extent of this part of the American continent. On this basis the fractional calculus of one-twelfth part of an individual may be allowed to the square mile, or 7620 acres apportioned to each person. This would give a population of 140,000 savages—an estimate probably not far from the truth.

British North America contains a population of about 600,000 souls, being one-fourth of an individual to the square mile, or 2700 acres to each inhabitant.

The fast-increasing population of the United States, exceeding at the present time ten millions and a half of inhabitants, has not yet surpassed in its proportion to the territorial extent the low rate of Africa and Arabia, since there are only five persons to the square mile, or one inhabitant for the subsistence afforded by 123 acres.

In the new republics of Mexico and Guatemala, the number of inhabitants has been asserted to be eight millions and a half. The ratio to the area would be eight persons to the square mile, or eighty-four acres to each individual.

The West India Islands, which, according to the early Spanish historians, swarmed with population, still possess a greater share of inhabitants than any equal extent of territory in the southern division of the American continent; containing two millions and a half of inhabitants, they present a rate of twenty-five persons

to the square mile, or a division of twenty-six acres to each individual.

In South America, the independent states of Columbia and Quito, with a population of two millions eight hundred thousand souls, have, over the wide extent of surface comprised in these territories, only a fraction more than two inhabitants to the square mile, being one person to 252 acres.

Peru possesses nearly one million and a half of inhabitants; this would be three persons to a square mile, or 227 acres for each individual.

Chili has a population of 1,100,000 souls, being six persons to the square mile, or 100 acres for every individual within its territory.

The number of inhabitants in the states of La Plata, or Buenos Ayres, being 2,300,000, would present the ratio of less than two persons to the square mile, or 423 acres for every individual.

The empire of Brazil has four millions of souls; which would be one and one-fourth person to the square mile, or about one individual to 480 acres.

The population of the other parts of South America, taken collectively, as Paraguay and the southern territories of the continent, may be computed at the rate of two and a half persons to the square mile, or 252 acres to each inhabitant, the result being an aggregate of 1,400,000 souls.

According to the foregoing statements, the whole continent of America, to the north and south, presents an aggregate of thirty-five millions of inhabitants; the proportion to the area being as two and a half persons to the square mile, or about 251 acres for the subsistence of each individual. The result of this review is, that the New Continent is by far more thinly inhabited than the Old World. Its native Indians, in their habits of social life, are still under the influence of the severities and privations incident to the condition of their state of savage existence; but, placed amid regions the most diversified in climate, amid plains and mountains and valleys inexhaustibly fertile, wandering in a country replenished by magnificent streams and mighty lakes, and commanding never-failing resources for the industry of a dense population, what a theatre does it lay open for the propagation of the species, and for the improvement and civilization of man!

MENDICANTS.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

Ye were a part, a better part
  Of all our childhood's dreams,
Mix'd up with all its pomp of woods,
  And melody of streams;
Ye burst upon us with the flowers,
  Ye hail'd us with the sun,
And were of life's familiar things
  Ere trial had begun.

Ye were the source of gentle thoughts,
  To God and nature true;
Of pitying sympathies, the first
  Our bosoms ever knew;
We class'd ye with that sacred bird,
  The robin, winter-sped,
Nor questioned why God set ye both
  Before us to be fed.

Ye were the first to teach us all
  The nothingness of pride,
Showing in what strange brotherhood
  Earth was to earth allied;
We learn'd to prize our bright, warm hearth,
  From tiny, shoeless feet,
That 'mid the winter's snow and rain
  We were so wont to meet.

Ye came to us in tale and song;
  Through the long winter nights,
A fruitful and unfailing source
  Of sorrowful delights;
From you we learn'd that grief, and wrong,
  And cheerless want, could be
A portion of the bright, glad world,
  That seem'd so fair to see.

The travel-worn, grey mendicants,
  They hail'd us on our way,
Long, long ere to earth's mightier ones
  Our thoughts had learn'd to stray;
Their claim was on our daily paths,
  We knew it in God's word,
A fitful breath that healthfully
  Life's deep'ning waters stirr'd.

And shall not later years repay
  Our childhood's grateful debt?
Shall we not through the future meet
  As in the past we met,
With kindly help and gentle words—
  No idle waste of love
If we, the world-divided here,
  Have yet to meet above?

Let men in grosser selfishness
Their souls remorseless steep,
But seek not from our children's paths
The poor of God to sweep!
Leave for their gushing sympathies
That outlet whence to flow,
And after years shall find those streams
Still widening as they go.

The weary, outcast wanderers,
The helpless, poor indeed,
Ah, surely from their plaint to turn
Our hearts have little need!
Remembering what worse wretchedness
Might darken o'er our lot,
Should He, whose help *we* crave, at last
Reply—"I know ye not!"

The winter winds are cold and strong,
Earth's wastes are bleak and wide,
And thousand roof-unshelter'd heads
Have not where else to hide;
O ye that to the worthless throw
Far open many a door,
Send up one wandering thought to God,
And send it through His poor!

DEAREST AGNES, I MUST LEAVE THEE.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

AIR.—"*Julia told me when we parted.*"

DEAREST Agnes, I must leave thee,
One embrace, and then we part;
O my love! forbear to grieve me,
Thy fond tears unman my heart.
Love is but a rainbow glory,
Cradled in a stormy cloud;
Glow-worm of a fairy story,
Which the chilling night-dews shroud.

Born in smiles, but nurs'd in sorrow,
Love's the child of weeping skies;
Though the rose's bloom it borrow,
Soon the fleeting splendour dies.
Yet, with all of evil round it,
Like a jewel darkly set,
Rays of glory still have crown'd it,
Since, my Agnes, first we met.

There's a sweetness in its anguish,
There's a music in its sigh;
Hopes may wither, joys may languish,
Still it lives, it cannot die.
Though relentless fate may sever
Hearts that love would fain unite,
Mem'ry's star shall linger ever
O'er that fount of young delight.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Rambles in the United States and in Canada during the Year 1845, with a Short Account of Oregon. By RUBIO. London: Samuel Clarke.

THE political relations of England with America have awakened in this country a spirit of inquiry to know all that can be known about "THE NEW WORLD," as it has been most appropriately called. The public mind is at the present time all *qui vive* to receive information from any source which has the smallest claims to credibility. This volume comes forth to the world under most auspicious circumstances. It has the invaluable claim to attention, that it is *the result of personal observation.* And it possesses the mark of veritableness in the calm style in which it is written; there is an entire absence of that banter and ridicule for which some recent works on America are distinguished.

When a reader takes up a book to seek acquaintance with a country that book pretends to describe, he wants to see *true pictures*, and not to see the author ever varying the specimens of his power to caricature. The descriptions of places are far from being tame and uninteresting. We noticed one, which for its brevity, clearness, and force has seldom been equalled. The subject is that wonder of the world, "The Falls of Niagara."

"A Londoner would think it a grand sight to see the river Thames fall from the top of the monument; but Niagara is a collection of two hundred rivers as large as the Thames, flowing into those four interior seas called Erie, Huron, Michigan, and Superior, the smallest of which is large enough to contain all England and Wales."—p. 91.

The descriptions throughout are good, and the information is valuable. Upon the all-absorbing question of the Corn Laws, the writer of this work clearly shows that America has a superabundance of grain, and that she is willing to barter with countries which have a deficiency of grain and abundance of manufactures. The fact upon which this opinion is founded is stated in a style which merits the confidence of the reader.

"I inquired how it was possible for the farmers to sell their wheat at two shillings per bushel, and their maize, rye, barley, and oats at eightpence?"

"Why, sir, my friend——, in Indiana, has got this year 2000 acres

of wheat in one patch, which, at twenty-five bushels to the acre, amounts to 50,000 bushels. The threshing by our simple machines, and the cradling at harvest-time, enables him to get through the work much quicker than is done in Europe, and in this poor country 25,000 dollars is a large sum to receive in a heap for his crop of wheat; and as carriage is nothing on our rivers, or next to nothing, there are few deductions. There is always sufficient solar heat to insure good crops, the only danger being from drought; but there has never been a failure since I have been in the country. Now you see how we can grow wheat to pay us at two shillings per bushel, or, as you say in England, sixteen shillings per quarter, and it is never likely to be dearer.'"—p. 169.

There is not much danger of our author becoming either a republican, or an advocate for a republicanism like that of America. The working of that mode of government has not produced a favourable impression on his mind. And though many of his readers may not think that the government of the mother country is the acme of perfection, and may sometimes murmur the belief that this and that change would be for the welfare of the nation; yet his description of republicanism, and its influence on all the relations of life, will make the most discontented Briton cling to his native land, and say with Cowper,

"England, with all thy faults I love thee still."

The following brief extract may lead our readers to judge how far we have caught the author's views:—

"A modern writer of great distinction has said that the tendency of human affairs is for the people to elect their chief magistrate, acknowledging, at the same time, that all elected monarchs have been the best; for instance, William the Third, Cromwell, Napoleon, and Louis Philippe; but I would say also to this philosopher as I would to the English Radical, "Go and see;" and no true lover of his country would wish to see the fixed order of succession, as established in England, ever altered, as the advantages on one side decidedly outweigh the many evils of the elective principle.

"Since the abolition of the property qualification of electors through all the states, Virginia excepted, mob law has become "suprema lex;" and every moderate and respectable citizen in America acknowledges and laments the fatal mistake that was then made; for Jack is as good as his master, and as there are infinitely more labourers than bosses, the entire power now is in the hands of the rabble."—p. 163.

America has had her parasites and her slanderers; the former as well as the latter have been more eager to produce a *given impression* than to give a *true picture*. Some writers whose attention has been limited to one district of this vast country, have written according to the things in religion and politics which came under their own immediate observation; and the statements thus

made have been strictly correct in reference to the states to which they refer; but in a country where the local governments are so various, where every community has its own laws, it is not an easy task to give a comprehensive view of the social and religious character of the country. We have been told by some writers that America is the land of religion, liberty, and plenty, and by others, that it is the land of slavery, penury, and infidelity; and these contradictory views can be reconciled only on the admitted fact, that the political and social institutions of the several states vary so much as to produce a *cameleon-like* appearance.

However true and correct may be the maxim, "Ex uno disce omnes," in reference to other matters, it is most inappropriate in its application to descriptions of America. The specimen of infidel teaching which is given by our author might probably have been confirmed by numerous facts, but we by no means think that it is a prevailing characteristic of the Americans.

We record our deliberate opinion, that this is an excellent and impartial volume, and deserves the attention of all who are interested in their Transatlantic neighbours. The Oregon district and inhabitants are well described.

Illustrations of Modern Mesmerism, from Personal Investigation. By JOHN FORBES, M.D., F.R.S. London: Churchill.

MESMERISM is at present but very imperfectly understood. Men of known and high reputation in the scientific world have not yet given that close attention and investigation to the subject which its importance demands, and which they alone are competent to give. It has been left too much to the ignorant and enthusiastic, and they have never arrived at any great principles for the guidance of those whom they wish to enlist as disciples. While it would be rash entirely to discard and denounce every exhibition of the *mesmeric art*, yet it is prudent closely to investigate the claims which are made upon our faith. This seems to be the spirit in which the pamphlet before us is written. Dr. Forbes has spared no pains in carrying on his investigations, and the public are much indebted to him for the results which he has published. He says,

"I wish explicitly to state, that it formed no part of the object with which these papers were drawn up to judge or pre-judge the great question of the truth or falsehood of MESMERISM viewed generally; nor is it my intention, on the present occasion, to offer any opinion as to the possibility or impossibility of CLAIRVOYANCE, and the other mesmeric wonders. I have not denied their possibility or even their existence as matters of fact. I still profess myself ready to believe them on obtaining sufficient proof of their reality."

We hope Dr. Forbes will still give his attention to the subject, and exhibit some of the first principles of the mesmeric power. We have no really *scientific* work on the subject since the days of Mesmer. The *rationale* has not yet been clearly defined, though it is probable that *rationale* may be found in *animal chemistry.*

Parish Settlements and the Practice of Appeals; containing the Law and Evidence of each Class of Settlement, and the Grounds of Objection incidental to them; with the Law and New Statutes relating to Bastards, and Forms for all Proceedings. By JELINGER C. SYMONS, Barrister-at-Law, of the Middle Temple, Esq. Second Edition, greatly enlarged and re-written. London: T. Blenkarn.

THERE is scarcely any subject of public interest on which a greater diversity of opinions is entertained than on the existing Poor Laws. Many of those opinions are formed from the manner in which those laws are administered, and not from an intimate or clear acquaintance with the statutes themselves. Guardians and overseers very frequently are found ignorant of those enactments by which alone their conduct should be guided. The only excuse for such ignorance by men holding an office of such responsibility has hitherto been the number and bulky character of the books which contain those enactments. An efficient guardian in his place at "the Board" ought to be a man who devotes not a little time and study to the statutes the legislature has provided for the guidance of his opinion and conduct in the numerous and diversified cases which may come before him. In some populous districts there is scarcely a quarter sessions held where there are not some cases of litigation, which might have been satisfactorily arranged had guardians and overseers given greater attention to those peculiar provisions which are made for all the varieties of claim and appeal which may possibly arise.

The volume now before us will, doubtlessly, be in the hands of every gentleman who acts as the attorney for a board of guardians. It furnishes a clear statement of the law affecting every question of "settlement" on which a doubt might possibly arise.

It is true there was, previously to the recent change in the ministry, a fama clamosa that a great change would be made in the Poor Laws; yet ,if this were evident, there never would take place a change so great as to abolish the whole of the present enactments. The writer refers to this very appropriately in his preface, in the following words:—

"I have not been deterred from publishing this edition by any ru-

mour of alteration in the law. If this takes place, it will scarcely diminish the utility of a work on the elements of a system in which there is small chance of material change. It is very improbable that propositions (as mischievous as they are chimerical) to dispense with legal evidence, encourage fraud, and protect misleading looseness of statements, will ever meet with the sanction of the legislature."

The law is throughout clearly stated; numerous cases of precedent are given, and appropriate advice is afforded. We have seldom read a work in which there is so much of deep research and sound legal opinion.

Priscilla. The Ancient Roman Catholic Faith contrasted with Modern Popery; being an Exposition of the Inspired Epistle to the Church in Rome. By JOSEPH IRONS, Minister of Grove Chapel, Camberwell, Author of "Jazer," "Nathanael," &c.

MR. IRONS is one of the most popular ministers in the Metropolis. He has one of the largest and most attached congregations in London. His doctrines are of the hyper-calvinistic school, and his preaching is almost entirely doctrinal. We wish it were a little more preceptive. The apostles mingled precept with doctrine in all their writings and all their ministrations, and surely no modern pastor ought to be afraid to follow their example. Mr. Irons is a man of quick perceptions, and excels in the clearness and vividness with which he conveys his own views to the minds of others. He is a laborious minister of the Gospel; but from the peculiar cast of his ministrations is more calculated to promote the work of edification than conversion. The work before us is an able and luminous exposition of the Epistle to the Romans. It contains, in some places, original and striking views of this interesting portion of sacred writ. We must not, however, be understood as concurring in the soundness of all Mr. Irons' interpretations. He is sadly astray, for instance, when he comes to expound the passage which speaks of being buried with Christ in baptism: here he goes out of his way to make a most uncharitable attack on the Baptist denomination. He altogether misrepresents the views and spirit of that body. He calls them an "anti-christian party." Surely Mr. Irons, in thus speaking of a pious and respectable body of men, acts in grievous opposition to the spirit of his Master's religion. It is painful to see, in an able minister of the New Testament, so glaring a want of that charity which thinketh no evil. We would commend to his serious consideration, and should like to hear him preach from it, that text which says, "Grace be with *all* them who love the Lord Jesus Christ."

The Fall of the Nan Soung: a Tale of the Mogul Conquest of China. By A. L. Lymburne. In 3 vols.

This work has a twofold character, and while it would be an act of injustice to consider it exclusively in the light of a mere fiction, however rich and varied, so it would be an equal injury to regard it simply as a production of research and information, however deep and extensive. Its interest is indeed peculiar and extraordinary, and unlike anything that has yet fallen under our notice in the wide range of literature.

We say that this work has a twofold character, and on this consideration it is that we would strongly warn the general reader and those who are anxious for sound information, not to be misled by the supposition that "The Fall of the Nan Soung" is a mere modern novel designed for the passing taste of the day. So far from this being the case, we may with truth declare that in no other book could we find a tithe of the vast amount of information respecting that ancient novelty—if we may be allowed the term—the Celestial Empire. Although boasting of descent traced so far back as to make the world itself youthful by the comparison, yet, from the jealous exclusiveness of its policy, all that relate to its domestic institutions are still more fresh and unhackneyed than those of every other nation in the world: and as their civilization is so exclusively their own—so unborrowed—so little assimilating with that of any other people, so is it marked by a peculiarity of character which renders its contemplation as interesting as it is unexhausted. To the eye of the philosopher there opens a wide and curious field of thought in marking the result of a great nation growing up from its infancy to its perfection without assimilating with its neighbouring states, and China alone furnishes us with this curious spectacle. Its arts, its sciences, its politics, its military tactics, its commerce, are all its own—born on its own soil—warmed by its sun, self-derived and jealously watched and guarded. And thus it is that views of this vast realm and its myriad people have an interest at once to rivet the attention, and this interest the work before us eminently possesses. Let those who wish to familiarise themselves with domestic life in China read this book. In perusing it ourselves we have been struck with the research and industry of its author. We can confidently say that he has neglected no source of information, and that he has garnered into this his treasury every trait of manners, habits, customs, thoughts, religious belief; every species of public amusement, exhibition, trickery, artifice, jugglery, cheating in trade, administration and equivocation of the laws; all that particularises the feasts and festivals of the celestial city, from the heaven-born emperor on his

lofty throne to the meanest slave that trembles beneath his frown. With our author as our guide we tread the palaces, the temples, the streets, the markets; we see unveiled cunning roguery on the one hand, and corrupted justice perverted into the most offensive injustice on the other; and be it remembered that all the information thus laboriously collected is sound and substantial. The imagination has had no share in painting the accessories of this brilliant picture. Gathered from the most authentic sources, the lineaments are all faithfully drawn, and we can but wonder at the industry and research of an author who has thus exerted himself to render worthy the back-ground of his history; a part of their composition so frequently neglected by writers of fiction. There is always something imposing in the marshalling of the crowd of the varied characters of the population of a great city before our eyes, and we feel this even when the individuals which compose it are most familiar to our daily observation; but when the scene is changed to the sun-lit and emblazoned dwellings of the Chinese, with their light lattice-work glittering with gold and gay with vermilion, and there is made to pass before us the pageantry of mandarin and mendicant, with every intermediate grade, and when we know that the likenesses are faithful and the colouring true to nature, it requires no heart-touching fiction to create a separate interest, and in this point of view rests the sterling value of this work.

We commenced our observations by saying that "The Fall of the Nan Soung" possessed a twofold interest, and so far we have confined ourselves to the consideration of its value as a work comprising all that can be gathered respecting the condition of this curious portion of the world's varied population. It is our duty now to view it in its second aspect as a work of fiction. Human nature is indeed everywhere alike. The same ambitions, the same love, the same hatred, the same hopes, the same fears, are the universal elements of the tempests of human passions, and hence, though modified and diversified in their expression, these passions are still the bonds of our brotherhood. And hence our sympathies are excited by fictions which are so far true as they depict and reflect the counterparts of feelings which we are conscious exist in ourselves. Thus it is that we follow the fortunes of the principal personages of this drama with untiring interest, and if at times we pause over the newness of the scenes through which we are conducted, sufficient in themselves to withdraw our attention from any ordinary spectacle, it is only to return to them with renewed pleasure. In fact, reading this work is like undertaking some delightful tour through exquisite scenery and in the choicest company, when if we forget our friends in transient intervals of absorbing admiration, arrested by new bursts of romantic scenery and fresh openings of splendid views, we return again to the enjoyment of a society which is but enhanced by these partial

interruptions. A Chinese heroine is a new thing to the reading world, and the sort of dream-like beauty with which our author has invested her, is admirably contrasted with the good sense and right feeling with which he has also endowed her; while the opposition which he has created between her soft timidity and the boldness and energy of her Corean friend, animates every scene in which they appear. But while we say that the varied personages of this history have all their own marked, distinct, and emphatic characters—while the nobility and bravery of Skanghia and the high-mightiness and cowardice of Oulintse fall into the happiest juxta-position, we cannot help separating two individuals, the jeweller Kaopingty and his adventurer nephew, from the surrounding crowd as forming one of the most effective and powerful of dramatic oppositions. The ludicrous and the pathetic are here so blended—the reverses so extraordinary and unexpected—the cruelty of the one and the cowardice of the other so admirably worked out together, that we must go back to Shakspeare to find their parallel. The denouement of the plot, true to Chinese treachery and duplicity, is a powerful consummation, and perhaps we cannot sum up our notice better than by saying that the whole work is a rare original.

Tales of the Early British Christians. By Anne Maria Sargent, Author of "The Isle of Wight, and other Poems," "Reverses of Fortune," &c. &c. London: Dean and Co.

This is an exceedingly modest title for a work of deep research and great talent. Ecclesiastical history is so voluminous, that only the few can have access to that important branch of study and this essential part of a polite education. The works of Mosheim, Milner, and Neander, are all of them very valuable, and are regarded as authority on all the important and disputable points in ecclesiastical history; but their style is not sufficiently attractive, nor their detail sufficiently minute to interest the youthful mind. Those works were written for the mature student; this is written for the beginner, in the style of narrative, and with a minuteness of detail which will secure attention and aid memory. The larger works of ecclesiastical history take a wide range of country through which they trace the rise, progress, and persecutions of Christianity. This calls the attention of the reader especially to the introduction of Christianity to Britain, and its varied conflicts and triumphs in *this country.*

Upon this subject there is often discoverable a great deficiency of sound and clear information, even by those whose education in other matters is liberal; and this may be accounted for from the fact that no distinct and separate instruction is given on this topic

in early life, when the susceptibilities of memory are the greatest; and information subsequently acquired is seldom retained with much tenacity. But if ever there were a time when the ecclesiastical history of this country *should be understood* by every Protestant, it is surely *the present.* Many erroneous statements are now propagated by interested parties which have no foundation in history, but are at variance with the facts recorded by historians whose means of information were immense, and whose integrity is unimpeachable.

Our fair author refers to these errors in her modest style, which is characteristic of the whole volume.

"It is," she believes, "the generally-adopted opinion of youth, on perusing the history of our own country, that the religion preached to our Saxon forefathers in the sixth century by the Roman missionaries was in all respects the same as that now termed Roman Catholic. Augustine and his companions being monks, and their patron, Gregory, a Pope of Rome, they are apt to imagine that the former were infected with all the superstitions which have since disgraced the monastic profession, and that the latter assumed the absolute authority the pontiffs of a later period have arrogated. They suppose that the doctrines now received by Protestants took their rise from the Reformation, and that they had, until that era, been wholly lost sight of from the time of the apostles."

These erroneous views are corrected, and our fair author has most clearly shown that Roman Catholicism cannot, with any degree of truth, boast of the antiquity its professors lay claim to; that its errors were of gradual growth; that they crept in one by one into our early church; and that many who have been deemed its founders in Britain held tenets widely differing from those afterwards propagated by the Roman priesthood.

This little volume would be an invaluable addition to any library, and a most suitable present to the young. It is full of important information, and written in an attractive style.

Railway Rights and Liabilities arising before an Act of Incorporation is obtained. By R. W. Fitzpatrick, Esq., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. T. Blenkarn, London.

This is an invaluable publication. It is a very lucid exposition of 7 & 8 Vic., c. 110. Many who read it now will wish they had read it four or five months ago; they would, most probably, have been preserved from those inextricable meshes in which they are entangled. "In vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird." This pamphlet will clearly point out to every one who holds any relation to a railway company what is the amount of his responsi-

bility arising out of that relation. Those of our readers who have speculated to any extent cannot do better than obtain this cheap publication, that they may know their real position.

Mr. Fitzpatrick conveys his opinions in a clear and forcible manner. Speaking of the SUBSCRIBERS' AGREEMENT, which many have signed without due deliberation, he says,

"A party signing it becomes, from the time of his doing so, a member of the company, and as such will be liable to all debts contracted by the committee in forwarding its objects, should the amount of the deposits paid up not cover this outlay. Of course any subscriber having been called on individually to meet any liability of the company, will be entitled to be recompensed pro rata out of the deposits to be recovered from the allottees, in case any of them should not have paid up at the time. And in case the managing committee should refuse to reimburse him out of these monies as they come to their hands, he may file a bill in the Court of Chancery for an account of the partnership funds, and the payment to him of his share."

This contains important information which every one ought to know in this age of seductive speculation. The pamphlet is an epitome of the laws which affect shareholders and directors of companies. No one ought to be without such an invaluable counsellor.

The Lord's Table; being Forty Addresses to Communicants, and Two Sermons for the Morning and Evening of a Communion Sabbath. By HENRY THOMSON, D.D. Glasgow: Ogle. London: Nisbet.

THIS volume will ever be a memorial of the strong intelligence and eminent piety of the learned author. The addresses are founded on different passages of sacred Scripture, so that they possess the beauty of great variety combined with admirable adaptation to the occasions on which they were delivered. They abound in beautiful Scripture illustration, original thoughts, and close, sound reasoning; but their great charm is, that they bear the imprimatur of a heart imbued with the solemnity of the subject. They are undistorted by the contracted views of sectarianism, and undecked by superfluous ornaments.

Pure Christianity appears in every sentence, and it would be almost impossible for any one to devote a few minutes to the perusal of this book without feeling a beneficial influence. The invalid who cannot go to church may find this volume an excellent Sunday companion; while all those of every communion who take the sacrament of the Lord's Supper will find it an appropriate book to read both before and after the holy ceremony.

The brevity of these addresses is one excellence which has not

characterised some works on the same subject. Some minds cannot endure long application to one topic. The clearness of the style and the vividness of the thoughts of this volume arrest and interest the attention. We heartily wish this book were better known, its circulation would then very rapidly increase.

Reminiscences of the Coronation, and other Historical Tales. By Mrs. Lane. London: C. T. Moon.

The title of this volume furnishes the reader with no clue to its contents. The coronation of our beloved queen is the foil to the scene of heart-rending woe which our fair author depicts with more than ordinary power. No reader will be disposed to put down the book until the whole tale is read through. Every page enchains the attention and stirs the deep emotions of the heart. The reader is impressed with the idea that the whole work is a detailed account of facts, which by some mysterious process have come under the immediate notice of the writer. This is truly an English scene. But we will not take away the charm of "A Tale" of this description by giving any further information about its contents. We leave our readers to read it for themselves, assured that their interest and their feelings will be excited to the full extent of their wishes.

"The other Historical Tales" are "The High Chancellor," and "The Thirty Years' War." The first of these relates to events in Italy, and furnishes some little excercise for the Italian scholar. And the second relates to scenes of Germany and other parts of the continent, where war carried its fiery scourge, desolating the persons and properties of men, and burning up the sensibilities of human nature. Both of them embody the surprising beauty and power of the fair author's imagination. By those who are fond of imaginative works this will be pronounced an exquisite volume.

THE BATTLE OF BENEVENTO.[1]

AN HISTORICAL NOVEL OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

ABRIDGED FROM THE ITALIAN OF F. B. GUERAZZI, BY M. E. N.

CHAPTER III.

WHAT is that pleasing thrill that surprises both body and soul at the sight of beauty? Perhaps the soul is destined to be commoved by all that is beautiful; perhaps the divine principle in man delights to gaze here below on all that seems divine. But why, then, is not thought exalted at the sight of the heavens? Why do we look tranquilly upon the stream of light? Why do we not, unless moved by the thought of some beloved one, why do we not breathe a sigh at the aspect of the planets of night? What has earth which can equal the grandeur of the heavens? Alas! it is not the soul which is elevated by the aspect of beauty, it is not a divine thought which rises to the emanations of the Father of Perfection; it is a grovelling feeling which moves us, it is an earthly idea which acts upon the heart. Man! thou canst only be assimilated with the clay from which thou art sprung. Oh! bitter fruit of the knowledge of good and evil! thou hast robbed us even of the illusions which might be magnanimous—the sensations of the heart.

The joy of the mind raised for a moment by an excitement in which there is nothing real to sustain it, is of short duration. He who afflicts too deeply the immortal soul, knows all modes of suffering too well to leave it long in the same anguish; for either this anguish would become nature by dint of all-powerful habit, or, if it were such as could not last, death must quickly ensue. Hence the tormentor who delays while he can the death of his victim, knowing that pain consists less in the intensity than in the duration, is solicitous to vary the modes of torture, that the sufferer should neither succumb nor become habituated to it. Arimanes,* when he seeks to destroy the unfortunate wayfarer, does not oppress him at once with all the might of his power, but now and then he shows him, amid the branches of the forest, a light, or feigns the voices of persons at hand, in order that the heart may expand to hope, that it may only be made the more bitter by the dis-

[1] Continued from page 23.

* The evil principle among the Persians, as Oromazes is the good principle.

comfort of the darkness, and the fearful quiet that precedes the tempest. Then the evil genius, weary at length of this malicious sport, hurries on the last injury—the most cruel mockery. The abode of man is but a few steps distant from the wayfarer; already his spirit rejoices in the pleasure of the warmth which shall restore mobility to his rigid limbs, and in the refreshment of food; but between him and that dwelling there is a chasm; he looks forward to the light unheeding of the path, the earth gives way beneath his feet, he falls headlong down, yelling despairing cries, responded to by the laughter of Arimanes, who, raising his head from the brink of the precipice, exults to see upon how many crags his rebounding victim leaves blood, and brains, and entrails before he lies mangled at the bottom.

The phantasms of glory had abandoned the young scudiero* on guard at the royal gardens, and now he hoarsely moaned and ejaculated, "O ambition! O love!"

As he uttered the words a slight movement near him made him raise his eyes. Is it a delusion of his inflammable mind? No, a form more beautiful than imagination could conceive or poetry depict stood before him.

Her person was enveloped in the long black veil called a *grimpa*, which the fair Sicilians of those days adopted to cover their neck, and bosoms, and part of the body, embellishing their beauty with its best ornament—modesty. The waving of her robe, which revealed the exquisite contour of her delicate form, showed her to be a mortal, but the airy footstep which scarcely pressed the fallen leaves, left the beholder in doubt whether she belonged most to earthly or spiritual beings. The imaginative poet would have called her the Genius of Melancholy descending silently in the night-time to murmur a lament in smothered tones, that she might not awaken the sons of earth, now only happy—happy because lulled in something that resembles death.

The maiden of the Swabian blood, ignorant who it was that had breathed those ejaculations, turned towards the place whence they had proceeded in order to console the afflicted; for in what would nobility of heart consist if the cry of distress were listened to in vain?

"Santa Maria of the pangs!" said she, passing under the vault where the beams of the moon shed no light; "thy votaries are more in number than they would wish or ought to be. Who is it that moans within here? Speak! If thou be unfortunate, learn that no one has ever departed without consolation from the presence of the daughter of King Manfred."

The reply was expected long but vainly; the lips of the

* I prefer using the Italian word rather than the corresponding English one, "squire," or "esquire;" a squire to a knight—the occurrence of which in particular passages would savour of the ludicrous.—Tr.

scudiero trembled and refused their wonted office, and the breath of dissolution seemed ready to extinguish the spark of life.

"Speak," resumed Iole. "It is not a vain wish that impels me to learn thy misfortunes. If I had no power to console thee I would not have the cruelty to search into your sufferings; for though curiosity may display the language of compassion, I loathe him who investigates the heart of man from the idle pleasure of becoming acquainted with it. I pray thee speak; if thy griefs can be consoled thou shalt have consolation from Iole. If *I* cannot suffice, expect it from time; and if *that* be of no avail, await it . . . ."

"From death!" interrupted the scudiero.

What was the secret feeling of Iole on hearing this voice, these words! It was such as human language cannot describe; we might believe it to be pity, but that wanting means to express it, the heart is rent in feeling it.

A long silence ensued. At length Iole continued in broken words,

"Expect it from religion, Rogiero, from the example of the patience of the Lord."

"Patience! always patience! If we were born to suffer, why have we not received a soul more strong to bear?"

"Profound are the mysteries of the Creator—hope! The heavens declare the glory of God, and he can be no otherwise than just. Hope and endure life."

"But when the life of the soul—that is hope—is extinct, the dissolution of the body follows of necessity, and with infinite pain. All is comprised within the choice of bearing pain diffused through a long space of life, or of concentrating it in one point and dying. The way of those who stand on the summit of a mountain is directed to the plain; one stretches over the declivity and springs at once to the end of his career; another arrives at it by moving his feet in short steps, trying the path, drawing back, and trying it again. Which shall be praised and which blamed? One was daring, the other was cautious, but the way of both was to the plain, and both have accomplished it."

"Rogiero, your words are those of the serpent, and his words were both impious and false. Did he not promise to make us as gods? Miserable, betrayed beings! We have learned a sad mystery, which our mind is not capable to understand. Unhappy knowledge! and from the nakedness of our own souls we dare raise our rebellious face to our Creator! But to the hardened heart it is easy to rebut every argument of salvation; and the spirit of evil reasons more subtilely than the spirit of good; for the latter is more rejoiceful in its peace than skilful to manifest it. But, Rogiero, your words touched my soul; you shall be comforted."

"What! have you heard all my words? Oh! heed them not they were uttered in a delirium; reason was dormant at the moment. But, gracious Heaven! is it beseeming a noble damsel to listen to the words of a maniac?"

"As I passed by I heard no more uttered than, 'O ambition! O love!'"

"Love, yes, since you *have* heard it; but hopeless love; love whose thought is a shuddering, whose knowledge is a sin, whose revelation a torture."

"But these are the attributes of a crime."

"Men would call it such, yet it might not be reprehensible in itself but aspiring . . . ."

"Rogiero, the troubadour often sings to the harp that love is more powerful than we are; power and beauty have ere now crowned valour; nor is there anywhere so wide a space between two lovers but that the good knight may traverse it sword in hand."

"So be it; but no lady has yet belted on my sword, no baron has buckled on my spurs, the glaive of my king has not touched my shoulder, nor his voice admitted me into the order of chivalry. I am an obscure man, bearing a sword for ornament, not as a martial weapon; and my hand, accustomed to guide the rein of a lady's palfrey, knows not how to poise a lance."

"You speak not the truth, Rogiero. Do you think that Iole did not recognise you in the tournament of the *Sala Verde** on the day of my father's coronation? Did you not wear my colours, the azure grimpa that I had lost the day before? Willingly would I have placed upon your brows the reward of victory; but the applauses of the ladies at the tournament were yours alone."

"It was I—it was; but what mortal strength could conquer the man who bore the device of the daughter of Manfred? See, it lies upon my heart, and it will feel its throbs while yet a throb is there. I bear it there less to vanquish earthly foes than the infernal enemy. Heaven forgive me, but I would not exchange it for the miraculous veil† of Saint Agatha. I fought, and the idea of fighting for you was a sufficient reward to me; nor could I ever have hoped that it would have been known to you. Now your words are such joy to me that they make me entirely forget every sorrow of my past life. But why did you never vouchsafe me one look? Why did you always keep your face bent down? Were you offended at my presumption in running a tilt adorned with your colours against the most powerful barons of the kingdom?"

"To a high-born lady the triumph of her own device could never be displeasing. But if the lady of your love was there and

* The Sala Verde was the place of the tournaments at Palermo.

† The sight alone of the veil of St. Agatha stopped the burning lava of Etna which menaced Palermo.

recognised you, her heart must have bled in seeing you combat for another."

"Oh! she *was* there, and she was not offended."

"She was there, then," cried Iole, putting her hand to her forehead. "If she was there and was not offended, you are an unrequited lover. Tell me who she is; you were then *my* knight, and it is the most precious duty of a noble lady to be heedful of the happiness of him who exposed his life in her honour. Speak, Rogiero! I swear to you on the faith of the Swabian blood, that as far as in me lies you shall be made happy."

"Spirit of evil! oh! how cruel are thy delusions upon earth!"

"What do you mutter, Rogiero? Do I weary you? Do you despise my promises? Is my voice displeasing to you? Forgive me, and attribute it to the deep love I bear to——all the unhappy."

Thus said Iole, and the last words were but indistinctly uttered. Sad and cast down she was moving away from the spot, when Rogiero, like a man whose fate had deprived him of reason, stopped her, caught her by the arm, heedless of respect, and led her from beneath the arch into the moonlight; then throwing his casque upon the ground displayed his forehead, and forcibly placed Iole's hand upon it; then when he had held it there a moment, he said in broken accents,

"What think you, Iole, of my forehead?"

"The saints protect you," said Iole, hesitatingly, "it is as cold as the marble of a tomb!"

"It ought to be so. Hear me, blessed maiden! hear the words of him who will repent of having spoken. Often in the fervour of my prayers, in the rage of my imprecations, I have breathed a desire which until now has never been accomplished. 'Give me,' I cried, 'a moment of joy, and then let me die.' Now it has come; the moment has come and is gone; and I have not endurance enough to await it again, and perhaps in vain, in the anguish of life. Grant a free burst of words and tears to a dying man; these cannot offend you; and though they should, my death will be sufficient vengeance."

"Rogiero!"

"Iole! do you know I have borne your image in my heart? Since its first throb—since my birth—even before I saw you I have loved you. In the career of life I have looked upon the fair daughters of men, and I have cast my eyes upon the earth, remembering that they came from thence. I have seen the haughty in the pride of her charms, and I have not sighed for her; I have seen the blush of the timid, and I have not loved her; and I have said to myself, 'Heart of adamant! is there no grace of loveliness that can move thee?' But there was one image of beauty that too deeply moved my spirit, and I had not

derived it from mortal semblances; perhaps, it had presented itself to my mind when the soul, refreshed by repose, returns to the offices of life, and its dreams are smiling as the roses of the dawn. I panted heavily after the child of my fancy, and often said to it in my delirium, 'Heavenly form! dost thou indeed exist? Oh! do not vanish with the first ray of the rising sun. For thee I would refuse its light! Celestial pilgrim, or sylph, or fay, come to bless the days of my life, and then Rogiero will sigh with love.' Iole! one day I saw you, and your beauty was that of the image of my phantasy."

"Rogiero," said Iole, majestically drawing up her figure, "are these such words as a faithful subject ought to address to the daughter of his sovereign? Can the granddaughter of the Empress Constance decorously listen to them?"

"Princess! I know not if it beseems you to hear them, but I know that it is a crime in me to breathe them."

"I pardon you—live—give your love to some happier maiden who may return it; forget me."

She said this with a smothered voice, then added with some bitterness,

"Rogiero! the distance between us in this world is so great that we can never hope to be united in any other place but heaven, where every grievous distinction shall be removed and we shall all be equals in the love of one sole Being."

"This I knew, and yet without hope I have loved you, without hope I revealed to you my internal pangs. It is true that love is more powerful than we are, and it is true that there are distances which cannot be passed over. Proud men placed by injustice or by chance upon thrones, imagine they have omnipotent power over immortal souls. But they know not that the soul has wounds which no power in the world is able to heal. I might, perhaps, accuse you of presumption for desiring to know a sorrow which you have no power to turn into joy, and to make you feel that you are but dust—crowned—but still dust. But no! let your gentle heart avail you, and your delusion of power which makes you too presumptuous; and still more let it avail you that I have long desired to die as one without hope. It seemed to me that I should have died with a burden on my mind while concealing my love; but now it appears to me that the earth of the grave will lie lighter on me. Iole! religion and our hearts teach us that there is another and more lasting world. One thing I ask of you with the most earnest prayer of a lacerated mind; it will rejoice the spirit that survives my death. I ask from you one sigh—one single sigh. When you shall be the happy consort of some potentate of the earth, you will see the spoils of vanquished nations at the foot of your throne, and you will be elevated to such greatness that, after Heaven, *men* will address to you their prayers;

when your husband shall call you the chosen of his heart, and tell you that for *you* he bound his brows with laurel, for you acquired the highest prize that glory can bestow on man, that in your name he fought, and in your name conquered; oh! then let one thought recur to your mind of poor Rogiero who loved you so much, and say with a sigh, 'He loved me thus!' And you will weep; and perhaps at the tale of my sad fate your generous consort will weep also—all will weep. There is no other joy in this life, but the hope of a tear-bedewed grave. Iole! the hour of my departure is come; pray for the passing soul."

Pale as one who is dragged to the scaffold, but firm in his fierce intent, Rogiero drew his poniard and aimed it at his bosom.

Iole had hitherto sustained the most cruel conflict that any woman in the world can sustain; not knowing what she did, she sprang forward to Rogiero, and interposed her person between the poniard and his bosom. Rapid as was the act, he was not able wholly to suspend the poniard; it struck her right shoulder, rent her robe, and slightly raised the skin.

The Queen Helena, wife of Manfred, although proud by reason of her noble blood (for she was descended from the Comneni of Epirus*), was, nevertheless, most tender and affectionate. One daughter and one son had blessed her marriage. Constance, her stepdaughter, borne to Manfred by his first wife Beatrice of Savoy, already wore a crown; for she was married to Pedro, son of James, the powerful King of Arragon. There remained in Manfred's family Iole and Manfredino, a lovely boy, scarcely ten years old, his father's hope; but all mother's tenderness was for Iole, whom she considered unhappy, and whom she failed by any means to divert from her continual depression. The form and features of Helena were majestic; once they were as lovely as those of her daughter Iole, but that a slight shade of melancholy in her air and features rendered her rather an object of reverence than of admiration.

This evening the queen was sitting beside the little bed of Manfredino, when she perceived that sleep had weighed down the eyelids of the young innocent; she rose cautiously, stood awhile to contemplate the tranquillity that reigned in the countenance of the little cherub, and felt a tear starting; she bent gently over him, kissed his forehead, and murmured, "Heaven knows how I love thee, my darling boy: thy slumbers are those of the happy; may the pity of the Eternal long vouchsafe them to thee." Then leaving him in the care of some of her ladies she repaired to the apartment of her beloved Iole.

She opened the door, a strong wind in the corridor forced it

* The Comneni were a Greek family of Italian origin, that filled the throne of Constantinople with emperors in the 11th and 12th centuries.

from her hand, and it slammed violently against the door-post. The torches and tapers were all blown out in an instant, but she advanced, notwithstanding; and though sharp cries struck her ear, yet as she guessed the cause, she said, without any agitation, to the persons present,

"Is my daughter Iole here?"

Matilda, recognising her voice, said, in a tremor,

"St. Olivia of Palermo! is it your majesty? You have caused us the greatest fright that ever was in the world."

"Matilda," replied Queen Helena, gravely, "it was regarding my daughter and not your alarm that I inquired."

"Madam, she is in the garden."

"Heaven have you in its keeping, ladies! May you in future display stronger minds; for know, that fear is a sure token of a soul where all is not right."

Thus Helena, without any companion, and leaving the affrighted females to reassure themselves after their terror, and to lament the consequent reproof, proceeded to the royal gardens, where, after walking awhile in them, she met Gismonda, who, absorbed in pondering the late occurrences, did not perceive her till the queen had called her by name two or three times. Helena inquired after Iole; then perceiving that Gismonda was sad, required the cause, and consoled her on hearing it. Then they walked on together to seek Iole.

Near the great gate which led out of the gardens they saw a female stretched upon the grass; they ran to her in alarm: in that lonely and deserted being they recognised Iole. Helena, seeing her robe rent and stained with blood, thought her dead, and in dreadful anxiety threw herself upon her, searching for the heart that she might feel if it still beat; it did beat, but so feebly; she examined the wound, saw that it was but slight, and relieved her bosom with a long-drawn sigh.

"Gismonda, run to the fountain and bring a little water."

Gismonda sped on her errand.

Helena sat down on the grass, took her daughter on her knees, loosed her girdle, laid her hand on her forehead, and gazed piteously upon her. Iole's eyes were closed, yet she was beautiful. The moon invested her with a modest light, and seemed to delight in illumining that face as mild and gentle as her beams. "Poor child!" sobbed the queen, from time to time. At length the tears dimmed her sight so much that she could no longer gaze on that pale countenance, and she looked up to heaven and said, "Accept, O Lord, this sacrifice of tears from a soul profoundly afflicted. From the moment of the birth of my unhappy daughter I have never known one hour of peace. Poor Iole! she was born amid calamity. Thou knowest what it is for a mother to see all pale and wan those cheeks where the roses of youth have

scarce yet budded: and those limbs which have scarce yet attained their growth wasting away and decaying. Do not afflict me thus. Poor innocent! her soul knows not sin, yet some dreadful anguish agitates her, some secret torment poisons her existence; and she can neither free herself from it nor know what it is, for there is mystery even in suffering. Pardon me, Heaven, for my sorrows are great; pardon a mother who would willingly yield up her life this moment ere she weeps over the grave of her children."

At this moment Gismonda arrived from the fountain with a little water in the hollow of her hands, which being sprinkled on Iole's face helped to recall her to life. She opened her eyes languidly, uttered a moan, and asked,

"Where am I?"

"In your mother's bosom."

"Oh, that I had never been born!"

"What! do you renounce your mother? Santa Maria! and is Queen Helena reserved for this also? Ah! my sufferings are becoming greater than my patience."

Thus saying she withdrew her support from her daughter, and weeping and despairing sank on the ground.

"Gismonda," said Iole to her attendant, who was now supporting her alone, "why has my mother left me? Was the form of her daughter too heavy for her? Ah! I am a burden to all and to myself. Who is that weeping? Gismonda, tell me who weeps."

"Your mother."

"Why?"

"You have wished she was not your mother."

"Have I said this?—I?" exclaimed Iole, and the remorse of her gentle soul called up the blush of shame upon her cheeks.

"Wretched girl that I am! O best of mothers! do not weep at the words I have spoken, but weep at the spirit which has forced them from me. In truth my heart does not assent to them, but a cruel force agitates my nerves and my blood. I love you, my mother; I love you with all the love wherewith *you* love me. Command me, and any trial, however painful, I will gladly undergo it for your love. I do not offer you my life, for to take *that* would be the greatest benefit that could be bestowed on me; but cease to weep on my account—cease, or I shall die with grief at your feet."

"I am cheered, Iole," said the queen, tenderly kissing her daughter; "but then, cease to cause me so much affliction. Speak, tell me what it is that so grievously oppresses thee. Confide thy secret to my bosom, the bosom of thy mother, who would give her life to make thee happy. Thy sister is happy already, and thou shalt be happy too."

"Constance," said Iole, in a solemn tone, "Constance is and will long be happy. It has pleased Heaven to separate the cause of the daughter of Beatrice of Savoy from the cause of the daughter of Helena of Epirus. Over me—over us hangs a fearful destiny. We shall die unwept, we shall lie unburied, objects of pity, envy, and cruelty. Why do you weary yourself, my mother, seeking in my heart the cause of my sorrow? Look up, the cause of our despair is shining in the heavens!"

Helena looked up, and she saw, or thought she saw, the comet shake its rays in a threatening manner. She could not bear the sight, but, casting down her eyes, passed her arm under that of Iole, and in a melancholy silence proceeded towards the castle. Gismonda followed, murmuring in a low voice a prayer for the peace of her beloved princesses.

CHAPTER IV.

In the western end of the Castle of the Count di Caserta there was a small remote chamber into which none of the household, however courageous, dared to enter. If after nightfall any necessity obliged the servants to pass near that chamber, they drew lots to determine which of them should go. The person on whom the lot fell could not hear himself named without turning pale; and although he recommended himself to his tutelary saint, and protected himself with the holy sign of his faith, still he proceeded on his way in utter terror, with hurried steps, never venturing to turn his head, and muttering exorcisms. The reason of this dread was a tradition that in *that* chamber some terrible crime had been committed, and that sounds of weeping and lamenting, and cries of despair were frequently heard to issue from it. There were even some of the household ready to make oath that they had seen the spectre of a lady with a dagger in her bosom, from which a crimson stream of blood flowed, who glided up to them and exclaimed, in an inquiring tone, "My son? my son?" In fine, to the natural horrors of the place were added the fantastic fears of superstitious and ignorant minds.

The interior of this chamber was a perfect square of about ten feet in length, breadth, and height. The walls, the floor, and the ceiling were covered with black. There was no kind of furniture in the room, not even a chair or a table; but one solitary lamp, covered with black crape, gave a melancholy light as it hung from the ceiling. On one wall there was a black tabernacle, or small shrine, of the kind generally called gothic; under it was a table or slab, springing from the wall, supported by brackets perforated in a leaf pattern, with spiral pillars, which, contrary to all

rules of architecture, were remarkably slender; the front was prolonged into an acute angle, ornamentally carved, and set without base or cornice on the capitals of the pillars. The shrine, however, contained neither saint nor Madonna, as is usual in these days. The appearance of the chamber might induce the belief that it was intended as an oratory, though it was not possible to discover to whom it was dedicated.

Near the shrine stood a man above the common height; he was covered from the neck to the feet by a long, closely-girdled robe of dark cloth; his face—oh! his face was such that those who looked on him besought no other favour from Heaven but to be permitted in mercy to forget that countenance. The agitating sensation caused by beholding him can only be expressed by a comparison, likening it to that which is caused by the furious roar of the sea in the heart of a man hanging helpless over the abyss of waters. The hues of sickness and of fear were on his brow; his cheeks were emaciated, his lips swollen and feverish. No spark of life shone from his sunken eyes; they were covered with a film, and were fixed and frozen; they seemed those of a vampire. His immobility, his seeming want of power over his limbs, made him look like a dead body fixed on its feet against the wall,* in order to excite to penitence by the frightful spectacle those who went thither to pray. But on a nearer view his heavy respiration, and the violent trembling of his upper lip showed him to be a living being.

After he had stood some time without giving any sign of life, he began to walk about the chamber; but his mind was so absorbed in thought that his movements were without an aim. Sometimes he struck up against the wall, and was obliged to draw back; sometimes when he reached the middle of the room he swerved to the right or the left; sometimes he went round and round in a circle. I have seen the somnambulist; I have seen the maniac, but I have seen nothing in the world which could equal the horror this man inspired.

With eyes continually fixed on the ceiling, he turned at length towards the shrine; feeling about in the inside he found a scarcely perceptible knob; he pressed it, and opened a niche from which he took a black casket, richly inlaid with silver. Then searching in his garments he found a key; his hand, which now trembled to excess, wandered over it for some time before it could find the lock. At last he felt it, applied the key, and opened it. The casket contained a human skull, white and polished, and preserved with the utmost care. He took it in both hands, laid it on the table of the shrine, flung himself on the earth prostrate before it, with his face to the ceiling, and his hands joined in the attitude of prayer.

* A Sicilian custom.

An hour passed away thus; then lowering his head he began to gaze upon the skull. His eyes, which were before filmy, now blazed with a terrible light; they became inflamed and sparkling, but shed no tears; perhaps his despair had exhausted this last comfort of affliction. His lips laboured to speak, but could utter only indistinct groans. This was the hour of the *hurricane* of the mind, if the term be permitted. Commotions so profound, like everything else that is out of nature, could not last long, but like the hurricane, where they have been they leave indelible traces, and the face of things wholly changed. This man, who at first resembled a dead body recalled by necromancy to some office of life, was now become all motion, all velocity. His face, so pale before, burned with a feverish fire; his limbs, which were so rigid, became convulsed, and worked continually in different motions, although he did not dare to arise from before that skull, which he appeared as if adoring.

After awhile his indistinct groans became by degrees something more resembling human speech; then, if any man had had the courage to listen, he might have been able to collect these words:—

"Behold! here were the lips that smiled so sweetly; now the naked jaws still appear to laugh. Yes, but with the laugh of the serpent, when, after he had deluded the mother of mankind, he heard her with all future generations condemned to death. Here were the pensive yet beautiful eyes; here the white forehead and the blooming cheeks. Now what remains of so much beauty? Naked bones! The loveliest part of the body is consumed in rapid dissolution; the bones remain for a fearful testimony of death. O why, for pity on me, for pity on thyself, didst thou not dissemble? My soul groans, horribly tormented. I lie upon a bed of fire, from which I cannot rise, and upon which, in spite of every torment, I would return to lie again. Oh! bitter fruit of a vengeance still incomplete! I can no longer offer to Heaven, which has been so long shut against me, either my soul or my now half-ruined intellect; but I would consent to be eternally driven by the winds of the earth, dashed by the tempestuous wave against the rocks of the shore, flung from age to age through all the abysses of chaos, burned perpetually by the fire from heaven, tormented by every imaginable anguish, could I but obtain the entire victory. Such were fatal tidings to reach the spirit that once abode in this skull. Oh! that is a new punishment, and at the same time a new incitement for me."

While he raved thus the door of the chamber was gently opened, and a man richly drest entered. He placed himself unobserved by the side of the kneeling person, and stood without speaking to listen to the words we have recorded. He was not tall; his figure was slight by nature, and emaciated by dissipation. He was not

old, but bore indications of having arrived at that point when man being no longer able to ascend, is forced to decline. His forehead was bald, and his head was rather disfigured than adorned with thin and scattered red hairs, each of which seemed studiously to diverge in a different direction from its neighbour, calling to mind the simile of a modern poet,

> "Like to a field of ripened corn
> Through which the boisterous wind hath passed."

He never looked any one straight in the face, but from time to time stole glances sideways, and then quickly cast down again his little grey eyes, as if fearful they might betray his thoughts. His compressed lips would have told a physiognomist that he was constantly on his guard lest some word should involuntarily escape him that might consign him to ruin. True it is that sometimes a passion which he could not repress extended the lips, and gathered his countenance into minute wrinkles, and then he seemed to smile—may all the saints protect us from such a smile! He spoke slowly and bitterly; and as the peace of his mind had been long since destroyed, it was his intense delight to destroy that of others. If at that moment the angel of darkness had chosen to appear in the world in a suitable form, he could not have devised one more direful than that of the Count di Cerra.

His dress consisted of an upper vest, or tunic, of green velvet, richly embroidered in silver, and lined with grey minever, reaching to the knee, and divided at the hips; it was open at the breast, the sleeves came no lower than the elbow, and it was confined by a rich girdle on which was embroidered the eagle, King Manfred's device, in silver on a celestial blue ground. The under vest was of party-coloured silk, thickly studded with buttons, and had the sleeves tight and reaching to the wrist. A splendid embroidery covered a great part of his chest and his shoulders. His tight hose were of crimson cloth. His shoes were red, very much peaked, strapped across the calf of the leg, and fastened by a silver button. His cap, formed like an imperial crown, was ornamented with a superb plume; a rich medallion hung on his breast from a chain of gold, and his long sword had the handle fashioned in a cross, according to the custom of the crusaders in those times, who used this mode in order that the sword, set upright in the sand, should present the emblem of the faith, and incite them to the conquest of the native land of their Redeemer.

The person who continued on his knees, turning his head, perceived beside him that man, who delighting in his misery, could not suppress his sneering smile. The former raised his hand to his brow, and endeavoured ineffectually to make the sign of the cross, and muttered—perhaps a prayer; but it was said with all the bitterness of blasphemy; then looking up again, his eye met the

countenance of the other, who gave no other sign of compassion than a sneer. Again he turned and looked at the skull, then at the intruder; again at the skull; still that sneer continued.

He suddenly sprang up, seized the sneerer by the throat, flung him brutally to the earth, put a knee on his chest, and was about to strangle him. And now the life of the Count della Cerra had drawn to its close but for an accident. The skull, shaken by his fall, dropped on the floor with a sound that seemed like a doleful moan, and it rolled on under the eyes of the man who held him by the throat. Forgetful of everything but the skull, he let go his grasp, ran breathless to take it up, looked eagerly to see if it had sustained any injury, then as quick as lightning returned it to the casket, which he replaced in the shrine. Meanwhile the Count della Cerra rose and adjusted his disordered garments, showing on his pale countenance his terror at his recent danger.

"Count di Caserta!" he said, after awhile, and moving towards the door, "tell me, I pray you, what do you do to your enemies if you treat your friends and faithful servants thus?"

"Anselmo," replied the Count di Caserta, "need I tell you that you delight in my misery; that you scoff at my anguish, and awaken in my soul a wrath more profound than even my remorse? Blame yourself, for you know what passions are within me; for a long time they have been burning, but my heart is not yet reduced to ashes."

"Blame nature, Count di Caserta, which has constituted me so that I must laugh where others weep. But it is indeed lamentable to see you every night torture yourself before an inanimate skull, which cannot hear your blasphemies or your prayers; which can neither curse you nor pardon you. I have told you a thousand times, and I repeat it to you now, you will lose your senses."

"Is it a blessing to preserve them? Is it an evil to lose them? Remorse lives with the intellect, and survives it when reason is lost. Once I had my intellect entire, capable of comprehending everything, and I was not the less wretched; and now that I have half lost it I am not the more happy."

"But, once for all, let me take out of your sight that skeleton object which is daily impairing your reason. Remember that it is the skull of a woman who betrayed her marriage vows, and who bore in her bosom——"

"Silence! By your love of life, silence! *Your* commission against that being terminated with the blow that deprived her of life. I commanded you to be her assassin, not her detractor. Enough; I have punished her as guilty, now I love to feign her to myself as innocent."

"When I was a young man, count, and studied jurisprudence

in Frederic's University,* I used to hear it said that he who wills the greater necessarily wills the lesser. You gave me authority to touch her life; do you now deny it me to touch her fame?"

The Count di Caserta approached the wall, and was about to cast himself down, but the Count della Cerra supported and held him up, and he added,

"Oh! no more of that, signor, if the entreaty of a faithful servant can avail with you, abandon this frightful place; give to the earth that which belongs to the earth, the relics of the dead. You know that now, more than ever, it is needed that we should be vigilant and preserve our intellects clear; but if you act thus, I fear that all your designs of vengeance against *him* will end in your becoming yourself insane."

"Ah! much care have you for *my* vengeance; much for the preservation of *my* intellect. Thanks, many thanks! Della Cerra, I have often told you that you are as false and as subtle as the spirit of evil; your foresight is useless to me. I have long known you; give up the delusion of being able to deceive me; do not take the trouble of speaking with so much art. Do *you* fear that *I* shall become insane? The splendour of your house was decayed, and the present times did not admit of revolting against public or private virtues. *You* could not restore it to its ancient splendour. I have made you grand chamberlain of the kingdom, rich and powerful; too much so for you to dare inculpate me in your wickedness. *You* fear that *I* should become insane? Do you not rather fear that in the fulness of my anguish I should reveal with one word that which would cause our heads to fall under the axe of the executioner? Do you not fear lest, if I become an object of compassion and derision, I shall be incapable of disposing in your favour of that wealth which now I cannot leave to my son since you have smitten him with death?"

"Why vex yourself, count, in trying to know the heart of man? Perhaps your suspicions are true, perhaps they are false. Is it wise to waste intellect and time in matters of which doubt is the *least* bitter fruit? God wills not to be known of men, and envelops himself in the secret heavens. Would you penetrate the heavens and investigate the thoughts of God? and *could* you if you would? Nature has not willed that our hearts should be known, and has wrapped them in a covering of flesh and bone. What rash thought of your immortal soul can penetrate beyond that barrier of clay? Be content, then, with the deed, and heed not the will. Thus much have I said to you, not that you should have a greater opinion of *me*, but that you should have a lower one of yourself, when I tell you that your son lives."

The Count di Caserta became as pale as death; he staggered,

* The University of Naples, founded by the Emperor Frederic II.—Tr.

stood a long time in thought, then came slowly up to Della Cerra, took him by the arm with his left hand, and with his right made a gesture which speech, that noble attribute of man, seemed to scorn expressing. Della Cerra, though he evidently constrained himself, could not so entirely repress his smile but that two or three times it wrinkled his countenance; yet he refrained himself and spoke.

"What, Caserta! are you alarmed that you have so quickly become a father again? Have you not said yourself that he is your son? Now say that I slew him in his mother's bosom, and that the greediness of gain governs my motives! Presumptuous man that you are, renounce the knowledge of the human heart!"

"He lives! you have said it, Anselmo; therefore you have betrayed me! Go, go, I beseech you, kill him before morning dawns; take advantage of these nocturnal hours before they pass away—he—he is a monument of sin—he is not my son, he is not my son—he must die."

"Nay, Count di Caserta, he *must* live."

"Does Anselmo refuse to be an executioner? I will discover him; I will slay him this very night."

Thus saying he hastened towards the door, but Della Cerra stepped before him, and said, in a loud voice,

"It is necessary that you should hear me."

A hurried conversation then took place between them in such low tones that they would be hardly heard at the distance of five or six paces; but their gestures were frequent and furious, their faces terrible, their curses deep. At length they appeared agreed, and the Count della Cerra, all joyful, asked with his horrible distortion of countenance,

"Well, signor, what think you of my invention?"

"I think it," replied Caserta, "a thing which the present and future ages will curse; a thing which the historian of ancient facts will refuse to record as too fabulous; a thing, in fine, which Lucifer himself could not have devised better in his own power of evil. Treason and parricide, committed from the affectionate desire of avenging a father, is a thought worthy to be planned by Della Cerra."

"And to be heard by Di Caserta."

At these words the Count di Caserta made a sign to Anselmo to leave the room, and the latter, with an obsequious bow, obeyed.

LEAVES OF LIFE.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

No. III.

SAPPHO.

THE very air was music; for the breath
Of that rich voice and lyre had scarcely died
On the soft summer breeze, that seemed to play
Sadly and lingering with the silver song
Whose tones should not have perished. Hearts were there
Tranc'd in their breathless homage; and deep eyes
Spake of a worship too intense for words,
That dar'd not yet find utterance, lest the spell
That held them mute were broken. She, the while,
That syren, gaz'd with eye and heart unmov'd
On those who hover'd round her, as if life
Dwelt in her smile or frown; fast from her cheek
Faded the transient glow, and on her brow,
So lately lit by inspiration's beam,
There fell a shadowing of intensest thought,
Sad and unutterable. Lip and eye
Spake eloquently of some passing pang
For one dark moment, and the next there breath'd
A fearful calm about her, as the woe
Had died with its brief sign. One listless arm
Hung with a death-like languor on the lyre,
Forgotten in that mood by her whose soul
Alone could wake its strings of living fire
To breathe impassion'd music; little they,
Who gaz'd upon her in that hour, had deem'd
Of the deep, dying heart, that in its core
Held but one thought and word:—Alone! alone!
Loving yet loveless on the earth she stood,
Her heart's rich tide of hoarded tenderness
Pour'd with the lavish trust that woman still
Yields where most unrequited. O'er her now
That dream of fond and faithless love came back;
And the deep swell of voices, fraught with praise,
Brake, like a bitter mockery, on the void
Left where its hope had faded. Blank despair,
And reckless desperation, self-distrust
And vainer accusations, held by turn
Tumultuous empire o'er the soul foredoom'd
To melt no more in melody. Even thus,
Compass'd by vassal crowds, the stern resolve
To pass from love and life alike, was born;
And on that darken'd spirit, like a gleam
Of distant sunshine, did the promise break,
That bade its depths be dreamless.

HELMSLEY HALL.[1]

A TALE.

BY MRS. GORDON, AUTHOR OF "THE FORTUNES OF THE FALCONARS."

It was a beautiful moonlight evening after a day of burning heat. Not a leaf was stirring; the rich foliage of the old trees round Helmsley Hall hung down in heavy, motionless masses, casting their dark shadows on the silvered turf. The atmosphere was odoriferous with flower-scents, and in the perfect stillness, the plashing of the fountain in the pleasance came low and musically on the ear. The fragrant scents, the sweet murmur of the falling water, stole into the chamber of the dying man, where a window had been left open to admit the air, and where, in solemn stillness, his daughters knelt beside his bed to partake with him, for the last time, the memorials of that sacrifice through whose efficacy he trusted ere long to enter into eternal rest.

The sacred rite was over, and shortly after Jane and Lucy left their father, at his request, a little while alone with his faithful friend. They stole softly into the dressing-room which opened from his apartment, and seated themselves in one of the windows which looked out into an angle of the old house, at the end of the terrace nearest the front. The other window commanded the entrance, the square court edged by evergreens, with its broad gravel sweep, its lofty iron gates, and part of the approach beyond.

The sisters sat in total silence, each fearing to trust her voice in words, each with her arm twined round the other, and Lucy's head laid upon the shoulder of Jane. They did not look out into the lovely moonlight—they could not bear the misery of its contrast with their own feelings—the peace, the repose, the fulness of beauty and sweetness without, the aching, bleeding, sinking hearts within. Suddenly a distant sound struck upon their ears. Both started, raised their heads, and held their breath to listen. It came swiftly on, nearer and nearer, more and more distinct—the sound of a carriage and horses, driving rapidly up the approach.

"Who—who *can* it be?" murmured Lucy. "O Jane, if it were possible . . . ."

They could neither of them rise from their seats to look out; the very intensity of suspense chained them down. On, on it came; they could distinguish the grinding of the wheels upon the

[1] Continued from page 83.

gravel, the rapid beat of the horses' hoofs; at last it dashed round the sweep, and came to a stop at the front door.

Both sisters sprang to their feet, rushed to the window, threw it open, and leaned out. There was *nothing* below! The moonlight disclosed the minutest objects as distinctly as day, and not a moving thing was visible. The court lay still, and calm, and vacant beneath their eyes.

In stupified silence they gazed out for some minutes, then, drawing back their heads, fixed their eyes on each other's pale and awe-struck countenances.

"Were we dreaming?" said Jane; "we *both* heard it?"

A low murmur of voices in the hall below caught their ears. Softly opening a door which communicated with the principal staircase, they advanced into the passage, and leant over the balustrade to listen. The sounds proceeded from several of the servants, who had apparently hurried into the hall to open the door upon hearing the carriage-wheels.

"They have heard it too, Jane," whispered Lucy. "Hush! do you hear what they are saying?"

The servants were talking eagerly, though in subdued tones, amongst themselves, all affirming that the same sounds had reached them in different parts of the house, and exclaiming in terror and astonishment at the unaccountable circumstance. The voice of Mrs. Peters was then audible, enjoining silence, and the others dispersed, the old butler lingering a minute behind.

"Mrs. Peters," the sisters heard him say, "I fear we shall have sad hearts before the night be over. You know *what* it was all we heard just now."

"Ay, too well, too well, Mr. Jones," was Mrs. Peters' reply—and her voice seemed choked by weeping. "I was a girl when the old squire died—our master's father—but well do I remember all the neighbours talking of it; and my aunt, who was housekeeper at the hall in those days, has told me many a time how the sound, as it were, of a carriage and four seemed to come up from the lodge at the dead of the night, till the whole house heard it drive up to the front entrance and stop; and how the men all hurried to open the door—for no one had gone to bed, the squire's death being hourly expected—and not a living thing was there, horse nor carriage—no, nor the track of a wheel, nor a hoof-mark on the gravel, for the night was dark, and they took out torches to look; and how old John Waters, who had been about the hall, man and boy, well nigh seventy years, and had seen three generations of the family, shook his head where he sat in his chair by the fireside and told them they might spare their pains, for no mark of *that* carriage or horses would they discover. He had heard it; it always foreshows the death of the head of the family."

The cold hands of the sisters were tightly clasped together, as they listened to these words, which seemed to embody the half-formed emotions of awe and fear that possessed them. Clinging closely to each other, they stole back in shuddering silence to the room they had quitted, and almost screamed when a few minutes after the door from their father's room was softly opened.

It was Dr. Willis who appeared, and beckoned them to enter. They approached their father's bed. Even in the brief space of their absence a change had come over his countenance—a strange and unaccustomed expression. His eyes were fixed upon them as they bent over him with a gaze of unutterable love and sorrow.

"Kiss me, my darling girls," said the dying man. "God bless you, my dear, good, dutiful children! God bless and protect you! My poor Arthur! my little Marion! If I could but have seen them again! But *His* holy will be done! You will give them my blessing, Jane."

These were the last connected words audible to his sobbing daughters. He lay back upon the pillows of his bed, his eyes half closed, the *last* dread sound—the death rattle—already beginning in his throat.

"Let us pray!" said the voice of Dr. Willis. Jane and Lucy dropped upon their knees by the bedside, and without the half-opened door of the dressing-room Mr. Stanley's old faithful valet, Mrs. Peters, and Jones, were seen kneeling, while the solemn and beautiful prayers for the sick and dying arose from the chamber of death to speed the departing soul.

The service closed in a stillness only broken by the half-suffocating sobs of the two sisters. Suddenly the dying father sprang up erect, his eyes fixed upon some object which appeared to be visible to him at the foot of his bed, his arms outstretched, and his whole countenance illuminated by a smile of the most ineffable rapture.

"*Arthur!*" he exclaimed in a clear and joyous voice. And even as the beloved name escaped his lips, his arms dropped, he fell gently back, and expired without a struggle.

The wedded happiness of Arthur and Marion Stanley—happiness in each other as perfect as ever was bestowed on humanity—had been, if possible, confirmed and strengthened within a year after their marriage by the birth of a son; the intelligence of which event, reaching Helmsley about two months previous to the death of Frederic, had caused the last strong emotion of joy and thankfulness which had visited the hearts of any there. But five or six weeks before the fatal termination of Mr. Stanley's illness, a letter had arrived from poor Marion addressed to Jane, announcing the death of her baby after a few days' illness. These

tidings the medical men in attendance strongly urged upon Jane the necessity of concealing from her father. Even then they did not hide from her how faint were their hopes of his restoration to health; and, as they truly said, it would be a needless pang to inflict upon him. He died in ignorance that his infant grandson had been recalled from the parents who for five happy months had so rejoiced in his dawning loveliness, intelligence, and apparent strength; but many a tear did Jane and Lucy shed over Marion's touching detail of the illness and death of her little darling. She told how she and Arthur had sat beside his cot when all hope was over, and watched the film of death stealing over those sweet blue eyes which had looked so brightly and lovingly into theirs, and kissed the soft cheek so often pillowed on their hearts, and with each kiss felt it become colder and colder, till all was over, and the pure spirit gone back to God; and how they had watched all night beside his little coffin weeping and praying for grace to resign him without murmuring; and in the morning had taken the last look, the last kiss, and parted with him for ever in this world. She described the desolation of the house, the horrible stillness, the blank around her; the wandering into her baby's room, with a vague expectation of something to relieve the craving sense of *want* at her heart; and the start, the shock, the horrible tide of recollection awakened by the sight of the empty cot. She told how she had collected and put by with her own hands everything belonging to him—his clothes, his little playthings, the veriest trifle connected in her mind with him, and how she did it with dry eyes that could not shed a tear, and a choking sense of suffocation at her heart, till she came upon a rattle with which she had been amusing him the day before his fatal illness began, and at sight of it her baby's smiling face as he hid it in her bosom, and then looked slyly up at her, arose once more before her eyes, and she sat down and wept till she could weep no more.

Marion detailed all this and more in the fulness of a woman's heart, which must have woman's sympathy in its woes; but she detailed her consolations as well; she dwelt upon Arthur's tenderness, his devotedness, his total forgetfulness of self; told how he had checked his own agonizing sobs over the lifeless form of his first-born to whisper comfort to her; how he had thought of her, felt for her, with more than feminine sympathy; and she said with truth that this hard trial seemed, if possible, to have drawn them more closely together; that she had never known all that Arthur was to her until she had clung to him by the death-bed of her baby. And months rolled on with them and brought calmness, resignation, and even returning sensations of happiness; for they became daily more and more to each other, and little did they guess how those very months were passing at home.

It was now the middle of June—the rainy season—and everything around Poonah, where Arthur's regiment was stationed, was at its greenest and most beautiful, when one evening he and Marion rode out on horseback, as was their daily custom, before sunset. An unusual cloud of sadness had hung all day on Arthur's brow, and the first mile or two of their ride passed almost in silence. At length they found themselves on a solitary and beautiful road, and one to which they were frequently in the habit of resorting; when Arthur, checking his hores's speed, laid his hand on the pommel of Marion's saddle, and so they proceeded at a foot pace.

"Marion, dearest," he said, "do you know I had a very extraordinary dream last night, or rather early this morning. It has haunted me this whole day, and I must tell it you, though at first I thought I should not."

"Why not tell me, Arthur?" exclaimed she. "I was sure something was the matter, and was just going to ask you what it was. Let me hear it, dearest."

"I was afraid of making you uneasy, my own darling," replied her husband; "but I cannot keep anything secret from you I find. Well, then, my dream began—I cannot tell how, for there was much confusion in it, but the pervading fancy was that I was wandering alone through strange solitary places where I could not discover my way. At last I found myself in the lime-walk beside the lake at Helmsley. The rest of the dream was singularly vivid, and its minutest details are, as it were, distinctly *painted* before me. I never had so life-like a dream, or one which I remembered so perfectly. It appeared to me a beautiful moonlight night, very much as it was likely to be in reality at this season; bright moonlight, showing every object distinctly. I walked up the lake to *our* seat, Marion, our own dear seat below the acacia, of which I have often dreamt, but never half so vividly before. There was the very spot before me just as we saw it last; the light, graceful branches bending over it as when we plucked the leaves to take away with us. I sat down and said to myself, 'Thank God that I have lived to see this place once more.' It seemed to me that you, dearest, were not far off, and that I was to wait for you there; but, with the usual inconsistency of dreams, I felt no surprise or uneasiness at your non-appearance. I sat with my eyes fixed upon the branches flickering against the moonlight sky with an indescribable sensation of peace and tranquillity pervading my mind. How long this lasted I cannot tell, but suddenly the scene changed, and I found myself ascending the staircase at the hall. I went up and on till I reached the door of my father's room. There were lights within; the curtains were drawn at the foot of the bed, but left open at the sides. On that nearest the door Jane and Lucy were kneeling and weeping bit-

terly. I did not see Frederic, but Dr. Willis stood by the head of the bed with an open prayer-book in his hand. I advanced to the foot, drew the curtain aside, and looked in. There lay my father, Marion, as if dying, supported by pillows, and apparently nearly insensible. But at the instant I opened the curtain he started up, with his eyes fixed upon me, stretched out his arms and with a look—such a look! so full of joy! I see it now!—he exclaimed, '*Arthur!*' then, as suddenly fell back lifeless on his pillow. This is all I recollect. I fancy I awoke directly after. But was it not a strange dream, Marion?"

"Very, very strange!" exclaimed Marion. "Oh! Arthur, I wish we had letters from England."

"Long, long, it will be ere we have letters up to *that* date," said Arthur. "It may seem weakness, Marion, but I own I shall not be easy until we have. I cannot tell you how the extraordinary minuteness of that dream haunts me. I have made a memorandum of the date and of the hour, which, making allowance for the difference of time, must have been about eleven at night there. Time will show whether or not it were more than a mere imagination."

Time! alas! the sands of time were well nigh run out for him, to whom, as it afterwards turned out, when Marion related to her sisters the particulars of this unforgotten dream, a mysterious communication with his father's departing spirit had been thus strangely permitted; for the date and the hour exactly corresponded with those of Mr. Stanley's death!

One morning about a week after this time, Arthur (who, in the course of some regimental duty, had been exposed the previous day to a drenching fall of rain, after having been violently heated) complained of illness. Alarmed by his looks, and by a complaint from him, for his usual habit was to make light of any feeling of indisposition, Marion instantly despatched a messenger for the regimental surgeon; but even before he could reach the house it was plain that her husband's was no trivial disorder. The case proved to be one of internal inflammation, and defied all that care and skill could do to arrest its fatal progress. Twenty-four hours—hours in whose brief space were concentrated a whole lifetime of misery—did Marion hang over his couch, in vain endeavours to assuage the agony of that dread strife betwixt life and death in the vigorous frame of young manhood, till all hope was over; and in the interval of ease from suffering immediately preceding dissolution, she bent her ear to listen to the whispered words of his last farewell; the words that bade her look for comfort to the Redeemer, on whom his humble trust was stayed; the words of love, of tenderness, of bitter anguish for her whom he was leaving behind him so desolate, tempered by the faith which looked forward to their eternal re-union.

"Marion, my own beloved wife! we shall meet again."

These were the last audible sounds that escaped his lips; and then his eyes remained fixed on her, his hands clasped hers, till those bright and loving eyes grew dim and glazed, those faithful hands stiffened in her grasp, and the kind, the upright, the noble heart of Arthur Stanley ceased to beat.

He died at early morning—the glorious hour of an Indian morning at that season—with clouds of incense steaming up from the green earth and the unfolding flowers to hail the rising sun; a scene of beauty and of splendour without—how fearfully contrasting with the scene within! And all that long bright day did Marion sit in the darkened room, beside the bed, in tearless, voiceless desolation. There were some gentle hearts of her own sex near her, who had flown to her help on hearing of her calamity, and many male friends, for all his brother officers had loved and honoured Arthur, and nowhere are the claims of our sorrowing fellow-beings so quickly felt, and responded to by so much of active kindness, as in India; but no one ventured to intrude upon her last watch by the dead. She sat alone and silent. She could neither weep nor pray—scarcely even *feel*—beyond the stifling sense of some unutterable weight of woe. The only sign of consciousness she evinced was in a convulsive start whenever the different bugle calls which mark the passage of the day in a military cantonment pierced the air with their melancholy, wailing notes. Similar notes had fallen on her ear at intervals through the agonising hours of the previous day, and who that has suffered requires to be told of the strength of association connected with musical sounds? Often heard before, but never heard *as then*, from that time forth what unknown depths of anguish were stirred by their recurrence within her soul!

The long bright day was nearly over, and with it was departing the *last*, last shadow of his presence who had but a few brief hours before gone forth to enjoy just such another evening, in health and vigour, by her side. Short is the interval between life and death everywhere—shortest of all in India; and yet more awfully short the interval between death and the grave. Ere sunset that evening was the dust to be given back to dust. And Marion took her last look, her last kiss, of Arthur; and with that last kiss came rushing on her heart the memory of *the first*—the memory of that summer noon when they sat together beneath the acacia tree. That memory thawed the icy chain that seemed to bind down her heart; and as a kind and pitying hand gently loosened the convulsive grasp with which her arms were clinging round the coffin, she sank upon the now vacant pillow in a burst of hysteric agony which saved her reason from giving way; and after a time—a long time, when she was kindly and wisely left again alone, she arose and went unto her Father, fell upon her knees by her husband's deathbed, and prayed.

"I remember no circumstance," said my friend, when her narrative had reached this climax; "I remember no circumstance which caused so universal a sensation as the tidings of Arthur Stanley's death did in this neighbourhood. Such an event, so dreadful, so entirely unexpected, so annihilating to the poor sisters, whose only consolation since the deaths of their father and elder brother had been derived from anticipations of their re-union with Arthur and his wife. Oh! it was fearful even to think of what their sensations must be in hearing it! The coldest-hearted were moved to pity, and those who really knew and loved them lamented almost as for a brother of their own. And he was so universally beloved, and precisely one of those beings with whom one cannot connect the idea of death, scarcely even of sorrow, so full of bright, joyous, energetic life. Amid all possible contingencies, *this* never had occurred to any one, and the effect of its announcement was stunning, bewildering. Never shall I forget it. There was one universal gush of sorrow and sympathy. But what could any human sympathy avail in such a case? And there was more even than the present burden of affliction involved in this direful calamity. The sisters would awake from the first stupefaction of grief to find themselves and their brother's young widow compelled to quit the home of their childhood, and go forth into the desolate world to seek another. This, the miserable result of an entail upon the mail line, must be the consequence of Arthur's dying childless. Had the poor baby lived they would at least have been spared the anguish of leaving Helmsley. And in consequence of Frederic's unfortunate involvements, their portion of worldly goods would be but small to those accustomed as they had been to wealth and ease; whilst poor Marion, in the absence of any legal provision for an event at the time of her marriage so seemingly improbable as her husband's succeeding to the property, would augment their united means only by Arthur's share of his mother's fortune, and her pension as his widow. Not that *they* were any of them capable at this period of a thought connected with such topics; but these considerations, occurring to all who were interested in their fate, augmented, if anything could, the sorrow felt for them. The heir of entail, Mr. Cressingham Stanley, a distant relation whom they had never seen, was known to be an extravagant, needy spendthrift, who had married an heiress, of whose possessions he retained little save the name he had assumed on their account, and the incumbrance of a house and grounds too extensive for his means. No kindness or assistance was to be expected from him towards his unfortunate young relations; and in truth it was well that nothing *was* expected, as his subsequent unfeeling conduct has proved. Never was any household made desolate by a more melancholy tissue of domestic calamities; and the extinction of the good old line of the Stanleys was felt by rich and poor as a public misfortune."

I inquired how the sisters bore the announcement of their brother's death.

"At first," replied my friend, "I suppose it was hard to say on which the shock fell most killingly; I know no particulars, for except Dr. Willis, no one saw them. Even Lady Monthermer, one of their most intimate female friends, did not for some time, and indeed made no effort to do so, feeling, as every delicate mind must do, that deep sorrow is best left to itself at first. I myself had always been on very intimate and affectionate terms with the Stanleys, but I never dreamt of intruding upon them until I received a message from Jane, to say that she should like to see me. I went immediately; and never shall I forget our meeting. It was not only the uncontrollable agitation, of an intensity which I have seldom experienced, which rendered it so memorable, but it was the shock, the shock which I could scarcely disguise, with which I beheld Lucy Stanley, and which instantly brought to my heart the conviction that yet another bereavement was in store for her poor sister; that the work of the destroyer was not finished in that devoted family. Wasted to a shadow, pale, *white*, as marble, save for a deep pink spot burning on each cheek, her blue eyes so unnaturally large, so bright, not even dimmed by all the tears they had shed; her hair, which used to curl naturally, clinging in damp, heavy masses round her hollow temples; the very expression of her countenance, an earnest, *anxious* look which I cannot describe in words, but which you will understand if you ever happened to see any one dying of a lingering disease—all told me at a glance that her doom was sealed, and I could scarce command voice or words to go through our interview, even after its first emotions were calmed, with tolerable composure. Poor, poor, Lucy! how often one sees these bright, gay, joyous beings sink at once, and utterly, beneath the pressure of affliction! and theirs was such an accumulated burden. Sorrow had been so alien to her happy nature it was like an untimely frost killing some beautiful delicate flower. Jane, who had been early tried, early schooled in the woman's lesson, 'to suffer and be still,' had been so, doubtless, in the mysterious discipline which proportions all our trials to the part assigned us in this life, and educates us, as it were, both for time and eternity. Her part was, and is, to live for others; to repress her own sorrows for their sakes, to exert her energies for them; yes, and to find—or there is no truth in the promises of the Gospel—peace for her own wounded spirit, in its humble submission and self-forgetting devotedness.

"I found Jane preparing to leave home for a purpose which she could scarcely command her feelings sufficiently to tell me. She was about to proceed to Liverpool, there to await the arrival of the Indiaman in which Marion had taken her passage home, and which was looked for in a few days. Agonising as the effort was,

she was resolved to make it. She could not bear the idea of her poor young sister landing among strangers, or receiving from any lips but hers the tidings of which she must arrive in ignorance, that she was returning, a mourner, to the house of mourning, and had no longer a father's home left to shelter her. 'The small comfort,' she said, 'that *her* presence could bring her, Marion should not lose through any selfish shrinking from trial on her part. Kind, good Dr. Willis insisted on accompanying her, and Lucy, who'—here her voice faltered still more—'who was not equal to the fatigue and agitation, was anxious for her to go, and quite content to be left under Mrs. Peters' careful nursing.'

"She departed accordingly, and during the ten days of her absence I went constantly to see Lucy, who seemed to find comfort in my visits. From many things she said to me I drew the conclusion that she herself was perfectly sensible of her own approaching death. She never said it in so many words; I think she had not nerve to utter what must involve the idea of such added suffering to the survivors; but for *herself*, in so far as she was concerned, the bitterness of death was over to her young and gentle heart, and she was resigned to go. I never saw her after that time, and I never shall forget her as I saw her last. It was the day before that on which her sisters were expected home; she was nervous, agitated, and excited to a great degree, and welcomed my visit as a relief from her own thoughts; so that I remained longer than usual with her, until the darkening of the short November afternoon warned me to be gone. I had bidden her farewell, and left her in the sitting-room which was then in daily use —that sweet little old-fashioned apartment which you may remember my pointing out to you, opening from the drawing-room and looking out upon the terrace. As I was crossing the large, empty, deserted room beyond, a sudden impulse prompted me to return for a moment to the door of that I had quitted, and look once more upon its inmate. She had sunk back in the large easy chair which she occupied, her eyes closed, her small white attenuated hands laid listlessly upon her lap, making a mournful contrast with her mourning garments, and through the gathering gloom her form, in its languid repose, looked almost death-like. All was so still, so dark, around her, that I almost shuddered as I looked in; when suddenly the setting sun, which had been sinking unperceived behind heavy, murky clouds, struggling through them for a space ere he disappeared, cast a bright beam full upon the window opposite her seat, and her golden hair and pallid brow became lighted up, and encircled, as it were, with a glory. It seemed it *was* a light from Heaven, an earnest of that better light which should brighten the valley of the shadow of death. I gazed upon the lovely vision, and turned away with a heart full of sadness, yet full of consoling thoughts. How often have I

recalled that moment, and how often rejoiced that such, so holy, so beautiful, should be my last recollection of that sweet dying girl!

"Jane and Marion arrived at the hall late on the afternoon of the following day; another gloomy November day—calm, dark, and still, without a breath of wind to stir the boughs whence the withered leaves were stealing quietly down. I remember thinking it a seasonable day for *such* a return. *Her* heart, who had left these woods a happy bride little more than two years before, in all the pomp and glory of summer, was even more altered, more withered than they, and not like them to revive again. Bright sunshine and green glancing boughs would have seemed, as the loveliness of nature often does seem in this sad world, a mockery of its woe. I could turn my thoughts to no other subject that day than the dreary, the unutterably dreary arrival of that young creature at the once happy home whence she had departed so full of hope and joy, and the dreadful meeting between the three bereaved mourners who were so soon to be driven from that home, still so dear even in its desolation. I pictured it to myself in all its particulars, with all the torrent of memories that would rush in to aggravate its bitterness, yet I have no doubt the reality far transcended any imagination of mine.

"It happened that I was then about to leave home on a visit to some friends in the north, and when I returned at Christmas time the Stanleys had quitted the hall. Their departure, already necessitated by the cruel, indecent eagerness shown by Mr. Cressingham Stanley to receive possession of the premises, had been hastened by the increased illness of Lucy, and the advice of her medical attendant to remove her to Devonshire ere the severity of winter set in. Leaving, therefore, to the agent who had for many years conducted business for their father the charge of breaking up their establishment, and delivering over to the new owner all to which he could lay a claim, and to Mrs. Peters and the old steward that of removing all belonging to themselves, they set off with as little delay as possible for Torquay, attended by the faithful Jones, who positively refused to leave his young mistresses, and I have no doubt will end his days in their service. What must have been their sensations in departing *thus* from Helmsley!

"And now there is little more to tell. Lucy Stanley lingered through the winter and died in early spring; but upwards of a year elapsed from the period of her death ere the survivors returned hither and established themselves in the house where they live at present. It was a little before this time twelvemonth they returned; and when I went to call on them, I saw Marion for the first time. I found her altered indeed—still lovely, but so unlike, so totally changed from the beautiful blooming girl whom I had

last beheld, as I well remembered, walking on the terrace at the hall, in all the pretty consciousness of a young bride, leaning on the arm of her handsome, animated, happy husband. It was but four summers since; but forty winters have passed over the heads of many and left them less completely bankrupt in all that makes the difference between age and youth in the heart. Yet there was no sullenness, no gloom or bitterness in her state of feeling. Blessedly for herself, Marion's is one of those lowly-minded, gentle, child-like natures, in which there is no rebellion against the chastisements of Providence. Sorrow has broken her spirit—not chafed it—and she has acknowledged a Father's hand in all. It is a most touching thing to see how she clings to Jane, and how the two, left as they are, alone on earth, seem every day more closely drawn to each other—but not selfishly so; they are not absorbed in their own griefs to the exclusion of sympathy for their fellow-creatures. If they shrink from mingling in general society, and feel that with the lighter scenes of this life they can henceforth have nothing in common, they are to be heard of wherever there is want or sorrow to alleviate; and they always welcome the visits of their old friends, and manifest a warm interest in all that concerns them, which shows that they have not yielded to the exclusiveness of feeling apt to be engendered by brooding over private afflictions. Many people wondered at their choosing to return to this neighbourhood, but I thought I could perfectly understand the feeling which prompted it. So long as Mr. Cressingham Stanley had remained at Helmsley I can believe they would not willingly have done so; but that gentleman, after a few months' residence at the hall, during which he must have perceived himself to be exceedingly unpopular in the neighbourhood, pronounced the place dull and detestable, and removed his family once more to his wife's property in ——shire, which I lately heard of their having left for the continent. He tried to let the hall, but failed to find a tenant, and now he is cutting down timber so far as permitted by the entail, which fortunately protects all within a wide circuit of the mansion, and allowing everything to go to ruin. Thus poor Jane and Marion have at all times access to the grounds and the house, and their walks thither generally end, they tell me, in the cottage near the village, to which their good old friend, Mrs. Peters, has retired to spend the remainder of her days, with her to indulge in the melancholy luxury of talking and weeping over the past. They fixed their residence in the town of ——, they say, instead of the country, partly because there was no country residence to be had within so easy a distance of the hall, but still more for the sake of living close by the cathedral. It is impossible—both sisters have often told me—to express the soothing, consoling, sanctifying influence they have derived from the service there; the relief it has repeatedly afforded

them from the pressure of bitter thoughts, or the degree to which it seems to temper the fitful fever of this earthly life with the peace and repose of the heavenly. I have often wished that those who entertain a mistrust of the feelings excited by our sublime church music could hear the testimony in its favour borne by those whose own experience certainly has qualified them to speak upon the subject. I think they would be compelled to admit that there may be a class of feelings not in themselves entirely devotional, but which in their intensity and their purity, above all, in their elevation above the littleness of earthly things, are calculated to lead the soul from earth towards heaven; and that whatever has a tendency to excite and cherish such feelings cannot in itself be otherwise than good. A heart so crushed beneath a load of sorrow that the voice of speech, though uttered by the best and wisest of men, would fall on the ear in vain, may yet be reached by the power of music—touched, softened, and won to thoughts of calmness and submission. Surely it is not well to seek to dispense with so potent an auxiliary?"

Thus closed the narrative of my friend; and after hearing it, it may be conceived with what added feelings of interest I revisited Helmsley Hall, which I did again more than once in her company; while those who possess a natural bent towards the dreaming and the visionary will understand how it was that the seat beneath the acacia, and the room in which Mr. Stanley had died, should have been the two spots which I most particularly loved to haunt, connected as they were in my mind with one of those mysteries which in this world do sometimes occur to baffle all the matter-of-fact explanations of the most severely rational philosophers, and whose *real* explanation we shall never come at till we reach that place where all the mysteries that now encompass our being shall be made plain.

During the remainder of my stay at —— I more than once accompanied my friend in her visits to Mrs. and Miss Stanley, and found them all that she had represented—

> "—— Souls, by force of sorrows, high
> Uplifted to the purest sky
> Of undisturbed humanity."

Brief as the space of our acquaintance had been, neither she nor they were creatures to be forgotten, and I sorrowed deeply on leaving them when the time arrived for my departure. Yet I consoled myself by the idea that as the hospitable family whom I had been visiting had pressed me warmly to return again, I should certainly do so, and should then find this attractive acquaintance ripen into intimacy. But the trite old saying, "Man proposes and God disposes," which meets with new exemplification every day, was not belied in this instance. Events, at that time totally

unexpected, occurred to alter all my plans and prospects soon after my return home; and it was only last year that having shortly before returned from a lengthened residence abroad, I once more found myself at ——. Amid all the changes which I beheld on my return to England—changes which in the space of a few years have transformed the whole outward aspect of the country, and perhaps have not done much less to alter its moral features, this ancient and somewhat secluded place had preserved more of its former character than any I had as yet revisited. It is true that a railroad had made its way thither, and that in consequence the fine old cathedral had become a *Lion* for tourists during the summer months; but upon the whole, beyond the inevitable alteration in habits and modes of thinking consequent upon the rising up of a new generation amongst its inhabitants, I found matters proceeding in a manner wonderfully resembling that of eighteen years ago; and it gave me a sensation of peace and repose to turn from the feverish turmoil of the accelerated speed at which everybody I had as yet met with appeared to be hurrying through life, to the still, untroubled quiescence of the cathedral close, and the holy and venerable associations entwined with the unaltered routine of the daily service.

One of my earliest cares was to seek out my pleasant companion and friend of former days, whom I found still unmarried, and no longer young, but kind and agreeable as ever, presiding as mistress of her father's house, and guardian of several younger sisters. From her I anxiously sought for accounts of those in whom I had felt so warm an interest during my first visit to ——, and learned what I could not call *sad* tidings, so far as they were concerned, and yet how bitterly did I weep over them! The long-severed were united at last!—parents and children, brothers and sisters, and those even more tenderly attached—the husband and wife, whose brief day of wedded love had been followed by so dark a night of sorrow—all were now restored to each other, their days of mourning were ended, and the last of the Stanleys had entered into rest. And who was *the last?* On which of those gentle beings had that dread doom been laid—

> "... To be
> The last leaf which, by Heaven's decree,
> Must hang upon a blasted tree?"

It was on Marion; on that clinging, loving, trusting heart. She, in the inscrutable decree of Providence, willing, doubtless, to perfect her faith through the sore tribulation of losing her last earthly prop and stay, was for five years left alone. When I heard this she had been upwards of a twelvemonth in her grave, and the death of her sister had preceded hers by that length of time. Jane's last illness was a brief one—an attack of fever,

which at the end of ten days terminated fatally. Her last hours, during which her mind was perfectly collected, and her bodily suffering at an end, were a meet close for such a life, hallowed by the faith, the hope, which on the threshold of eternity realized the unseen things of heaven, and rendered her death-bed in very deed the gate of life. At her own request Marion and she were for a long while left alone together the day before she died. The particulars of that last solemn interview none ever heard; but its hallowing influence remained to calm the agony of her for whom, from that time forth, there were to be no more hours of confidence, no more unrestrained outpourings of the heart, who had no one left on earth with whom to recall the short-lived joys and long sorrows of the past. It was Marion's hand that closed the eyes which so long had beamed upon her path with more than a sister's love, and Marion's voice which, when the last struggle was over, found strength to ejaculate, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." She even learned to be thankful that Jane, who had suffered so much and so long, had been spared the utter solitude of heart in which her own life was doomed to close.

After a time, when she overcame the agonizing feelings which caused her to shrink at first with terror from the thought of going out *alone*, Marion's constant walk, so long as her strength continued equal to it, was to Helmsley Church, the resting-place of those whom she had loved so dearly. The Stanley family were buried in a vault beneath the church, which contained within its walls several altar-tombs, and other ancient monuments of the race; and outside many inscriptions of later date; amongst which were two white marble monuments, erected to the memory of the late Mr. Stanley by his daughters, and to that of Arthur, whose remains were mouldering so far from his kindred dust, by his widow; another whose simple and pathetic inscription recorded the untimely fate of Frederic; a little tablet, bearing the name of "Arthur, infant son of Arthur and Marion Stanley;" and *one*, the last of all, inscribed with those of Lucy and of Jane, with a space left beneath, destined one day to be filled up with hers, the one survivor. Here she would sit for hours beneath one of the fine yews which ornament that beautiful old churchyard, gazing upon these beloved names, and feeling, doubtless, more of companionship in the neighbourhood of the dead than remained for her amongst the living; for she had not one link left to the days of old. Dr. Willis, that invaluable friend, had been some years dead; and in a corner of the churchyard, not far from her usual seat, two head-stones, of different dates, recorded the virtues and faithful servitude of the good old housekeeper and of Jones, the latter of whom had died under her roof a couple of years before, having long survived Mrs. Peters. It had been the care of herself and Jane to erect these memorials of their grateful remem-

brance of those humble friends, for whose loss they had felt—and justly felt—that they could never in this world find compensation.

The last walk that Marion ever took was to the Hall. That beloved place had been for ten years past closed to her and her sister, having been let on lease during that period to a family who resided there constantly. But during the last summer of her life they left it, and the agent of its worthless owner, now naturalized in Italy by the pressure of debts which rendered his return home impossible, had not as yet succeeded in finding another tenant. Thus Marion found herself once more at liberty to resume those visits to it, their enforced deprivation of which had been so severely felt by both during the last years of Jane's life. The one to which I have alluded was on a beautiful day in the month of June, nearly the whole of which she spent in the house and grounds; and she was observed sitting for a long while beneath the acacia near the lake. My informant paid her a visit the following day, when she told her where she had been, and dwelt upon the strange mixture of pleasure and of pain with which she had found herself there once more. She spoke of Jane, too, of Lucy, of Arthur, and of the old days of Helmsley Hall.

"It was long," she said, "long ere I could utter those names after dear Jane was called away, but of late I have felt less of pain than of comfort in speaking of them to you, who knew and loved them all. It is now within a few days of twenty years since Arthur died. *Twenty years!* What should I once have thought—with what horror should I have deprecated the idea—had any one told me that twenty years after that day of anguish I should be alive to talk of it! Yes, and alive as I am—*alone*. I thought I could not survive him. I prayed, in my first wild despair, that I might not; but grief does not kill. Yet it is well that we do not know the path that lies before us."

My friend said something of the long years of suffering which she must have endured.

"Yes," replied Marion, "God alone knows the bitterness of my sorrow, and the struggles of my heart ere it could learn submission. But, dearest friend, I should be ungrateful indeed if I were to say that I have had nothing but sorrow. The trials that come direct from the hand of God, if they be taken in a right spirit, bring in time their own consolation with them. I can fancy trials that make far less of outward show—those inflicted by man on man—far, far more difficult to endure than mine. My own dear Jane's lot was a more bitter one; and yet mine was obvious to the eyes of all; while few were aware how every after affliction to her was darkened and deepened by the remembrance of the first; how the cruel, withering disappointment of her early hopes would have blighted every joy, as it gave poignancy to every sor-

row. Yet how nobly, how patiently she bore it all. How often I have felt rebuked by her meek endurance! As for me, if there have been hours—and many there have been—when I have thought I could not live, could not bear the light of day, deprived of that perfect love which once was all my own, these agonizing struggles have passed away, they have long been over, but the memory of that love abides with me, it cannot die. To think how I *have been loved*—to recall nothing, nothing of my short term of wedded life but affection, kindness, tenderness, not a harsh word, not an angry feeling; to think that it passed away from me untainted by one circumstance that could mingle bitterness with the remembrance of it—this is surely joy blended with sorrow, for I can think of that love as living still, and again to be my own where there are no more partings, and where I might never have had hope to arrive but for the sharp trials that just led my heart away from earth. And now that earth is to me a desert, its solitude seems to draw me into closer communion with that world beyond the grave."

The twentieth anniversary of Arthur's death arrived—a day of brightness and beauty, recalling faint images of that whose gorgeous glories had been poured in vain on his desolated dwelling; and Marion, as was her unfailing custom, attended at morning service in the Minster, on her return from which she retired, as she was always wont to do upon such anniversaries—of which she had many to observe—to pass the forenoon in her own apartment. Some hours after, her maid, having occasion to deliver a message, knocked at her door, and receiving no reply, repeated the summons several times still in vain; then becoming alarmed, gently opened it and entered. Her mistress was seated in a chair whose back was towards the door, and on a small table beside it were her Bible—which had been her husband's—his miniature, a paper containing the rich, brown, glossy curls which had been cut from his head that day twenty years ago, another which held the silky locks that Marion's own hand had shorn from the brow of her dead baby ere she laid him in his coffin, and the withered acacia leaves pulled by herself and Arthur before they sailed for India. Her hand rested on Arthur's picture, and a stillness, a rigidity in her motionless attitude alarmed the affectionate servant, who hastily advanced. One glance confirmed her fears. Marion leant back in her chair, a smile of the most ineffable peace lingering on her lips, but the eyes were fixed, the hand cold as marble. The spirit, long prepared for the last dread hour, had been thus gently, thus painlessly summoned to depart; the ransomed one was with her God, the last wanderer of the flock had gained the fold; the parted had met again!

She was laid in the vault at Helmsley Church, and, in pursuance of her own desire, contained in a written paper found in her

desk, the acacia leaves, and the picture of her husband, together with his hair and that of her child, were placed beside her in her coffin—memorials of a love stronger than death.

"They sin who tell us love can die."

THE POET'S MISSION.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

The strife with outward circumstances and morbid feelings, which, in all instances, impairs the vigour of the soul, ought, least of all, to be permitted to burden the spirit of the poet, whose part is to disentangle himself from the present, and rise with free courage to the world of the ideal. However wild be the tempests that agitate his bosom, a clearness as of the sunbeams must lighten around his brow.

Schiller.

Is this thy part amid the things of time,
Thy lonely part, O soul-lit child of song,
To lift thy glowing thoughts, thy dreams sublime,
Above the earth-born yearnings of the throng;
And o'er its sympathies to shine afar,
A bright, yet cold and solitary star?

Hard task for thee, if such indeed be thine,
Thou of the quick, keen sense and yielding soul;
To love, to lose, to win, and to resign,
Yet still each heart-throb with a stern control;
To hope in vain, to suffer scorn and wrong,
Yet change no note of thy triumphant song.

To tread the waste where once thine Eden bloom'd
With the free, bounding step, the pride of yore;
To view the mound where love lies darkly tomb'd,
By the same light thine eyes in gladness bore;
To hear thy "life's life" idly "lied away,"
Yet give no kindled thought its lightning play.

To feel, to know thy heart's young, glowing dreams,
May find no place beyond the shadow land,
Yet calmly yield to its engulphing streams
The rich freight destined for a glorious strand;
To wander 'mid the chang'd, the false, the dead,
Nor own the sterile waste around thee spread.

But proudly, brightly on thy spirit's wings,
Though storm and cloud oppose their upward flight,
To bear the radiance of all glorious things,
Undimm'd amid the darkness of the night;—
Is this thy part? and from the haunted past
Falls there no shadow on thy soul at last?

O England's bard, too stern a course for thee,
Has mark'd that dreamer of a frigid clime;
Thou with thy warm, true feelings, fancies free,
Liv'st with all tender thoughts throughout all time;
And, playing in thy land the better part,
Gain'st thy poet-crown—a nation's heart!

CHEAP WEEKLY LITERATURE.

THERE is no circumstance connected with the literature of late years more remarkable or more gratifying than the singular cheapness, combined with the beauty of their typography, and the intellectual excellence of the contents of several of our weekly periodicals. "Chambers' Journal" was the first to show what could be done in bringing the highest order of literature within the means of the humbler classes of society. The extraordinary success of that journal—a success not one whit more extraordinary than deserved—has naturally induced others to enter the same field. We have two of the more recent journals of this class before us—"Hogg's Weekly Instructor," and "Sharpe's London Magazine." The first has been nine months in existence, and the latter a few weeks. Both are conducted with ability and judgment. In the former there is more of a serious cast than in any of its contemporaries. The latter has one feature peculiar to itself—namely, its pictorial illustrations. In an early number we may take occasion to enter at more length into the subject of cheap literature; at present we content ourselves by giving three specimens of the contents of the weeklies mentioned at the head of this article. Our first extract is from "Hogg's Weekly Instructor," and is headed

HATS.

The head being the most honourable part of the human body, inasmuch as it is held to be the abode of the intellectual faculties, it necessarily follows that the hat, which is the covering of the head, defending it from showers and sunshine, and other "skyey influences," is the most honourable part of the dress. The hat derives a sort of reflected glory from the member of the body which it covers. There is a care bestowed upon it which is not extended to any of our other habiliments. We have pegs purposely to hang it upon—we have boxes expressly made to hold it—we have brushes purposely manufactured to smooth down its sides. It is, however, well worthy of all this care, being unquestionably the leading article of male dress. What a miserable, melancholy figure does a man cut who has a "shocking bad hat!" If he has no hat at all, his case is deplorable. He may then be truly said not to have a hole to put his head into.

We have no intention in this paper of troubling our readers with any antiquarian discussions regarding the rise, progress, and present state of hats. This were indeed a bootless attempt. All that we purpose is to make a few cursory observations on the philosophy of hats. There is much more in a hat than many persons seem to suppose. To the

majority of men, no doubt, a hat is merely a hat. Like Peter Bell, they can see nothing beyond the external surface of the object which they behold:—

> **A hat upon a neighbour's head,**
> **Is just a hat upon his head,**
> **And it is nothing more.**

There is no speculation or fancy in their heads, and they cannot draw inferences or trace resemblances. They cannot see beyond the mere surface of things. A hat is to them simply a piece of felt fashioned to cover the head. They are not aware that there is often that about it which passeth show; they are ignorant that almost every hat can a tale or fact unfold respecting its owner. There is a very intimate connection betwixt a man's head and his hat. The hat is, in truth, a sort of exponent or index of a man's character. Its shape, and colour, and fabric, and the way in which it is worn, will enable one who is tolerably cunning in hats to form a pretty accurate opinion as to the profession, character, taste, and temper of its wearer.

Hats may be divided into four classes: black hats, glazed hats, brown hats, and white hats. The great majority of people in this country wear black hats. There is perhaps more diversity to be found in the shape of these than in that of any other description, which may be accounted for from the circumstance that almost all members of the learned professions wear hats of this colour; and that many of them, being wayward and eccentric persons, delight to array themselves in hats of a grotesque and out-of-the-way shape. Be this as it may, it is a well known fact that the most oddly-shaped hats are to be found amongst those of a sable hue. There is a certain class of individuals who delight to ensconce their craniums in exceedingly low-crowned hats. They are generally old portly persons, with spectacles, who wear brown wigs, and have marvellously red faces. Some of them are rather taciturn and rather cross-looking, and would doubtless pour out an awful torrent of abuse on you if you were to tread by accident on their gouty toes. Others of them, again, are good-tempered, joyous-looking men—fine old fellows, with double chins, who have a kind look and a kind word for every one; who love to rally their young female friends about matrimony, and who after dinner become exceedingly garrulous, and tell very nice little stories. The men who wear little low-crowned hats, very strongly turned up at the sides, are a strange race of mortals. There is often a strong dash of eccentricity about them. They are odd fish, and seem quite out of the water unless they are engaged in some Quixotish undertaking. They are not bad meaning men on the whole, but they generally contrive to make themselves standing jokes by the absurdity of their conduct. Every one of them seems to have some hobby or other, which he delights to ride. They are mostly long-faced cadaverous-looking persons, with a strange mixture of gravity and grotesqueness in their faces. Many of them are old bachelors, whose faces are often longer than their purses. There is a sharp, searching, supercilious air about their hats, which is quite characteristic of the wearers. Men with such hats are not to be trifled with. They are

exceedingly dogmatical and testy, and very apt to get into a towering passion at any person who contradicts them. The shape of their hats tells you at a glance that they do not give a pin for the opinion of the world. Altogether, the men who wear broad-brimmed hats are a strange set of beings. This arises, no doubt, from their years, for most of them are "fifty, or, by our lady, inclining to threescore;" stiff, staid, sober, sagacious-looking men, well to do in the world, who have played their cards well, and feathered their nests pretty comfortably. They are all rare old fellows, with a shrewd expression about the corners of their eyes which shows that they are knowing ones. There is a proud and portly appearance about their hats; and they are drawn over their owners' brows in a cool, resolute-looking way, as if they were resolved to carry all before them. Such potent-looking hats repress all undue familiarity. It is dangerous to banter or joke with a man having such a hat. These broad-brimmed men stick pertinaciously to their hats; they never bow before the ever-shifting idol of fashion. Whatever alterations may take place in the world of hats, theirs remain unchanged. They would almost as soon think of changing their religion as changing their hats. They and their hats become completely identified. You cannot think of the one without immediately thinking of the other. The Society of Friends have been long proverbial for their broad-brimmed hats. They seem greatly to rejoice in having hats with ample brims. These form, as it were, the sign and symbol of the brotherhood, imparting to them a sedate and substantial aspect. The hat, in truth, forms part and parcel of the Friend. It seems to grow upon his head —at least, he wont take it off. If he *rise* in the world it is not by *lowering* his hat. He will uncover neither to wealth, rank, nor beauty. There is something grand in this. There is an independence—a stub-born uprightness—a dogged determined John Bullism in this resolution to keep on his hat, which is quite delightful.

The men who sport glazed hats are rather queer neighbours. We should not like to have many dealings with such men, for they are in general no better than they should be. There is a bold, brazen, impu-dent air about their hats which creates an unfavourable impression respecting those who wear them. They are generally what may be termed young old men, with dark complexions, having little sharp sinister rat eyes, and exceedingly crafty-looking hook-noses. There is always a cold, cunning, calculating expression about their faces, which shows them to be deep ones. These men are "up to trap," and know the difference betwixt a hawk and a hand-saw as well as their neigh-bours. Many of them are sporting characters, and have their outer man encased in Newmarket coats and belcher handkerchiefs. They are exceedingly knowing about dogs and horses; but don't buy either sort of quadrupeds from them, or you will be sure to be "done brown."

The brown hats form a sort of intermediate link betwixt the black and white hats. There is something exceedingly void and vacant in the general appearance of a brown hat! a sort of soft, silly, lack-a-daisical, dawdling air, which at once shows that the wearer is a "weak member." He is not altogether stupid, but he has no tact, cannot take a hint, however broad, and is perpetually getting himself into most

uncomfortable scrapes by saying or doing something which nobody but one who sports a brown hat would say or do. We do not like to speak unkindly of any race of men, but it cannot be concealed that men who wear brown hats usually belong to the noodle species.

The wearers of white hats are in general pleasant fellows. Of course they are, as their hats indicate, a little light-headed, but still they are nice sociable men. Retired merchants, superannuated excisemen, small lairds, and half-pay officers are proverbial for wearing white hats. They are a light-hearted, laughter-loving race of mortals, who delight in all sorts of wit and waggery, and rejoice above measure in cracking pleasant practical jokes upon their friends. They are prodigious talkers, and indulge in a good deal of bounce and bombast. The stories which they tell are often truly wonderful, especially regarding themselves. The persons who wear white hats are in general round, rosy-faced, merry-eyed men, with little peering snub noses, which give them a very grotesque appearance. They frequently wear their hats on one side, or pushed well back, which gives them a somewhat bold and swaggering air. They have an immense flow of animal spirits, and generally come bolt out with whatever is uppermost in their mind. In the inside of coaches they talk most familiarly with every one, and keep the passengers in a roar of laughter at their droll stories and quaint remarks. In an inn a white-hatted man is in his glory; he seems to breathe the very atmosphere of hilarity and happiness; he appears to know every body; at least, he bows, and nods, and winks to all and sundry. Every one in the house seems anxious to minister to his comfort. You will see him slapping the landlord familiarly on the shoulder, and setting him a-laughing by the recital of some smart joke, while, in a short time after, you will find him bantering Boots, or pouring lots of blarney into the ears of the barmaid. But it is after dinner that he appears to advantage. He is essentially of a social and convivial disposition. He is rather prone to tarry over his cups; and when his heart waxes merry within him he will sing all sorts of comic songs, at the very top of his voice, and "roar so that it will do your very heart good to hear him."

Hats, besides being serviceable in sheltering the head from heat and cold, and serving as indicators of the tempers and characters of their wearers, are also useful for transporting things from one place to another. Some men have a great disinclination to stuff their pockets with articles, lest they should thereby destroy the neat contour of their dress; they therefore frequently transfer a few things from the pocket to the hat. There is again another class of persons who seem to regard their hat as their pocket. They are, like other men, blessed with the same number of pockets, but with a singular perversity they cram everything into their hats. Give them a letter, a parcel, a newspaper, or pamphlet, or any other thing, they invariably stuff it into their hat. The uses to which the hat is put in this way are innumerable. Anglers make fish-baskets of them, fowlers game-bags, and we have known commercial travellers carry samples of "strong waters" in their hats. But it is the junior members of the learned professions who most pervert the hat from its natural and ostensible use. If the owner of the hat is

a divinity student, it is sure to be stuffed with moral essays and skeleton sermons; or it will be crammed so that there is scarce room for his head, with fierce controversial pamphlets regarding this or the other heresy, which has set all the old women of both sexes a-quaking. If it belongs to a disciple of Esculapius, it will be filled with notes—not bank-notes, but notes on chemistry or botany, together with sundry strange and unearthly-looking instruments, specimens, and preparations, with probably a brown paper filled with still browner looking bones. A lawyer's hat has no sinecure. It is generally stuffed to bursting with all sorts of legal documents, hornings, captions, and such like potent papers, all ready to fire off at the head of some unfortunate caitiff. However empty the young man's head may be of law, his hat is full of it. You may know a lawyer's clerk at a glance by looking at his hat. It is filled with all sorts of deadly documents, which render it quite a load for the poor head. See how steadily he walks: he is top-heavy. Mark how stiff and erect he carries his head—"Eyes front." He dare hardly look either to the right hand or the left for fear of disturbing the equilibrium of his hat. If it is a windy day the unfortunate man is sorely to be pitied; he seems to regard every gust of wind with perfect terror; and no wonder, for if his hat is blown off, its precious burden will be scattered to the four winds of heaven. He therefore clenches his teeth, and claps both his hands over his hat, and walks, or rather runs, doggedly forward, determined at all hazards to keep on his hat.

We now come to the younger of the two weeklies, "Sharpe's London Magazine." From it our first extract will prove attractive to young and old, as it presents us with an accurate account of the celebrated

SIR RICHARD WHITTINGTON, KNT.

Who is there that has not heard of the renowned Sir Richard Whittington, the thrice lord mayor of London, and, probably, the only one who was thrice buried? His name is a household word; we learned to lisp it with the imperfect accents of early childhood, when the adventures of himself, and of his immortalised cat, were to us as a pleasant tale. In after years, still mindful of our early impressions, we think of him with yet greater admiration, for his industry, his integrity, his munificence, and his piety: still do we remember the industrious servant, the prosperous merchant, and the munificent benefactor to that city, over which he thrice presided as chief magistrate. Other nursery tales lose their interest with us, as we grow up; the impossibility of some, and the fact of our not feeling any sympathy with others, cause them to become to us as forgotten dreams; save when we hear them mentioned by our children. But the story of "Whittington and his Cat" possesses attractions for all, of a peculiar nature.

It is well remarked by Mr. Thoms, that "the nursery story of 'Whittington and his Cat'—the main incident of which is one of the most remarkable and wide-spread in the whole circle of legendary lore, as the reader may learn from Keightley's 'Tales and Popular Fictions,'

affords striking evidence of the influence of national character upon the popular tales of a country. Neither in the *Bibliothèque Bleue* of the French, nor in any of the German *Volksbücher*, is there to be found any similar tale, developing, as this obviously does, the two grand principles of action, which distinguish the merchants of England—integrity and perseverance. Tales of love, and tales of war, are there in plenty; but a tale in which the success of the hero is made to depend upon the happy issue of a commercial enterprise could only be expected to have its rise among a people whom Buonaparte, in the bitterness of his heart, designated 'a nation of shopkeepers.'

"The earliest narration of Richard Whittington's adventures, is in Johnson's 'Crown Garland of Golden Roses,' 1612; but a still earlier allusion to the 'famous fable of Whittington and his Puss,' is in the play of 'Eastward Hoe,' written soon after 1603; and the popularity of the story is shown by Granger ('Biographical History of England,' i. 65), who, describing the print of Whittington, engraved by Elstrake, in which he is represented in a collar of SS., with his right hand on a cat, adds:—'The cat has been inserted, as the common people did not care to buy the print without it: there was none, originally, in the plate, but a scull in the place of it. I have seen only two proofs of the portrait in its first state, and these were fine impressions.'"

Of how much fabulous matter the history of Sir Richard Whittington—and, chiefly, that pertaining to his cat (certainly the most celebrated one that ever existed)—might be divested, we cannot now determine. Born of humble parents, and left an orphan at a tender age, it is probable that a great part of his boyhood was occupied in such manual labour as he was capable of undertaking; save the portions passed in the school of a monastery, if the neighbourhood possessed one of those places, which formerly filled the gap now occupied by our hospitals and our public schools—where he would lay the foundation of that learning which was eventually to be of service to him, as a merchant-prince, a worshipful knight, and the head of the most opulent and powerful corporation in the world.

We need not his quarrel with the cross cook, nor his memorable resting near the foot of Highgate-hill, nor his listening to the sound of the Bow-church bells, and returning to the city, nor his cat and its eventful exportation, nor the grim-visaged emperor of Morocco, nor the mice which the aforesaid awful face failed to scare from his table; we need none of these to give to Whittington a charm and an interest, which are not equalled in the history of the whole of the other lord mayors of London. He stands alone. As he succeeded (after a period of seventeen years) Sir William Walworth in the mayoralty, we may conclude that he was a contemporary of him, who also stands out from the long list, and occupies a prominent place in the city annals, and in English history, as having knocked from his horse the rebel Wat Tyler. Before proceeding, we may just premise, that Whittington's history commences in the latter end of the long reign of Edward III., A.D. 1326—1377.

We see Richard Whittington leave his fatherless home, and, with a tearful eye, turn his back on the pleasant village which had given him

birth, his little bundle of clothes hanging over his shoulder, to seek his fortune in London, whose streets of "golden pavement" he longed to see. After a long and a weary journey he finds himself on the summit of a hill; and, stretched out before him, in the south, is a city, more vast and mightier than any he had seen in his travels. The glorious array of the unnumbered towers and spires, overtopped by the cross on the spire of the cathedral church of St. Paul, looked dim in the dense cloud of smoke resting over them; and his heart tells him *that* is the city of his destination; but little wots he that he is, eventually, to become its chief magistrate. Passing through the village of Isledon, his impatience brings him along Aeldresgate, and he soon finds himself in the bustling centre of the city, at the end of West Cheape, near the cathedral of St. Paul. How magnificent does it appear to him! (exceeding in dimensions any we now have in England), its loftiest part crowned, then as now, with the symbol of redemption. Here, then, is Richard Whittington, in the heart of London,

"Unknowing and unknown."

How sinks the heart of the poor orphan-boy, in the throng and crowd of that busy thoroughfare! Nothing is so impressive as the *solitude* of a vast city to the poor and indigent stranger. Of the numberless persons who pass him none are like the old familiar faces of his native village; and he is now oppressed with feelings of a greater loneliness and desolateness than he had hitherto felt, even when crossing the dismal heath and the gloomy forest, on his journey hither. He enters the church, and his heart is relieved of much of its sadness as he joins in the same services to which he had been accustomed at his home.

He was soon fortunate enough to enter into the service of Hugh Fitzwaren, a merchant of London. But here he was persecuted by an elder fellow-servant; and at length, weary of his sufferings, he resolved to leave London, and bend his steps back towards his native village. This he did, on the morning of the feast of Allhallows, now known among us as All Saints' Day.

Before he commenced the ascent of the long hill of Highgate he sat down by the way-side to rest himself. The south wind, which was then blowing rather fresh, bore on its wings the sound—that for some time had been familiar to his ears—of the bells of the parish church of St. Mary-le-Bow; and, as he listened to their well-known tones, he half fancied—as others have done—that there was speech and language in the harmonious peal. Listening, with a saddened spirit, to the bells, he imagined they repeated the distich, which is now so familiar to all:—

"Turn again, Whittington,
Lord Mayor of London."

Those bells, and that fancy of the poor youth, were the means of his attaining the eminence to which he succeeded in after years. He still listened, and still did the merry peal seem to repeat the same couplet in yet more distinct tones. This was the "tide in his affairs" which led to fortune. Gathering up his stick and his bundle, he *did* "turn again;" and hope inspirited him as he wended his way back to

the smoke-covered city. Here he remained in the service of the same kind master under whose roof he had before dwelt, gradually rising in his estimation and confidence.

We may now recur to a later period of his history. In a few years we find him married to his master's daughter, the fair mistress Alice, a worthy wife for such a husband. In process of time he rose to wealth and importance as a British merchant; and after serving the office of sheriff of the city of London, he was thrice elevated to the dignity of Lord Mayor. He enjoyed the confidence of Richard II., and of Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, for whose good estate the master, fellows, and others of the college which he founded, were enjoined to pray. He appears to have died between 1419 (the last year of his mayoralty) and 1422, as in the latter year we are told that "the west gate of London was begun to be built by the *executors* of Richard Whittington."

He was buried in the church of St. Michael-de-Paternoster, near Tower Royal. We learn from Stow that "this church was new built, and made a college of St. Spirit and St. Mary, founded by Richard Whittington, mercer, four [three] times mayor, for a master, four fellows, masters of arts, clerks, conducts, chorists, &c., and an alms-house, called God's house, or hospital, for thirteen poor men, one of them to be tutor, and to have sixteen-pence the week; the other twelve, each of them to have fourteen-pence the week for ever, with other necessary provisions, a hutch with three locks, a common seal, &c. These were bound to pray for the good estate of Richard Whittington, and Alice his wife, their founders; and for Sir William Whittington, Knight, and dame Joan his wife; and for Hugh Fitzwaren, and dame Molde his wife; the fathers and mothers of the said Richard Whittington, and Alice his wife; for King Richard II.; and Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester; special lords and promoters of the said Richard Whittington." This foundation was suppressed at the Reformation by the statute of Edward VI. As his charities were not allowed to remain, so neither did they allow his bones to rest in peace. Stow says, "This Richard Whittington was in this church three times buried; first, by his executors, under a fair monument; then in the reign of Edward VI., the parson of that church thinking some great riches (as he said) to be buried with him, caused his monument to be broken, his body to be spoiled of his leaden sheet, and again, the second time, to be buried (!!); and in the reign of Queen Mary, the parishioners were forced to take him up, to lap him in lead as before, to bury him the third time, and to place his monument, or the like, over him again, which remaineth; and so he resteth."

The infamous treatment which the body of Whittington received from the mean-hearted "parson of that church," in the reign of Edward VI., and the apparently disgraceful and slovenly manner in which he was again buried, seem to have rendered it imperative on the parishioners of the time of Queen Mary to exhume the remains, and to re-inter them with decency. Nor is this all. It appears that his monument

was "broken," if not utterly destroyed, as is implied in the words, "to place his monument, *or the like*, over him again."

Of some of the other charities of Whittington honest Stow can tell us:—"In the year 1421 [he] began the library of the Grey Friars, in London, to the charge of four hundred pounds. His executors, with his goods, founded and endowed Whittington College, with alms-houses for thirteen poor men; and divinity lectures, to be read there for ever. They repaired St. Bartholemew's Hospital, in Smithfield; they bare some charges to the glazing and paving of the Guildhall; they bare half the charges of building the library there; and they built the west gate of London, of old time called Newgate," &c.

Whittington's College (or alms-houses) was rebuilt about twenty years since, within five hundred yards of the place where he is said to have sat and heard the bells of Bow church. It consists of a chapel, houses for the chaplain and the matron, and twenty-eight residences for the inmates. In the centre of the ground fronting the college is a statue of the founder, represented as a boy, sitting, and lifting up the fingers of his right hand, attentively listening to the bells. He is dressed in a tunic, with a belt round his waist, and he has his bundle and stick. One shoe is taken off, apparently to ease his foot. Some miscreants have broken off some of the fingers and toes, and his stick is also broken.

We never pass the place, near the foot of Highgate-hill, pointed out by the stone that bears his name, and which is traditionally said to be the spot where Whittington, the friendless boy, sat and rested himself, but we remember his eventful history; we think of the manifold troubles of his early life,—and the years of opulence and dignity of which they were the precursors. The blessings of Providence, which so remarkably attended him, he gratefully acknowledged, as we have seen, in works of benevolence, of alms-deeds, and of pious munificence. "He delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him: and he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. . . . He was eyes to the blind, and feet was he to the lame." The nursery tale, commemorating his life, which is so eagerly listened to in childhood, may be the means of inciting many, as they grow up, to such industry and integrity as characterised the life of Whittington. Other men may have done like virtuously, and also have been thrice Lord Mayor; but the nursery tale has embalmed his memory more surely than the spices and the swathing of the Egyptian mummies, and the very children have learned his fame. So long as London retains its unapproachable pre-eminence, as a city of merchant princes—so long as Britain remains an empire, and the mistress of the seas—so long as the English is a living language—so long will the memory of Sir Richard Whittington live in the hearts of Englishmen, a pleasing example of the distinguished manner in which the Almighty does occasionally bless the labours of his servants.

Not less celebrated, though his celebrity is of a different kind, is the person who constitutes the subject of the next extract. We allude to

SIR JOHN FASTOLF.

In chivalrous times, such as were those of our King Henry V., less pains were taken to record the lives of great men than is now thought necessary, because, being less scarce, they were the less marvelled at, though not the less esteemed. For this reason many, both laymen and ecclesiastics, who were men of unstained sanctity or unfailing valour, are little known to us. Among these, not the least distinguished in his day was Sir John Fastolf; and it is because, in many points at least, we have fallen from the virtues of his class, and because we stand in need of such examples, that the following notices of his life are offered to the reader.

Sir John Fastolf was born at Great Yarmouth in Norfolk, in the year 1380, of honourable parents. He was not yet of age when his father died; and was buried in S. Nicholas' Chapel, in the Priory Church of Yarmouth. It was a usual method of education in those days to place youths, especially such as aspired to knighthood or any military rank, as wards in the family of some nobleman, or man of rank and consequence. In most instances their morals and conduct were made the especial guidance of the master of the family. Thus Leopold, Archduke of Austria, used to examine his pages respecting their manners, and regarded more their innocence and piety than the nobility of their birth. Each castle was peopled with a crowd of pages and esquires, who were sent there as to a school of chivalry, and were trained under the first masters, kept expressly for that purpose. According to this custom, John Fastolf became a ward in the family of the Duke of Norfolk, and was there trained up in such exercises both of mind and body as probably stood him in good stead in after life. To this course of education he was subject probably only so long as he remained a minor; for it appears that he was in attendance on Thomas of Lancaster, afterwards Duke of Clarence, in Ireland, in 1405 and 1406. And he is supposed to have accompanied that nobleman when he was sent thither as lord-lieutenant for years before, in Fastolf's twenty-first year. While he was yet in Ireland, two years after this period, he married Milicentia Lady Castlecombe, a lady of great beauty and fortune, daughter of Sir Robert Tibetot, Lord-deputy of Ireland, and widow of Sir Stephen Scrope. This event does not seem to have abated the activity or success of his political life; for soon afterwards he was appointed to some considerable posts of trust in Gascony, and went to reside there.

From this time Sir John Fastolf's life seems to have been for some years a series of brilliant and well-merited successes. That the honours which were heaped upon him were deserved by his military prowess and skill, is sufficiently attested by his victories; and there is every reason to believe, from the scanty records of his actions, especially towards the close of his life, that he was no less distinguished for the milder virtues. In 1415, Sir John, in conjunction with the Earl of Dorset, was entrusted with the government of Harfleur. The same

year was rendered memorable by that brilliant victory which was the crowning triumph of the English arms in France. The great battle of Agincourt, fought on the 25th of October, 1415, is so well known, that it is needless to describe it; but there are some circumstances connected with it which it is well to dwell upon, as pointing out the probable source of a victory so wonderful, that it can hardly be accounted for by human causes—a victory in which the vanquished were to the victors in the proportion of five to one, and the former, moreover, fresh and vigorous. "God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds," is the pious prayer put by Shakspeare in the mouth of the Earl of Salisbury, the victor in thirteen battles, and "mirror of all martial men;" and God's arm did strike with them, for that spirit of faith and piety, of which Sir John Fastolf was a bright example, seems to have been common to the whole English army. The night before the battle, which the French spent in festivity, was passed by the English in prayer; and at daybreak the king himself summoned his soldiers to mass, that the holy rite might consecrate their actions in the field. The English fought with a bravery such as can only be inspired by a firm trust in Him whom they had not forgotten to serve in the hour of danger; and Sir John Fastolf is said to have been among the bravest. An ancient manuscript states that the Duke of Alençon was taken prisoner by him, and agreed, by way of ransom, to build a castle at Caistor in Norfolk, of which we shall have occasion to speak again.

Upon the death of King Henry V., the Duke of Bedford was appointed regent during the minority of the young king. The favour which Sir John had met with at court was founded on real merit, and was not, therefore, affected by the change of sovereigns. The new regent made him grand master of his household, and Seneschal of Normandy; and in 1423 he was constituted lieutenant for the king and regent in that province, in the jurisdiction of Rouen, Evreux, Alençon, and the countries beyond the river Seine; and also governor of Anjou and Maine. Besides other castles, he captured in 1425 that of Sinesingle, from which he was dignified with the title of baron; and in the same year (the forty-sixth of his age), took S. Ouen D'Estrais, near Laval, the Castle of Gravelle, and other places of strength. About this time his great merits and indefatigable services in France having gained him much reputation, he was elected in England a Knight of the Garter. He was invested with the order while yet in France, and a commission was issued to the Earls of Warwick, Salisbury, and Suffolk, to receive his oath.

Perhaps the most distinguished exploit of his life was his victory in the memorable battle of Herrings, in 1428. It happened that the English army was encamped before Orleans, during the time of Lent, and stood in need of provisions. A convoy of herrings, and other similar food, was despatched for their use, but attacked by the French on the road, when Sir John Fastolf, at the head of about two thousand five hundred men, totally defeated four thousand, or, as some even of the French historians say, nine thousand of the enemy, and succeeded in conducting the convoy in triumph to the English camp.

In the following year an event occurred which seems, for a time, to

have sullied the hitherto brilliant career of this illustrious knight. Most of the English had been seized with a panic, on witnessing the military achievements of Joan of Arc, the enthusiastic Maid of Orleans; and, indeed, she was a formidable enemy to those who gave credit to her pretensions, and believed that her opponents were fighting against heaven. Shakspeare makes her set forth these pretensions in language of the highest enthusiasm :—

> "Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
> And the sun's parching heats displayed my cheeks,
> God's mother deigned to appear to me,
> And, in a vision full of majesty,
> Willed me to leave my base vocation,
> And free my country from calamity."

She further asserted that the beauty which she was allowed to possess was conferred on her in this vision by the Blessed Virgin; and displayed a sword, "decked with five flower-de-luces on each side," which she declared she had taken from S. Katharine's churchyard at Touraine. It was no wonder, then, that many were little disposed to conflict with such powers; and Sir John Fastolf, whose mind, to judge from his actions in later life, was singularly open to religious impressions, seems not to have escaped the dispiriting panic. In the battle of Pataie, the enemies of "La Pucelle" felt that she was, as she herself asserted, "assigned to be the English scourge," and Fastolf was among those who fled. For his share in the disasters of this day he was deprived of the honours with which he had been invested but four years before. "For doubt of misdealing at this brunt," says Holinshed, "the Duke of Bedford tooke from him the image of S. George, and his garter."

But it was not one disaster that could overthrow a reputation such as Sir John Fastolf had acquired in England and abroad. There were many, perhaps, who were in no ways affected, like him, by the supposed divine mission of the Maid of Orleans; but even these did not venture to attribute a want of personal courage to one who had sufficiently proved his prowess, when earthly powers were all he had to contend with. The regent himself soon repented of his severity, restored him the garter, and in 1430 preferred him to the lieutenancy of Caen, in Normandy. Nor was this the only mark of favour and confidence which showed how entirely the disasters of Pataie, or at least his share of them, were obliterated by his other services. Two years afterwards he was sent ambassador to the Council of Basil, was subsequently appointed to negotiate a peace with the French, and, in the same year, shared with Lord Willoughby the command of an army sent to assist the Duke of Brittany against the Duke of Alençon. Soon after this he visited England for a short time, but was again with the regent in France in 1435; and, in the same year, was appointed one of the ambassadors for concluding the peace with the French. In this year the Duke of Bedford died, having first given a final and satisfactory proof of his esteem for Sir John, by constituting him one of his executors. Richard, Duke of York, succeeded to the regency, and imitated his predecessor in his regard for the knight, granting him an annuity of £20 out of his own estate, in return for his good services in the field

and in council. With these honours and rewards he reposed for about four years, at his government in Normandy.

It was in 1440 that he finally retired from Normandy to his native country, from a life of active warfare to one of tranquil piety. Two accounts are given of the foundation of his "sumptuous castellated mansion" at Caistor, near Great Yarmouth. According to one already mentioned, the Duke of Alençon built it as his ransom, after the victory of Agincourt; another states that King Henry V. granted his license to Sir John himself, to build it "as strong as himself could devise." A manuscript, still extant, by William de Worcester, Sir John's officer-of-arms, or herald, states the dimensions of the great hall, which was forty-nine feet in length, and twenty-eight in breadth; and the existing remains of the castle bear witness to its ancient splendour. This residence, which after his death withstood two hot sieges, through the quarrels of his executors, seems, during his lifetime, to have been the seat of peace and hospitality alone. The piety of its owner was displayed in his benefactions to S. Nicholas Priory Church, to the two universities, and to other similar institutions. To Cambridge he bequeathed a considerable legacy for rebuilding the schools of philosophy and civil law, and was especially liberal to S. Mary Magdalene College, Oxford, from the affectionate regard he had for Bishop Waynflete, its pious founder. He died very rich, possessed of large estates in Norfolk, Suffolk, Yorkshire, and Wiltshire, but bequeathed most of them to charitable purposes. In November, 1459 (his eightieth year), his body was interred in a chapel erected by himself in the Abbey of S. Benet in the Holme. His pious life, attended by almost unvaried prosperity, looks like a fulfilment of the promise set forth in the Psalter:—"He walked not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor stood in the way of sinners; his delight was in the law of the Lord." Therefore he was "like a tree planted by the water-side; his leaf withered not, and whatever he did, it prospered."

THE INAUGURATION OF THE ROSE.

LINES ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY ON THE OCCASION OF HER "COMING OUT."

WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM. BY W. D. S. ALEXANDER, SON OF THE EARL OF STIRLING.

I.

DESCEND, sweet spirit, from thy blissful seat,
Child of delight! soul-soothing Harmony!
Descend, and guide once more my daring feet
Through that bright realm where mortals worship thee.
Teach me to cull from off the fairest tree
Its choicest blossoms and its freshest flowers,
That *her* soft eyes may brighten when they see
The tribute paid. Come then, ye winged hours!
Ye varied graces blend your happiest powers.

It is the deep and mystic hour,
When nature sinks into repose,
And Silence, from her hidden bower,
O'er the hush'd world her mantle throws.
It is the deep, the mystic time,
When Cynthia to her throne doth climb—
'Tis when her silvery beams descend
And their soft influence extend—
When sighs and vows are breath'd around,
When lovers' voices sweetest sound,
When every care is lulled to rest,
And Peace resides in mortal's breast,
When joy and sorrow, hope and fear
Vanish like morning's dewy tear.

II.

Sweetly the moon's soft radiance plays
Amid the forest's pleasant ways;
Through the huge oak it faintly streams,
Now on the brook it brightly gleams,
Now tints the fresh and verdant sod
Where fairy steps have lately trod,
Now steals into the mossy glen,
The dingy copse and noisome fen;
As a bright ray of hope appears
To cheer our hearts and quell our fears.
But hark! oh, hark! what sounds are these
Now wafted on the distant breeze?
What melting syrens with their strains
Awake to life those woody plains?
List! list! again the voices swell,
Ring through the copse and shaded dell;
Far sweeter than a silver bell
Is that rich sound,
Within the air itself it hides,
Upon the Zephyr's wings it rides,
And in the soul it softly glides,
But mark the round:—

ROUND.

"Little spirits, light and airy,
Let us form our mystic round;
Dwarfish elf, goblin, and fairy,
Trip it lightly o'er the ground.

"From the cowslip's balmy cell,
From the nodding sweet blue-bell,
Where the brightest flowers entwine,
Where the freshest colours shine,
From thence we come!

When the moon is brightly streaming,
In her radiance we are teeming,
Then the idle sleeper, dreaming
In his dark and jumbled seeming,
Doth see us roam.

"Hasten goblin! hasten fairy!
Hasten spirits, light and airy!"

III.

Upon a wide and pleasant glade
Unbroken now the moonbeams played,
And cast their pale and silvery glance
On many a flower and varied dance,
On many a light and lovely form,
On ground, in air that thickly swarm,
On forms that in the stream
Of pallid radiance glanc'd, like gems
The dull and golden circlet hems
Or motes upon the beam!
Of shining texture, rich and rare,
Ten thousand pennons fan the air,
And lighter than the gossamer
That perches on the ray,
Now here, now there, they come, they go,
Now singly, now in lengthen'd row,
Now in the dance's mazy flow,
Their mirth they do display.

IV.

But hark! what means a distant sound
Which now disturbs the merry round?
The dance, the sports at once have ceas'd,
The fairy throng from first to least
Observe respectful silence, and
In one wide circle take their stand;
Nor wait they long, above appears
A shining row of shields and spears,
And, troop by troop, a lengthen'd train
Descend upon the peopled plain—
Fierce wingëd beetles mounted on—
They were the guards of Oberon.
The mighty monarch came at last,
And on his subjects proudly cast
His glance benign;
High seated on his warlike steed—
A dragon-fly of purest breed,
Who e'er in battle took the lead—
Full brightly did he shine.

V.

Scarce had the shout which hail'd him died,
When likewise from the other side
A fair procession came;
But these were beings of softer mould,
Surpassing lovely to behold,
Cloth'd in the sunbeam's brightest dyes,
And glancing bright as woman's eyes
When musing on her flame.
Midst of the maidens soon was seen
The fair Titania, radiant queen,
Reclining in her chariot bright
Which two small gnats both swift and light,
In harness of the spider dight,
Drew through the peopled air;
Soft as the summer's distant breeze,
Resounded now the fairy glees,
As gently and by slow degrees
Their queen to ground they bare.

VI.

She, rising from her golden seat,
In haste her kingly spouse to meet,
Steps on the emerald green.
Descended from his courser now,
King Oberon, with smile and bow,
Doth meet his loving queen.

VII.

"Hail Oberon!"
"Titania fair,
Sole solace of my every care,
What happy errand brings, this night,
My charmer to my raptured sight?"
With sweetest smile, the queen replied,
"My royal lord, my joy and pride,
For whose dear sake full oft I staid
My vengeance on some hapless maid,
I come from climes beyond the wave,
Of thee one kindly boon to crave."
"Speak it," he said; "I am thy slave."

VIII.

Well pleased, she took his royal hand,
And motioning to her maiden band,
In silence o'er the flowery mead
The gallant monarch hastes to lead.
They paused beneath the grateful shade
Which one delightful rose-tree made;

Distinct from all the rest it grew,
And wide around its perfume threw.
The queen at length the silence broke,
And to her lord 'twas thus she spoke;—

IX.

"Behold this lovely tree! Around
Unnumber'd flowers enrich the ground;
But this doth undisputed reign,
The noblest of the verdant plain.
Its clustering leaves to every friend
Their hospitality extend;
From every bud an opening smile
The distant stranger doth beguile;
All, all beneath its generous shade
Feel the warm friendship there display'd.
Fair in the midst, my lord, behold
This rose which daily doth unfold
Some fresh perfection. Here are join'd
A thousand beauties, now confin'd,
But which I see some future day
In all their splendour will display.
Beneath my own protection I
Will take this flower of beauteous dye,
And with most watchful care will guard
From the rough winds that sweep the sward.
Meanwhile, that each peculiar grace
May shine out fully in their place,
Your generous aid, my bounteous lord,
I trust you kindly will afford.
This pleasant plain, fair though it be,
Is yet not of that high degree
Which such a matchless flower should claim:
'Midst those of highest rank and name—
Amid the noblest of its race—
There would I have it hold its place."

X.

"Your boon I grant," the king replied;
"No longer here this rose shall bide,
But shall shine forth in all its pride.
Say but the word. What spot so fair
Shall this enchanting flower bear?"
"Remove the tree; I'll lead the way,"
She said.
"My queen, I will obey,"
Rejoin'd the king, and gave comma nd
A thousand hastening, lend their hand
Amid the sound of lutes they toil,
And dash aside the yielding soil;

When all at once, surpassing fair,
Majestic rose the tree in air!
The sovereign mounts his eager steed;
The maidens to her chariot lead
Titania. All the countless throng
Fall in behind and raise the song.

XI.

Hast mark'd, on sultry summer's day,
The lightning's vivid, passing ray,
Which, ere the dazzled eye can see
From whence it came, hath ceas'd to be?
So through the air, that mystic night,
These spirits pass'd, like flash of light;
And now beneath them might be seen
A lovely spot of flower and green.
An earthly paradise it seem'd;
Around a thousand beauties beam'd;
The brightest of the flowery race
Display'd here each peculiar grace;
The blushing rose, the dahlia tall,
That tower'd in pride above them all;
The modest blue-bell and the daisy—
And e'en the ivy, slow and lazy—
Each here put forth a separate claim
To shine upon the rolls of fame.

XII.

Titania cast a glance below,
And mark'd the splendour of the show;
Then to the king she turn'd, content,
And sweetest glances on him bent.
"What says my gentle lord? in here
Will not our rose the best appear?
This spot, methinks, becomes her well,
Among them even *I* could dwell."
At once the gallant king concurr'd,
And to th' attendants gave the word.
Then downward through the yielding air
The precious rose they softly bear.
Amid a lovely group it blooms,
And scatters wide its rich perfumes.

Thus as the rose, fair lady, may you shine,
But all unfading through your future years.
Dar'd I to prophecy I could define
Its course, undimm'd by sorrow or by tears.
A glowing vista by degrees appears,
And happiness, a long and dazzling train,
Through the thick mist of time a passage clears,

Let us anticipate it! Pray you, deign
Accept our wishes in the muse's simple strain.

May your smooth life few troubled moments know,
But murmur onward like a placid stream;
May calm contentment on its gentle flow
Display its beauty in a sunny beam;
May harmless joys, like rosy bubbles, teem,
And cheer you forward with their playful sound;
May all pass o'er you like a blissful dream,
Yet whose foundation rests on solid ground!
Lady, farewell! may all these blessings hem you round!

WHY SHOULD THE HAPPY DIE?

BY MRS. ABDY.

Those who love and are loved—the happy—should never die.—*Frederika Bremer.*

Why should the happy die? the thorns of sorrow
Mar not their fresh and springing flowers of life,
They do not tremble at the coming morrow,
They do not shrink beneath the cold world's strife;
Sweet hopes are theirs, sweet hours of tranquil leisure,
Nature's rich stores before them open lie,
They grasp the keys of learning's hidden treasure,
Their lot is blest—the happy should not die.

Why should our lov'd ones die? no dark disunion
The chilling lessons of distrust hath taught
To their warm hearts; they know the dear communion
Of gentle words, the gush of kindred thought,
Endeared by many a tender recollection
Of days that like swift moments glided by
In the calm, radiant sunshine of affection;
Why should the lov'd and loving ever die?

Oh! deem not that they die, we see them taken
To rest the still and silent sod beneath,
Yet, though the earthly mansion be forsaken,
Love, perfect love, can triumph over death;
Time's icy touch light fantasies may sever,
Yet weakens not one true and sacred tie,
Memory embalms our cherish'd ones for ever,
And, living in our hearts, they cannot die.

And life more pure, more holy they inherit;
Yes, while we hang on their expiring breath,
Glory and gladness wait the parting spirit,
Faith, perfect faith, can triumph over death;
Leaving earth's sad, cold regions at a distance,
They seek their Saviour in the blissful sky;
There only sorrow never clouds existence,
There only can our lov'd ones never die.

DIALOGUES OF THE STATUES.

No. III.

BY PETER ORLANDO HUTCHINSON.

Queen Elizabeth at the Royal Exchange, to James the First at Temple Bar.

"I ha' sundry times and tides desiderated to ask ye, cousin Elizabeth," said the statue of James, thus opening the conversation, "wherefore ye were so sorely vexed when the Scottish ambassador, Sir James Melville, went to England and took ye the tidings of my birth?"

"Why was I vexed at that intelligence, James?" answered the figure at the Royal Exchange.

"Ay, marry, why so vexed?"

"Meseemeth that ye wot little of a maiden woman's feelings to ask that. There is never a maiden but feels a little pang of unquiet, like regret, or envy, or something of that sort, when some news-bearer tells her that an old school-comrade, or old playmate, or above all, a rival, hath done the proud deed of becoming a mother. I was merrily dancing a measure at my palace of Greenwich, with my lords and ladies of high degree about me, when the tidings arrived; but no sooner had I been advertised of it, than my joyance ceased, and I became suddenly sad."

"So I have heard it told sundry times north of the Tweed," said James.

"And the reason of this change of mood is fully set forth in the brief lamentation which I then broached. I complained 'that the Queen of Scots was mother of a fair son, while I was a barren stock.'* Ye will now understand the cause of my trouble."

"I ken well," returned the king, from his niche on the inside of the Bar; "but surely ye had no one to blame in the matter of your being a barren stock, as far as I know, but your ain canny sel. God wot ye had chances enow for the getting of a husband; and your father left ye £3000 a year, and £1000 as a marriage portion.† When ye were but twa years old ye were marked out for the Duke of Angoulême. Then ye had suitors in the Earl of Arran, Philip of Spain (that after married your sister Mary), the Lord Seymour of Sudley, Sir William Pickering, the Prince of Denmark, the King of Scots (oh, me!), the Duke of Savoy, the

* Sharon Turner's Hist.—Reign of Eliz. chap. xxii., p. 402.

† Memoirs of the Court of Queen Elizabeth. By Lucy Aikin—vol. i., p. 71. Third edition.

Earl of Leicester, the Earl of Arundel, the Duke of Alençon, Philip the Second, the Archduke Charles, the Duke of Wirtemberg (as some say), the Duke of Anjou, the Czar of Muscovy ——"

"That will do, James," observed Elizabeth, when the king had got thus far.

"But," continued he, "Miss Aiken says ye had an 'averred repugnance to marriage.' This was not that ye hated the thing MAN; for ye liked that every one that approached ye should lard their converse with the most fulsome flattery, as if they were all your lovers. This fed your vanity (which, by the way, was much an hungered of praise), and it did the mischief of causing divers hazardous reports to be bruited about against your fair fame. Harrington tells us '*cæteris paribus*, and sometimes *imparibus*, she preferred the single man before the married.'* Your freedoms were very great, certainly; but Sharon Turner (to whom, cousin, ye are much beholden) defends ye by saying, 'A love of gallantry, habits of gay society, and freedom of manners, amounting sometimes to frolic, are all that can be, on creditable authority, imputed to her.' Some will have it that though ye were fond of dalliance, ye would not marry because ye would not have a 'master,' as my Lady Morgan saith; in proof of which ye once severely rated your much-loved Leicester, as Sir Robert Naunton writes, because he was assuming the power of a king in the land, and bellowed in his ears, 'I will have but one mistress, and no master!' If ye did not get burnt, ye played perilously round the flame like a heedless moth. Considering what a matter of state importance it was that ye should take a partner, and considering how much ye hated the idea that a Scotch sovereign should rule over England, I do marvel much that ye never promoted Leicester to your throne, as ye almost yearned to do. Then would your good repute, coupled with his, have escaped some shafts of aspersion which were shot at it; and the little innocent, which must not be named, have supplanted me as monarch of this realm."

"Come, come, no scandal about Queen Elizabeth," cried she, rather tartly.

"Aweel," rejoined her dialogist, "I will stint there; but, as I said before, there is na a soul to blame in the matter of your regret but your ain canny sel. *I* blame ye not, for I got the kingdom by it, and I would I had nothing else to check at; but I look with no kindly eye towards the one who murdered my mother."

"Go to, James!" said the queen; "I was enforced to do it from circumstances."

"A fusty excuse! Mary fled to you, her equal, a queen as

* Harrington's Brief View.

well as you, and even a cousin, to seek that protection which was denied her amid the adversities in her own country; and then her reposing confidence was rewarded with imprisonment and death. Circumstances! what a much abused word is that! I might say of it as Madam Roland said of the word liberty. Circumstances, indeed! People go and commit all sorts of crimes, and then their excuse is, oh! forsooth, they were forced to do so-and-so from circumstances! It won't do, Elizabeth."

"It shall do! I protest I meant it not. Ye know how sorely I grieved; and ye may recall the sorrowful letter I writ to ye saying so. It begins thus:—'My dear Brother,—I would ye knew, though not felt, the extreme dolor that overwhelms my mind, for that miserable accident, which, far contrary to my meaning, hath befallen.'"*

"Miserable accident!" exclaimed James, echoing the queen's words, "and far contrary to your meaning! I trow, too, it was an 'accident' your signing the death-warrant? It was strange ye could put your name to that, and still bid her live. Away with such logic! I'm a man now."

"The truth is," resumed the queen, apologetically, "that I was so scared by rumours of treasons, conspiracies, and threats of assassination, that I scantly knew what I did. All these were in your mother's favour, whilst she was in England, and aimed against me. There was the conspiracy of Sir Francis Throckmorton, of Crichton and the King of Spain; of Sir Francis Inglefield; of the Holy League (ye must not confound this with the Anti-Corn-Law-League, James) of Babington; the Spanish Armada; and, I may add, of Catharine dei Medici."

"Then," continued the other statue, "an ye were thus threatened on Mary's account; methinks ye had better have sent her back to bonny Scotland again, instead of basely cutting her head off."

"Ye will not let me escape anyhow," said Elizabeth, sullenly.

"Na, I will not," proceeded her accuser; "and so hateful to me was the remembrance of this deed, that when I came to England, after your death, I razed Fotheringay Castle to the ground."†

"Ye did. But a slow journey ye had from Edinburgh to London when ye came. I think ye were more than a month on the road—from the 5th of April till the 7th of May."

"Ay, marry, but there were no railroads in 1603. From the fact of my taking possession of this realm, after I was king of another, my countrymen say that Scotland is the principal moiety of the united kingdom, and England only the secondary half."

"Oh! oh!" reiterated the queen's statue, till the Merchant's

* See Ellis, First Letter, vol. iii, p. 22. Also Sharon Turner, Book ii., p. 650.
† Aikin, i., 435.

Area rung again. "England secondary to Scotland! Hold thy peace, I say."

"Na, na," returned James, with a broad Scotch brogue, "I ken ye are mickle warm without cause. To this day, north of the Tweed they say so. They contend that whereas I, being on the throne of Scotland, and that whereas England, finding itself without a monarch, when ye went to glory, or elsewhere, the kingdom of England was annexed to the kingdom of Scotland, where the king reigned who took it under his rule, and not Scotland joined to England. Wherefore we say that the royal arms are wrong emblazoned; and that the lion rampant gules ought to be in the first quarter. Furthermore, 'tis an ancienter bearing than your three leopards or lions *passant gardant*, for Charlemagne, so far back as in the eighth century, encompassed it with the double tressure, after it had long been the cognizance of the Gael."

"Of a truth, James," said the inflamed queen, "I have divers times been an angered with thee; but this insult to the majesty of England surpasses everything. God's death!* what shall we have next? Stint thee on the instant, I say. But let me set ye right on this point, for I see that your countrymen are piteously wrong. They say that you were a king of Scotland that came to take possession of the realm of England. Now, let me just mention that as soon as I died and went to glory (as ye called it), you forthwith became King of England. Ye were the great-grandson of Henry the Seventh of England, and ye inherited this nation, not by a Scotch right, but by an English one. Your countrymen forgot to look four generations back; but methinks that when people discuss points of history, they should look a little further about them than just before their noses. This being the state of the case ye will understand that the royal arms are *not* wrong emblazoned."

"Aweel, then," observed the Stuart, "I ken my countrymen forgot Henry VII."

"I ken they did," continued the queen, still much perturbed. "But now let us have no more of this nonsense, or I shall be moved to quit my pedestal here to hasten through Cheapside and Fleet Street, and chastise ye at closer quarters."

"Ha! truly I believe ye can do that same, for I have heard say that ye once soundly boxed Mistress Bridge's ears, she being one of your maids of honour, against whom ye had conceived dudgeon; and also how ye boxed the ears of your dear Essex, and then told him to 'go and be hanged.'† Fie on ye, Eliza."

"Alas! I conjour ye to speak not of Essex."

* This is recorded to have been Elizabeth's frequent exclamation when she was angry.—See Sir Robert Naunton's Fragmenta Regalia, and Aikin's Memoirs of Eliz. Third Edit., v. i., p. 194.

† Aikin, v. ii., p. 403.

"Pardie, 'tis a sore theme that—even for a statue. Neither was it a deed of much queenly dignity, to seize a sword and stab at the arras on the walls of your chamber, one day, because some evil tidings had arrived to vex you. I will not say whether it was a queenly deed to shake the old Countess of Nottingham by the shoulders as she lay on her death-bed, because she kept back Essex's ring. Ye were much grieved, out of doubt, at her perfidy!"

"I was! I was, indeed!" cried the marble figure of the troubled queen, with greater warmth than might have been expected from so cold a substance. "During all my long reign plots, cabals, and the intrigues of ambition, had served greatly to annoy me; yet this was the crowning affliction that brought me to the grave. I grew jealous of your increasing power as ye approached toward manhood, and I harrassed myself night and day to prevent your forming some great alliance by marriage."

"Hoot, sister queen!" exclaimed James's statue, with an air of triumph, whilst it drew itself up to its full height, placing its left hand, which held the folds of its mantle, upon its left hip, and stretching forward its right hand—assuming just the attitude which it bears to this very day—"hoot, sister queen! and in that intrigue I cannily out-manœuvred ye. Mine was a runaway match to Denmark—further, ye see, than to Gretna Green; but Gretna has been the fashion ever since."

"Well, then," resumed the queen, in recounting her grievances, "the Irishry were an incessant thorn in my side; and Naunton justly says, 'Ireland cost her more vexation than anything else; the expenses of it pinched her; the ill success of her officers wearied her; and in that service she grew hard to please.'* So ye perceive, cousin, that the modern contemporary of our statues, though not the ancient contemporary of our persons—namely, Sir Robert Peel, is not the first person who has been perplexed with Ireland. Then I was enraged in my latter years, when I saw Burleigh cooling upon me, and paying his devoirs to you, my successor. Then there was the death of your mother—(by the way, James, in a sort of parenthesis, 'tis whispered about that she had a little daughter, either whilst she was a prisoner at Lochleven Castle, or else whilst she was a prisoner in England;† but this is not what I was going to say)—I felt her death grievously, whatever people choose to assert; and then, step by step, I was brought near to my latter end by the deaths of Seymour of Sudley, of Leicester, but especially by the untimely fate of Essex. I re-

* Aikin, ii., 107.

† The erudite Sharon Turner confesses this to be a new incident to him in the history of this queen. It is mentioned by Laboureur, in his additions to Castelnau, and he says she was "une fille qui fût religieuse, à N. Dame de Soissons." —S. Turner, Hist. of Eliz., chap. xxxiv., p. 650.—Note.

moved, disconsolate, from Westminster to Richmond in January, 1603. I grew worse. I had no particular fever; my pulse was good, but I could neither eat nor sleep. My ailment was an overwhelming melancholy—an unusual ailment with me; but that and remorse did my business. Then, as ye phrase it, I went to glory, or somewhere else. Some said I sorrowed because I pardoned Tyrone; but that is false. Great griefs eclipse the less. I am not sure I did not now and then feel a prick of compunction at my neglect of Master William Shakspere, stage-player. and so on; but I never thought his fame would have lived as long as our statues. A writer, ye see, is nothing until he is dead. Here is the great distinction between a writer and a lawyer. The remorseful recollection of all these sad matters so embittered my latter days that I was glad to end my existence and go, as ye say, to glo——."

"Exactly," said James, cutting her short; "I understand—to glory—or somewhere else. But ye made mention of the Armada among the list of your alarms. Now, albeit the threat of Philip's invasion may have frighted the land from its prosperity for a season, nevertheless, joy accrued as soon as victory declared in your favour. But that for which a grateful posterity so cordially blesses the memory of this signal event is this:—the excuse it has given to the said posterity to feast upon a fat and frizzled goose, in imitation of yourself, upon the anniversary of the happy day. People say ye were digging your teeth nicely into the drumstick when the welcome news of success was brought ye; but people should not forget that the Armada was destroyed on the last day of July, whereas they eat their goose on a day very far distant from that. Ay, Eliza?"

"I ween, cousin Stuart, ye are too severe a chronologist. If the whim pleases the people, why, let them eat their goose whenever they will."

"Aweel, peradventure after all it is not one bawby odds how it is. I ken that victory was bravely achieved," continued the king's effigies, doubtingly, and even with a sigh; "but from the hour of my birth I hated war, and took no satisfaction even from its triumphs. I feared it bodily—I detested it morally. Na person of humane feelings can rejoice even at victory; and for this reason, to wit, that there can be no victory in arms where there is no defeat. Wherefore the pious divine who hesitates not to rejoice at a victory gained, should remember that he is singing his Te Deum over the cruel slaughter of the brave defeated. I never forget this. Through my whole life the sight of a naked sword well-nigh made me swoon. This has been accounted for from the fact that my mother was a few months gone with me when Rizzio was assassinated in her presence. I know not whether this would account for it—what think ye, Elizabeth?"

Elizabeth's statue shook its head at this puzzling query; for it was a point which the maiden queen could not take upon herself to solve.

"When I knighted Sir Kenelm Digby," proceeded the king, "I should have thrust his eye out with the point of the sword, as sure as fate, so frightened was I at the weapon I held in my hand, had not one of my lords guided my hand so as to lay the blade on his shoulder. I wot not how I was induced to consent to Raleigh's death—especially as it was for a crime that was never proved. I shall never forgive myself for that. By the way, cousin—to change this subject—don't ye think I showed a marvellous deal of acuteness in discovering the gunpowder plot, when the letter that Percy writ to my Lord Monteagle was laid before me?"

"By St. Eloi, I do, if ye veritably *did* discover it," answered the queen. "Certain ones have said that ye could make neither head nor tail of the letter, but that the idea of some explosive substance being suggested by one of the council, you, James, seized upon it and followed it up. Besides, it was thought well to pay the king the compliment of making the discovery. Be this as it may, I am very glad to see that Barry is making no dangerous vaults under the new houses, which Lord Brougham is so impatient to see finished."

"I think it is villainous that I should be traduced in that manner," returned James, somewhat wrathfully. "However—— oh! Elizabeth, there it is again! Fiff! Poof! How it gets into one's nose!"

"There is *what* again, James?" inquired the queen's statue, somewhat surprised at the king's sudden movement; "and *what* gets into your nose?"

"What! why the smoke of that pestiferous tobacco," cried he, turning up his nose in disgust at the whiff of a segar which a passenger was just carrying through Temple Bar. "Did ye never read my 'Counterblast to Tobacco?'"

"No," said she, "I never read it, for I take no interest in the subject; but, speaking of your own writings, I have conned your 'Commentaries on the Revelations,' which are certainly quaint and queer, though passing good, and hit the pope not a little hard; and I have gone over your 'Basilicon Doron,' which is a sort of Chesterfield's Letters to his Son. This style of writing was originated by Panætius, the stoic, of Rhodes. Cicero followed him in his 'Officia' to his son Marcus. Your 'Basilicon Doron' comes next, and Lord Chesterfield's letters last. Looking at this splendid code of morals, ancient and modern, it is a marvel to me that sons ever do wrong."

"Hold your tongue, Elizabeth; ye know nothing about sons. There it is again! I do think that those who set me up here,

where I am fumigated night and day by pot-boys and omnibus cads, who are for ever passing in and out of the city, must have owed me some direful grudge. It is incomprehensible how they should taint the purity of God's air with their filthy weeds! I have forcibly detailed this in my book. Now I think of it, Elizabeth, you used to flourish the grey goose quill sometimes; but I always thought your sonnets great trash."

"Ye did?" cried the last of the Tudors with some anger as well as surprise.

"Certes, I did," continued the Stuart. "There is that sonnet which was printed during your lifetime in Puttenham's 'Arte of English Poesie,' which is so devoid of passion, without which there can be no true poetry—that it is miserably mamby pamby indeed. The first line runs thus:—

'The doubt of future foes exiles my present joy,' &c.

It is overcharged with metaphor; and in order to suit the rhythm, the words are too much transposed to consort with the analogy of the English language, which is raised on a Saxon basis; and hence, the periods are involved and the sense obscure."

"God's death, James!" exclaimed the queen; "methinks your critique some deal too severe. But ye are a Scotchman, and that accounts for it. Since we went to glory and became statues, ye wot well that Scotch reviewers have sadly mawled English bards."

"Ye are right there; but English bards retorted."

"Ay, and I could retort upon the foolish love sonnet ye once sent to me, but I will not. Your pride was wounded that I did not reply to it; but I saw through your manœuvre, and that was the reason. Besides, the thing was so mawkish that it gave me the qualms."

"By St. Andrew, that is a set off! We are now quits on the subject of metre. Howbeit, touching your prose, I will say I have read sundry stout and stirring passages in your letters and elsewhere. Your sometime tutor, Roger Axham, truly says, 'Numberless honourable ladies of the present time surpass the daughters of Sir Thomas More in every kind of learning; but amongst them all, my illustrious mistress, the Lady Elizabeth, shines like a star. This is well.'"

"Truly," observed the praised princess, with complaisance, "I am much beholden to Master Roger."

"Praise never comes amiss," added James; "at least, cousin, it never did with Eliza of England. She dearly loved a little flattery. I doubt whether ye showed your good sense in taking pleasure that every person should approach ye and address ye as if they were all passionate, supplicating, and enthusiastic lovers. Then, too, ye were pleased at being invoked under the terms, Cynthia, Astrea, Stella, Sylvia, Oriana, with sundry others of the

like. As far as your person went, Bohn* says ye were tall, of great beauty, and of good figure; that your hair was yellow, your complexion white, and your eyes lively; but I fear that if ye had only been Miss Elizabeth Tudor, and the daughter of some honest ploughman, he would have been less complimentary. Naunton's portraiture is a shade less laudatory; but ye were a little older, and your hair had turned red. Hentzner, the German, who saw ye long after, when ye were getting well up in years, describes ye as thin and wrinkled, your eyes small but black, your nose a little bent (by which I ken he means hooked), your lips close and your teeth dark—a common fault, he observes, with the English, from their use of sugar.† Your effigies there at the Exchange, howbeit, does not tally with this description."

"Oh, no!" said Elizabeth, "this statue is not at all like me; it is too clumsy, thick, and coarse; the features are not sharp or fine enough, and it is too Dutch-built a figure for me. The same faults attach to the white marble statue of Queen Victoria, put up last year in the middle of the area close to me. The features are something like, but did ye ever see such a bosom? The whole figure is unwieldy and vulgar. It is more like that of some fishwife. And the hands are bad—especially the left one."

"Hush!" cried James, with an air of caution, "hush, Eliza. An ye speak of Victoria like that so close to her, she must needs overhear your discourse, and ye will draw her into the dialogue, which is long enough already for to-day."

"Ay, marry, have it as ye will," returned Elizabeth; "but I protest against such chiselling. Louth may do very well as a carver of colossal figures, purposed to be set up on columns or the tops of high buildings, out of doors in the open air, where they are calculated only to produce a certain effect by being viewed at a distance; but as long as he lives he will never produce the soft, and rounded, and smooth, and delicate limbs of female beauty, fit to be placed in a corridor, where the eye may contemplate them closely. If I may offer judgment on a man's form," continued she, "but of which, of course, I know nothing, I think your statue there at Temple Bar shows some traces of the master hand."

"Ay, truly," said the king, "my proportions are good, I know; and I beg you to observe the muscular and osseous development of my left knee especially. I would say more, but it is unbecoming to trumpet forth one's own virtues."

"Who is that lady?—but do let alone the points of your doublet; you have got a disagreeable trick of fumbling with them whilst you talk—who is that lady in the other niche on a level with you on the Temple side of the Bar?"

"That? why the learned were long at fault in that matter.

* Bohn's Character of Queen Elizabeth.
† Hentzner, Itinerary, p. 134.

Some thought it was intended for you, though, heaven knows, it is not half so much like ye as the figure at St. Dunstan's; but at last they have found out that it is my wife, Queen Ann, of Denmark. I hope they will not pull it down, and then cart it off to a stone-mason's yard at Paddington, as they have done my wife's monument in Westminster Abbey."

"A Goth-like deed, truly! Perdie! the figure near you is not in any way like me."

"Nay, I hope not," said James. "It has not got the small eyes which Hentzner speaks of, nor the hooked nose, nor the compressed lips, which indicate to a physiognomist that the possessor thereof is a wee bit of a vixen; and this, peradventure, was indicated to Mistress Bridges, to my Lord Essex, and to the worsted figures on the arras."

"I think, James, ye are very impertinent, for a king," said Elizabeth, warmly.

"Do ye? well, listen to Miss Aikin. She says, 'The disposition of Elizabeth was originally deficient in benevolence and sympathy, and prone to suspicion, pride, and anger.' There!"

"Does the minx write all that of me?" cried the inflamed queen, almost with a scream. "'Suspicion, pride, and anger!'"

"You may read it in her memoirs of you," was the answer.

"Then I wish I had her statue within my clutches for penning such scandalous abuse. I promise ye I would soon send it toppling off its pedestal!"

"By the wilk," added James, drily, ye would just prove the correctness of Miss Aikin's words."

Queen Elizabeth was silenced.

CLASSIC HAUNTS AND RUINS.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL, AUTHOR OF "THE TRADUCED."

No. V.

THE PLAINS OF TROY.

PLAINS of old Troy! which song hath given to fame,
Age after age still kindling at your name;
Where gods came down in sky-born pomp and pride,
And dread Achilles fought, and Hector died.
What though time's waves have, sand-like, swept away
Strong wall and fortress, shrine and column gray;
And not a stone points out where Ilion rose,
Pride of her sons and terror of her foes;*

* No monuments, except the tumuli or barrows, where the Grecian and Trojan heroes are supposed to rest, remaining on the fields of Troy, the site of the

Doth not a living spirit reign around,
Haunt every grove, and speak from every mound?
Is it a fancy? walks not Venus still
On yonder silvery cloud o'er Ida's hill?
Guards not the Dardan king his old domain?
Glide not the ghosts of heroes o'er the plain?
Oh, yes! this lone and silent desert teems
With radiant forms, the shades of deathless dreams;
Vain o'er the scene the mist of ages spreads,
Undying light the sun of glory sheds.

Where'er we turn, or cast the musing eye,
Some memory starts, some form is sweeping by;
Fancy's bright pictures fill the horizon's bound,
War reigns again and breathes his terrors round;
The Grecian ships are whitening o'er the bay,*
And serried bucklers flash a baleful ray.
Round fated Troy upsprings a wood of spears,
Their points like stars new-fallen from their spheres.
Loud rise the shouts, and thrills the trumpet's blast,
And scythe-armed chariots fly like whirlwinds past.
There falls proud Hector at the Scæan gate,
And here Achilles vents his rage and hate,
Dragging, unmindful of his own dark doom,
His slaughtered foe around Patroclus' tomb.
Fair Helen shines with all too fatal charms,
Weeps her lost lord, and wooes him to her arms.
High on the wall white-bearded Priam stands,
Curses the Greek, and spreads to Heaven his hands.
And as o'er Troy the rushing flames arise,
Gild Helle's wave, and light the midnight skies,
Shrieks of despair to Ida's mountains swell,
And freedom's trumpet sounds her last farewell.

Away with fancy! Moonlight trembles now
On Troy's wide plain and Ida's lonely brow.
To stir the lily's bell there moves no breath,
Nature seems wrapt in sleep, or hushed in death.
And thou, small stream, more famed in poet's line
Than mighty Amazon or castled Rhine,

ancient city has given rise to many learned and interesting speculations. The hypothesis that would place it at the junction of the Simois and Scamander seems to have arisen from the fact of a second city having been built there in the time of the Romans, and called by them Troy. Pococke, le Chevalier, and Doctor Von Eckenbrecher, have argued with great plausibility that the situation of the real Troy was farther north. Still, however, to answer to the descriptions of Homer, it must have stood between the two rivers, and, following the majority of opinions, we may safely fix upon the modern Turkish village of Bonnar-Bashi, as being in the immediate neighbourhood of the immortal city of old king Priam.

* The coast between the promontories of Sigæum and Rhæteum was the naval station of the Greeks during the ten years' siege.

Sleep'st in the beam, or sparkling whisperest by,
Soft as a sea-shell's plaint, or infant's sigh.
Sure Venus watches yet her favourite rill,
And Naiads lave their bright limbs in thee still.*
Here as I lean on famed Sigæum's steep,
View all the shore to Helle's haunted deep,
Then northward glance, till grey hills bound the view,
Crowned with night's stars and lost in ambient blue,
What meets the eye of glory's ancient reign?
Yes, death, strong death, *his* trophies still remain.
Beneath my feet lies dread Achilles' dust;
But where the marble? where the urn and bust?†
On Rhætus' brow sleeps Ajax—he who poured
His grief in rage, and perished on his sword.
The mighty Hector, with his beamy spear,
'Neath yon small knoll, hath closed his fierce career.
And other mounds that rise along the coast,
Hold dust of heroes, valour's pride and boast;
Gods of an hour, that once filled earth with dread,
How powerless grown! how lowly lies each head!
The timid hare hath climbed the hillock's brow—
E'en the poor glow-worm doth not fear them now!
What is man's prowess, then, his pride, his might?
A fragile reed, the meteor of a night!
Amid the wrecks that strew time's starless shore,
The conqueror sinks, and power avails no more.

Albeit doth spirit live, and genius fling
Her heaven-born flowers that know no withering.
Immortal fields! that boyhood pants to see,
That age reveres, still looks the world on ye!
Pillars may fall, the granite e'en decay,
Nature may change, each trace be swept away,
Yet tower-crowned Troy, her heroes and her fame,
Shall live in song, eternal and the same;
And pilgrims, through all ages, wander here,
And o'er her site of glory drop a tear.

* The Scamander retains much of its ancient character. "Its channel," says Dallaway, "is narrow, but the current is transparent, and regularly full." The stream was called, according to Homer, Xanthus by the gods, and Scamander by men. The late expedition up this river in search of ancient marbles, has been attended with that success which the enterprise so eminently deserved.

† The Achilleum, or tomb of Achilles, a high mound of earth of an irregular form, stands on Cape Sigæum. On the opposite promontory of Rhætus, or Rhæteum, is the monument of the Telemonian Ajax. Marc Anthony removed the urn and ashes of Ajax into Egypt; but they were afterwards restored by Augustus, when, in all probability, the small structure which now crowns the mound was erected.

THE EVENTFUL EPOCH;

OR, THE FORTUNES OF ARCHER CLIVE.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL, AUTHOR OF "THE TRADUCED," &c.

THE period which serves to give a title to this work is that eventful one in England's annals, when, to quote the words of our author, "the fears of Europe, and the curiosity of the world, were directed to one country—that country was France." Perhaps history scarcely records a more excited and fearful time than that which immediately followed the outbreak of the first French Revolution; and the influence it exercised on the minds of all classes of people, from the aristocrat in his gilded coach to the beggar in his hovel, is almost without a parallel. The scene, however, of Mr. Michell's novel is laid in London; and though the mad revolutionary spirit is sought to be embodied in one of the characters, Walter Pellew; though we have secret clubs and riotous meetings, the main interest of the work will be found to run in another channel. The "Eventful Epoch" is, in truth, a tale of passion, of man's villanies, man's ambitions, and woman's love. Some readers may consider the plot rather obscure and involved, while others may admire it as being artfully managed, leading the reader on from chapter to chapter, until the mystery which hangs over Lady Eltham, and her persecutor, Churchill, is solved.

We should be doing the author an injustice to reveal the story altogether, since much of the interest of the piece depends upon a momentous secret, which subsequently affects the destinies of all the principal actors, and is purposely veiled until nearly the conclusion of the work. Suffice it to say that the hero, a young man, at one time of high expectations, is cast adrift upon the world. He is persecuted on all hands, except by Minda, the daughter of Lord Eltham, who has conceived for him a secret but apparently hopeless attachment. He comes in frequent contact with the villain, Churchill, also with the revolutionist, Pellew. His mother is supposed to be dead, and her betrayer, Colonel Singleton, likewise; but by an extraordinary train of events, Singleton is found to be alive, and the mysterious connection existing between the proud Lady Eltham and him gives rise to many crimes, and much bitterness and agony. On the plottings of Lady Eltham, who is at first a termagant and a shrew, but towards the conclusion of the

story a kind of Lady Macbeth, the destiny of the chief characters mainly turns.

The following extract may enable the reader to judge of the style in which the lighter parts of the novel is written.

THE FETE AT CARLTON-HOUSE.

"Carlton-House—that word is sufficient to call up visions of splendour, of luxury, and bright-eyed mirth, now passed away with the royal occupant, and the matchless beauties who lavished upon him their smiles. Carlton-House! it was the seat of elegance and 'ton,' whence, as in a mighty mirror, fashion was reflected to the four corners of good King George's dominions. The prince, with the 'nod' of supremacy, and elevated above those around him on the Olympus of royalty, was the Jupiter in the heavens of gallantry and pleasure; and the beauteous Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire, surrounded by her graces—the Cravens, Windhams, and Jerseys—reigned as the Venus, fresh and lovely, born of the foam of fashion and of wit.

"The *entrée* to Carlton-House, which at once stamped the coin of a man's pretensions to rank and place as genuine, was as much an object of ambition, and as eagerly sought after, as admission to Almack's by the *parvenu* in the present day. The parties who usually met within those gorgeous halls were men distinguished in the political world; hence the prominent places assigned to dice-loving Fox, Burke, and purseless Sheridan. Yet, while politics might be the password through the gates, Pleasure was commonly the high Priestess whose orgies were celebrated within. It is true the most brilliant epoch had passed, when the Duke de Chartres and the Prince of Wales ran a race in dissipation and extravagance; nevertheless, though enjoyment, as regarded the latter, had nearly dug its own grave in the great cemetery of satiety, routs, fêtes, and galas, were still the order of the day.

"On a certain night, chariots and carriages, a lengthened train, were emptying their glittering contents into the magnificent residence of which we have been speaking. The entrance-hall was alive with footmen, and servitors in the most sumptuous liveries. The apartments, from the octagonal chamber to the grand supper-room, were hung with antique tapestry and crimson draperies, and were lighted up by Chinese lanterns and silver candelabra of exquisite workmanship. The chalked floors of the ball-rooms presented a series of mosaic devices, such as beautify the Moorish halls of the ancient Alhambra. There was a wilderness of flowers and aromatic shrubs; and far away in the conservatory, fountains were playing, and birds singing, the latter mistaking the dazzling light of the pendent lamps for the risen sun, and the odour-breathing waters, plants, and whispering leaves, for the scenes, perhaps, which they once revelled among, in their native Isles of the Tropic Seas.

"Plumes were now waving, jewels sparkling, and brighter eyes glancing, while laughter was ringing, and music floating everywhere. The Prince waltzed with the Queen of Love, the Duchess of Devonshire; and after them, swam and turned in graceful mazes, a crowd of *elegans*,

the men be-ribboned and 'gartered,' and the *beau sexe* in brocade and satin, with long trains, and little tantalizing hoops, and blazing in gems, the price of a kingdom. The gorgeous rooms, and happy faces, the streams of melody pouring from harp and flute, and the light of countless lamps falling in softest brilliancy over all, conspired to render the scene one of enchantment, realizing the most splendid vision ever shadowed forth in the 'Thousand and one Nights.'"

As respects the characters in "The Eventful Epoch," they are perhaps more than sufficiently numerous; we would rather the canvass had been less crowded. We have in Walter Pellew an enthusiastic revolutionist; in his wife, Camilla, a type of suffering, loving, devoted woman; in Archer Clive, a scion of nobility, struggling against his adverse fate; and in Minda, Lord Eltham's daughter, a woman enduring all those pangs which only woman can feel—pangs that spring from an ardent but unrequited love. Churchill, an epicurean and a gambler, now frequenting the lowest hells of the Metropolis, and now an exquisite, lounging in St. James's Street and the parks, is perhaps the best drawn, and most original character, in the book.

Besides the parties intimately connected with the story, we have other personages figuring on the scene, the celebrated men of the period; and when we name that we are introduced to the company of Burke, Fox, Wilberforce; the painters, Barry, Fuseli, and Opie, Nollekins, John Kemble, Mrs. Siddons, and others, it will be apparent that "The Eventful Epoch" possesses an interest somewhat akin to that which attaches to the historical romance.

We half suspect the author to be a Tory, yet we must do him the justice to say that he appears embued with no bitter feeling towards the liberal party. Indeed, he enlists our feelings warmly on the side of the fierce democrat and wild revolutionist, Pellew, for the mad and fearful proceedings of the latter, his committal to prison, his escape, his wanderings, and sufferings, arouse all our sympathies, while the devotion of Camilla excites our admiration, and strengthens our attachment to the ill-fated pair. The era was a convulsed one, and peculiarly suited to call into action the passions that are sought to be portrayed. But we must close our notice of this work, which, we doubt not, from its nature, will be extensively read; we will, however, lay before the reader one more extract. The calm, quiet villain, Churchill, is thus described, previously to the important discovery of his former acquaintance, the rich Lady Eltham.—Vol. ii., page 155.

"On a certain morning, a gentleman might have been seen slowly sauntering up the Mall in St. James's Park. Influenced by a very prevalent feeling already adverted to—namely, a disrelish for the fashions introduced by the French democrats, he affected a style of dress that obtained in England, as well as in France, twenty years previously. His toilet, indeed, was of a very *recherché* description. His

vest was of blue satin sprigged with gold; his bag wig, pointed shoes, and cream-coloured gloves, were most unexceptionable. Yet he had nothing of the Maccaroni, or *petit-maitre*, in his appearance; and there was that ease in all his movements, and that dignity in his carriage, which, it is generally understood, are to be acquired only by much intercourse with the world.

"He stopped to converse with some gentlemen—emigrant royalists; and whether or not he had that peculiar talent of assimilating his ideas and manners with those of the persons whom he addressed, certain it was that he himself might have been readily taken for a French Nobleman of the old *régime*. His animated action, which never transgressed the rules of grace and dignity; his flashing eye, expressing more than fell even from the ready lip; his noble Antinous-like features, which fifty summers had not marked with a single wrinkle; and his symmetrical form, muscular, yet elegant as the breathing statue of the god of the 'silver bow'—might have formed a study for the pencil or the chisel. Such was that man—such was the epicurean Churchill.

"The French refugees had ceased talking of their murdered king, anathematizing Robespierre, and condemning the philosophy which would give an equality of rights to all classes of mankind; the happy, miserable men, laughing one moment and weeping the next, had taken themselves off to drink light wine in the neighbouring hotel, and mingle lamentations over the woes of their ruined country, with piquant remarks on the noble science of cookery, and on the pretty twinkling feet of the last new ballet-dancer. Churchill was again alone, and he paced underneath the old trees in the Mall, in an abstracted, and almost melancholy mood. A slight recent success at the gaming table had enabled him to pursue his pleasures, on the west side of Temple Bar; but he was conscious that the time would soon again arrive when he should be compelled to emigrate to the Plebeian East, and there drain from the cup of sensual enjoyment as much sweets as he could, among such coarse spirits as composed the Whitefriars Billiard-Club.

"He lived for pleasure, and would obtain it in any manner; and yet he saw but one efficient means of winning all that his soul panted after—gold!

"'I want but money!' he sighed to himself, again and again; 'what would make me lord of one of those gorgeous mansions that lift their heads so proudly in the sun?—money: what would daily spread my table with Apician delicacies and costly wines?—money: what would assemble around me a galaxy of houries who, with their smiles and silver voices, would enable me to realize on earth the Mussulman's Paradise?—money. That same gold, then, which some philosophers stigmatize as dross, and regard with contempt, I make my idol. Yea, O spirit of wealth! I fall down and worship thee! my ceaseless prayer is that thou wilt smile upon me, and shower on my head some of thy radiant rain. Yet I adore thee not for thyself, like the hard-griping, grovelling, self-torturing miser; it is for all thou canst obtain; the power to which thou canst win thy way; the gratifications, the raptures, the glories, thou canst command!'"

It will be inferred from what we have said that the work is one of much ability. There are various passages in it displaying great dramatic skill, while many of the descriptive scenes are characterized by no ordinary graphic power. The author is never dull, and we doubt not the work will become a favourite in the circulating libraries.

THE LIFE BOAT; OR, THE WRECK ON THE BLACK MIDDENS.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

THE wintry winds are up, the billows rise,
The storm-cloud broods upon the troubl'd sea,
The muttering thunder rolls along the skies,
While wrecks and breakers threaten on the lea;
And one lone bark comes bounding o'er the wave,
To gain the shelt'ring port, if yet she may,
The gallant crew prepare the storm to brave,
As darkly round them falls the closing day;
And anxious friends upon the heights appear,
Whose bosoms thrill with varying hope and fear.

A sail! look out there! see yon bark;
She drives before the wind;
The rock's ahead! and loud and dark
The raging storm behind.
No human power in such an hour
Can avert the doom that's o'er her;
See! her mainmast's gone, and she still drives on
To the yawning gulf before her.

Quick! man the life-boat! hark the gun
That thunders through the air;
And see! the signal-flag flies on,
The emblem of despair;
That forked flash, that pealing crash,
Seem'd from the wave to sweep her;
Ha! the ship has struck! she's upon the rock!
And the wail comes louder and deeper.

Quick! man the life-boat! see! the crew
Gaze on their watery grave;
Already some—a gallant few—
Are battling with the wave;
And one there stands, and wrings his hands,
As thoughts of home come o'er him,
For his wife and child, through the tempest wild,
He sees on the heights before him.

Speed! speed the life-boat! off she goes!
And as they pull'd the oar
From shore and ship a shout arose
That startled ship and shore;
Life-saving ark! yon doomëd bark
Has *immortal souls* within her;
More than gems or gold is the wealth untold
Thoul't save, if thou *canst* but win her.

Hurrah! the life-boat dashes on,
The Middens darkly frown,
The rock is there, the ship is gone
Full forty fathoms down.
The storm-cloud broke, the thunder spoke,
The loud waves answered each other;
But louder than all (as on Heaven they call)
Rose the shriek of the wife and mother.

Still, still the life-boat bounds along,
Now ply your oars amain,
Your hearts be stout, your pull be strong,
Or all will yet be vain.
See how the crew are battling now
With the billows, single-handed;
They're all in the boat—hurrah! they're afloat!
And now they're safely landed.

NOTE.

The *Black Middens* is a dangerous reef of rocks near the entrance of the river Tyne, on which, in tempestuous weather, vessels are frequently wrecked in endeavouring to enter the harbour. Tynemouth Castle, and the picturesque and beautiful ruin of the ancient priory, stand on a bold and rocky eminence on the northern or Northumberland side of the river, and a part of South Shields stretches down towards the sea on the opposite side, which is of considerably less elevation. The view of the ruined priory, with the castle, and the commanding heights on which they stand, is extremely fine, both from the sea and from the south side of the Tyne. The Black Middens lie so close to the coast, that when a vessel is unfortunately driven upon them, all the motions of the crew can be distinctly seen from the shore, and, of course, the persons standing on the heights are equally visible to those on board.

On this highly-dangerous reef, a few years ago, a memorable wreck took place which excited great interest at that time in the north of England, and amongst nautical men in general. The "Betsy Caines," a vessel upwards of 150 years old, and well known to mariners engaged in the coasting-trade, struck on the Black Middens in endeavouring to enter the Tyne; but being built of genuine British oak, she did not go to pieces immediately. She was at that time employed in the trading service, but had been originally a royal yacht in the reigns of William and Mary and Queen Ann; and tradition says she was the identical ship which brought over William from Holland at the period of the Revolution. Hence a notion prevailed amongst sailors that the preservation of this remarkable vessel was connected with the future safety of the Protestant religion.

MY LATE SISTER ROSE.

A SIMPLE STORY.

BY MRS. G. HOWES.

PART I.

Oh! ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never lov'd a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away.

Moore.

How beautiful do all things connected with a once beloved object appear! I think I now see a dear departed sister before me, whose sunny smile ever made my heart glad, and whose voice sounded like music to my ears. How oft have I watched her skip along the fields in search of wild flowers; and when she found one that pleased her taste she flew to me that I also might admire its beauties.

Methinks I can now see my sister Rose as in our rambles we overtook some poor child, or an aged person; how she would listen to their distressing tale, and then run back to me and exclaim, "Dear sister Amey, do come and see this poor little child; I am sure you will give it something; only look how her dear little feet bleed. I should so love to wash them for her. I would give her my dinner, for I am not hungry nor cold. Would you not let me, Amey? But I know you would. How I wish I were a woman, and had plenty of money for them, I would give some to all the poor people—that I would!"

On such occasions I would reason with my sister, and tell her that if she were rich she would not be able to relieve all who might ask for assistance, and gave her to understand that were it in her power so to do, it is not right to give to all, as some idle and evil-disposed persons would rather live on the mistaken charity of others than work.

"Well then, dear sister, I would give to the little children, for they cannot help themselves; for if their fathers and mothers are too idle to work they would not take the trouble to teach them to be good; so poor little things, they will grow up idle and vicious like their parents. What should I be if I had not you and my kind mother to take care of me? You have taught me how to work, so that I may be useful to myself and fellow-creatures. Oh!

it is very pleasant to be able to help ourselves, we seem so independent—do we not, sister?"

I could dwell on the words of this dear child for an age. All who knew Rose loved her, for she was ever ready to share the troubles of others. How delightful was it to hear her, with her sweet and gentle voice, comforting those who were in affliction!

I think I can now see her with her aged grandfather, as in her rambles she would first bound on before, then turn back and place her tiny hand within that of her aged relative, and look up in his venerable face for a smile, which when she had obtained, would dart off in search of wild flowers.

It is a beautiful sight to see youth and old age—the one quickly passing away to a place of rest after a weary pilgrimage of sorrow and trouble; the other may be compared to the bud of a sweet flower gradually opening to the sun, as it drinks in the dew of Heaven, or as it is agitated by the gentle breeze. But soon the canker worm may steal into its heart, and the cold wind of the north may blight it altogether.

When I have watched that beautiful child resting her curly head on the knees of her grandfather have I thought that such a being never could be born to endure many of the troubles of this troublesome world; and that those bright and auburn locks would never become grey with years.

When such thoughts crossed my mind I have been apt to rebel, have said to myself, "I never can part with her." But even then little did I think how soon that angelic form would be snatched from me.

It is wisely ordained by Providence that we shall not see into futurity. God, in his mercy, has not only drawn a veil over the future, but has also given us that sweet consoler—hope, the friend of all mankind. When overwhelmed with the deepest troubles, still does something whisper in our ears, "Frail mortal, hope on." If we see a mother watching her sick child we there find hope, for the fond parent inwardly says, "Whilst there is life there is hope." If her sweet babe is called from time to eternity, still do we find hope comforting the bereaved mother, who dwells with ecstasy on the thoughts of meeting her departed child in realms of bliss. If poverty assail us, and we are overtaken by troubles, which in our short-sightedness we never thought would fall to our lot, even then the spirit of ideal good comes to our relief, and points out a something to hope for, either in this world or that which is to come.

In the summer of 1827 I and this lovely flower paid a visit to to my uncle George at ——, and well do I remember how delighted Rose was with the idea. My uncle resides in an old-fashioned farm-house, situated near a forest.

"Shall I not be happy, sister Amey," said Rose, "to wander

about beneath the trees, and watch the deer bounding to and fro? there, too, I can gather wild flowers in abundance, and I will make garlands for your hair, sister dear, and you shall be my fairy-queen."

"During this visit I met my future husband. One day when I and Rose were wandering in the forest we were surprised by the barking of a dog not far off, and presently the animal bounded past us, and was followed by a young man of gentlemanly demeanour, who greeted me as he passed with the usual salutation of "Good morning," and then addressing Rose, said, "How are you, dear child?" upon which my sister raised her beautiful face, and replied, "I am quite well, I thank you, sir," and after a short pause added, "I should so much like to pat that beautiful dog."

"So you shall, miss. Carlo, come here." And immediately the animal sprang to the side of his master. "Lay down, sir," said the gentleman, and the dog crouched at his master's feet, when my sister patted Master Carlo's smooth and glossy skin.

"Do you love dogs?" said the gentleman.

"Yes, sir, I love all things that God made, and would not hurt any of them; for sister says God made everything for our use, although to us it may not appear so; and by loving all mankind," continued she, "and doing good to my fellow-creatures as well as I am able, sister Amey says that perhaps I shall some day live with God in those beautiful worlds above. Have you any children, sir? If you have, will you tell them what my sister says, for I should like every one to go to Heaven. There will be no hungry children there, neither will there be sickness or sorrow; we shall forget all our troubles and sufferings when we reach those happy worlds—do you not think so, sir?"

"Yes, dear, indeed I do; but your knowledge surpasses your years," replied the stranger.

What so innocent as childhood? But how various are the dispositions evinced by children—some mild and tractable, whilst others are sulky, peevish, and unmanageable. It requires a noble mind; properly to manage children—one that has well studied human nature. Children are apt scholars, and presently know if their monitors err. If the teacher be mild, intelligent, and firm, he or she may subdue, in a great measure, the worst of dispositions. But I digress.

"You want to go, do you not?" said my sister to Carlo, who wagged an affirmative with his tail.

The gentleman now parted the beautiful locks of Rose, and kissing her fair brow, said,

"Adieu, sweet child; I shall see you again." Then wishing me good morning, he departed.

"Sister, do you not think that a very nice gentleman, and does he not look and speak kindly? I love him, Amey, do you?"

"My dear," I replied, "the gentleman is a perfect stranger to us; I think we cannot always form a correct opinion of people in so short a time."

"But, sister, did he not speak and look kindly? I wish I may see him again."

And I must frankly acknowledge that I had formed the same opinion of the stranger myself; for I never before looked on so noble and open a countenance as his.

On reaching home Rose was delighted to tell uncle and aunt about her interview with the "nice gentleman" and his dog Carlo.

"I do quite love him, uncle," said she; "but sister says we ought not to love people till we know more of them; but I have been thinking he would make a nice husband for my sister, and now I think of it, he did look at Amey very much, although she did not notice it."

"Nonsense, dear, you must not talk so, or I shall be angry with you," said I.

"But you are not angry with me, are you, Amey?" inquired my sister, in an affectionate tone, as she flew to kiss me.

Although I felt a little vexed I could not, neither could my uncle and aunt, help laughing at the innocent words of the child.

Rose and I now frequently met the gentleman, and the more we saw of each other the more we wished for each other's company.

Mr. B——* was the youngest son of a noble family. Frederic was indeed a superior being—an excellent pattern for our nobles by courtesy. Often have I seen my dear sister part his dark hair, and gaze on his benevolent countenance.

Mr. B—— soon paid a visit to my uncle, to whom he was well known, for he had an estate in that part of the country. After the lapse of a short time Frederic and I became better acquainted, and my sister soon became a great favourite with him.

During one of our rambles he said to me,

"That dear child is too beautiful for such a cold and unfeeling world as this;" but as he found such observations gave me pain, he was for the future silent on the subject. Whilst at my uncle's we frequently took excursions on the water, for we were not far from the sea.

One fine morning Mr. B—— came and said,

"Ladies (for there were several friends at my uncle's), should you like a trip upon the water? for I have procured a boat and two rowers. We can take some refreshments with us, and I think we may enjoy ourselves very much this fine day."

I rather hesitated about going, but my sister and the rest of the company were anxious for the trip, so I could not refuse.

* Since this simple story was written, Mr. B—— has been called from this to a better state of existence.

"Do, dear sister Amey, go; Mr. B—— will take care of us. I should so like to go on the water," said Rose.

In half-an-hour's time we were all seated in the little boat. A beautiful day it was. We were as happy as it was possible to be. First one sang a song and then another. Oh! it is very pleasant to hear the human voice upon the water—it sounds so soft and sweet.

Rose sang "Home, sweet home," and her silvery voice sounded delightfully. Methinks I hear it now, and fancy I see her gay and sunny smile, with her bright eyes turned towards Heaven, as if she viewed that celestial kingdom as the home of which she was singing. Some of our young friends kept giving our rowers glass after glass of liquor, not thinking of the consequences, by which means they soon became intoxicated and incapable of managing the boat. The tide was beginning to flow very rapidly, and we feared it would upset our frail bark. Some men in a vessel at a short distance apprised us of our danger and told us we had better make for the sands and walk on shore, for if we staid in our little boat we should probably be all drowned, as she was too heavily laden. We immediately made for the shore, and all got out except the rowers, who said they would float with the tide as the boat was now lightened.

My dear sister, how could she get to the sea bank, which was on the sands, more than three miles off? How were her tender limbs to walkthat distance over the sands, and pass the creeks? My heart bled for her; and to carry Rose I knew I was not able But she, dear creature, thought not of herself; all her anxiety was about me.

"Oh! dear sister Amey, if I had not asked you to come you would not have had all this trouble. Do, Mr. B——, take care of Amey; were she to be drowned I never should be happy, for you know she came to oblige a foolish child like me. If I had thought we should be in trouble like this I would not have asked you to come—that I would not."

I never once heard that dear child complain though we had to wade through water up to our knees. The moment we arrived on dry land that sweet child fell on her knees and exclaimed,

"Thank God for bringing my sister and all our friends safe on shore, and teach me never to ask for that which is not good for me."

When we had rested ourselves awhile on the sea bank we were a little more cheerful.

It is pleasant to look back on the troubles we have gone through, and which have terminated so well as the above. We now began to joke each other about the sorry appearance we should make on our return; but our cheerfulness was a little damped by knowing that we had again to cross the water to reach our homes.

We, however, passed to the other side in safety, where my uncle and one of his servants were waiting for us, the former of whom was greatly alarmed at our lengthened stay, fearing lest any accident had befallen us. We were all for telling him our adventures, but he would not hear us. "Come, make haste home and take off your wet clothes; and I indeed hope none of you will take cold from this excursion," said the old gentleman. We lost no time in obeying the commands of my uncle. We then took tea, after which refreshing meal we became cheerful and commenced relating our disasters. Uncle could not help laughing.

"I suppose," said he, "you thought these men could not get tipsy, or else you did not think at all. I hope, if ever you take an excursion on the water again, you will keep your men teetotallers for the day."

We all promised for the future to be careful, and Mr. B—— said we must endeavour to amuse ourselves on land, as he thought it would be long ere we should wish for another trip to sea. After spending a pleasant evening we retired early to rest, as we all stood in need of repose, and next morning our party appeared at the breakfast-table as if nothing had happened.

My sister was now becoming a favourite with the villagers, and was continually to be found in the houses of the poor, as she was never so happy as when performing some kind offices for them.

Whenever Rose met a child crying she would stop to comfort it by saying, "Do not cry, do not fret, darling;" and generally she had a cake, an apple, or a halfpenny to give the poor creature.

When my sister went out she would frequently say, "Aunt, please to give me a few cakes; I will not eat any myself at dessert if you will spare me some now. I think, aunty, it is unnecessary to have a dessert after a good dinner. The money expended on things we do not require would make many poor people happy for a time."

When she reasoned thus her aunt could not refuse her anything.

"Take what you want, sweet child," would my aged relative say, and away would Rose fly in search of a group of village children, among whom her cakes were soon disposed of. And then she would sit in the midst of them and talk in a manner that astonished and delighted all who heard her.

"We must love one another and do as our parents bid us, as they know what is best for us to do, and if we are good and try to learn about God we shall some day dwell with him in those beautiful stars above."

The children were delighted to hear her, and the old people as they passed by would say, "God bless thee, my child!"

Often, too, did I find Rose in the grounds of my uncle, assisting the old gardener. If I asked her what she was doing, she

replied, "I am helping to tie up the flowers, sister Amey. Robert is so old, and says it makes his back ache now to stoop so much. I am young, you know, so it don't hurt me. I like to hear him talk, too, for he says he once had a little girl like me, but she died of a fever caught at school. But he says he ought not to murmur, for God has taken her to live with him. But I know he cannot help fretting, for I have seen large tears steal down his furrowed cheeks; and then I have told him if I had not got a mother and a sister that would cry so after me, I would be his little girl and comfort him Robert told me he should go to his little Ellen soon. How pleased she will be to see him. But, Amey, I may go and see him whilst I am here—may I not?"

"Yes, dear Rose," I replied.

"Then I will take a good book and read to him, for he says his eyes are very bad now, so I can read to him about what our Saviour said—'*Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.*' And this he will like to hear, I know."

A beautiful sight it was to see that child standing beside Robert as he weeded, or was otherwise employed in the garden; or, if the day was wet, she took a book to the old man's house and read to him and his wife.

The endearing ways of my sister brought to the gardener's mind the image of his once-beloved but departed child. "What a comfort would Ellen have been to her aged mother and myself," said old Robert to my sister, one day, when she paid him a visit. "She would have read to us," added he, "like you do now; but I fear I am murmuring at the will of God. But it was hard to part with her. How mild and gentle she was! I sometimes fear I spoke cross to her. Oh! if I had her here now, how I would love her!"

* * * * * * *

It was now time for us to return home. We were accompanied thither by Mr. B—— and my uncle. Never shall I forget the parting between my sister and her poor friends. The old gardener and his wife shed tears, for they said it was almost as bad as parting with their child again.

"Good bye! God bless you, dear Miss Rose; we shall never forget you. We will place the chair that you so often sat in to read to us ready against you come back again."

On our way home my sister said to me,

"Don't you think, Amey, that we show our love to God most by loving our fellow-creatures?" To which I replied,

"Yes, dear sister; if we do not love our fellow-creatures we cannot love God; for it is by loving one another, and having charity to all men, that we show our love to our Creator."

"Do you mean by charity that we must give our money to the poor to help to clothe and feed them?"

"Yes, Rose; but there is another kind of charity."

"I know what it is," interrupted my sister, and then added, "'Tis to think well of all men, and not condemn others because they do not think as we think. 'Tis hard not to allow people to think as they like, is it not, sister? for I once heard uncle say it is sometimes difficult to know who is right and who is wrong; and he declared that those beings who are not permitted to think for themselves are slaves of the worst kind."

"Do you know what it is to be a slave, Rose?"

"Yes, Amey, I think I do. It is for one human being to be subject to another human being who can sell him as uncle sells his horses. But do you not think it is wicked for one man to sell another? for God intended all men to be free. I think God must be very angry with white men for stealing the black men away from their fathers, mothers, husbands, wives, brothers, sisters, and homes. But white men are cowards, for they would be afraid to attack a country or a people stronger than themselves."

"Yes, my child," said I; "the strongest always overcome the weak. But some men and women, dear Rose, make slaves of themselves by suffering their evil passions to get the better of them."

We were all gladly received at home, for my mother and father were longing to see their darling child; and all the domestics looked so cheerful, and seemed to say, "We are delighted to hear the voice of our little Miss Rose again, for she is the friend of us all, and is ever ready to assist us in our troubles."

Mr. B—— was tenderly received by my parents as their future son-in-law; for Frederic had written to ask permission to visit them as such before we left my uncle's.

My sister had now very much to show Mr. B——.

"Come, dear Mr. B——, or brother, for Martha says she supposes you will be so soon."

Here I interrupted my sister by saying, rather sharply,

"Rose, you must not talk so."

"Have I vexed you, dear sister? If I have done wrong, forgive me, will you? I did not think I should make you angry."

"You have not done wrong," said Mr. B——. "Come, now, come, and show me some of those things you were talking of."

"Then we will first go see poor Jane and her children," said Rose.

"Who is poor Jane?" inquired Mr. B——.

"If you will listen," I replied, "I will relate to you the unfortunate woman's history." And then I commenced her story as follows:—

"One day we were surprised to see Rose running up the gar-

den quite out of breath. When she had sufficiently recovered she said,

"'Father! sister Amey! come and see! make haste! and let Martha bring some wine. Here is a poor woman dying. She is dying in the dry ditch at the bottom of the garden, and there is a baby by her side, and a little boy and girl sitting by them. Come, Amey, come!'

"And away she flew, followed by father, Martha, and myself, and presently discovered the objects described by Rose. The poor woman was, to all appearance, dead; but after raising her up and giving her a few drops of wine she in a measure revived, when my father asked her where she was going.

"'To my parish at H——,' said she, with great difficulty, and then fainted away from sheer exhaustion.

"The little girl now began to cry most bitterly.

"'My poor mother will die, and what shall we do without her?' said she.

"'Do not cry,' said Rose, going up to her, 'my father will take you home—I know he will—and if he lets you stop with us I'll teach you and your brother to read.'

"Whilst my dear sister was endeavouring to console the children, Martha ran for assistance, so that the poor woman could be removed to the house. My mother had her put to bed, after which the family doctor was sent for, who gave as his opinion that good food and good nursing would restore the invalid in a few days. The poor woman's outward appearance prepossessed us all in her favour. After seeing Jane in a comfortable sleep I looked after the children. They were left under the care of my sister Rose, whom I found with the little ones sitting round her, and the baby was playing with some of her toys on the floor.

"'Sister Amey,' said Rose, as I approached her, 'you see I have washed their hands and faces, and now they look quite nice, do they not? Look at the darling baby, too; is she not pretty now she is clean? and see at its curly locks, too.' And here Rose passed her slender fingers through the hair of the infant.

"The little girl, who had all the while been looking at me through her fingers, now crept gently to my side, and said,

"'Will you tell me, lady, how my poor mother is? will she soon be better? may I soon see her?'

"'Yes, dear,' said I, 'but do not fret, my dear sister Rose, and Martha will take care of you.'

"In a few days we had the pleasure of seeing the poor woman better, and my father now began to think what had best be done with her and her children.

"'Do you not think,' said he to my mother, 'it would be most advisable to send them home to their parish, and give them some money for their present wants?'

"'I was thinking,' replied my mother, 'if the poor woman's character be good, that we might let her live in the cottage at the bottom of the hill, as it is without a tenant now, and we want a woman to help the cook at times, and I shall require some one to assist me with my needle, as Amey is going to leave us soon.' At this moment my sister entered the room.

"'Rose, Rose,' said my mother, 'we are talking about the poor woman.'

"'Oh! let her stay and live at the cottage; mother said she would ask you.'

"'So I have, dear Rose,' observed my mother.

"'*Do* let them stay, dear father; I will save all my money for the little children, if you and mother will let me, and will teach them to read, write, and work. I love the baby so, and should be very sorry to part with it, for it knows me already. Poor things! they have got no father. The little girl says they all cried so when their father died, and they thought their mother would have died too, because she fretted so.'

"'Well, well, dear Rose,' said my father, 'they have two excellent pleaders in your mother and you; but we must first hear the woman's history, and then see what we can do for her.'

"'Shall I fetch her?' said my sister; 'then perhaps she will tell her tale. I think it will be one of great sorrow—do you not, father?'

"'I fear so, indeed; but, at all events, you may go and bring her here.' And away flew Rose, and soon re-appeared, holding by the hand the unfortunate woman.

"'Will you mind telling us your history now?' said my father.

"'No, sir, if it is not troubling you too much to hear it?' she replied; then, at my father's bidding, sat down and gave the following account of herself:—

"'My name is Jane Hoskins. I was an only child. My father, being in comfortable circumstances, spared no expense to make me happy. When I was old enough I was sent to a respectable school. I was very fond of my learning, and had good teachers, who took much pains to instil into my mind my duty towards God and my fellow-creatures. My governess told me always to put my trust in God, and he would assist me in days of trouble; and he has indeed been my support through life. I remained at school till I was fourteen years old, and a sad day to me was that on which I left my kind governess. My good schoolmistress was to me as a mother. I now had to take charge of my father's house. To me he was kind; but the worm of sorrow was consuming his heart, and he never was so happy as when talking of my deceased mother. 'I long to join her in Heaven, but feel sad to leave you, my child, here alone,' would he frequently say.

"'My father's circumstances were at this time much embar-

rassed. By the consent of my beloved parent I married the man of my choice, soon after which my father died, and his affairs were found insolvent.

"'We not only had nothing to begin life with, but I had passed my word for the payment of several of my late father's debts, and my husband, with great exertion, managed to discharge these. But John, although only a journeyman cabinet-maker, was a very skilful hand at his trade.

"'Our family began to increase, and I saw to my sorrow, though he did not complain, that my husband's health was fast declining. When I asked him if he was ill his reply was, 'No, Jane, I am pretty well, excepting a cold.' But his strength was gradually decaying, and he was much troubled with a hoarse cough. Oh! with what pangs did I see him, with his feeble frame, strive to work; but at length he was obliged to give it up. I obtained for him all the strengthening things in my power, as the doctor said that nourishing food was what he most required. Many were the times that I and the children had only potatoes for dinner before he came home, so that he should not know what we had had. Poor fellow! he was at length obliged to take to his bed. He often asked me how I and the poor children managed to do so well only on his club money, and I told him 'very well,' for I could have suffered anything for his sake. I could not, even to the last, allow myself to think that he would die, though the doctor gave me no hopes. Frequently, as I sat by him, would he say, 'Dear Jane, I must soon depart from you and the children; you must bear up as well as you can, and I pray that God will be your friend and raise up a father for your children.'

"'Do not talk so, John,' I replied; 'I cannot part with you, indeed I cannot. I shall not have a friend in the world when you are gone. But you will get better, John; say you will.'

"'Jane,' said he, taking my hand, 'you must not murmur at the will of God, for he does all things for the best.' And after a pause he requested me to read to him a little while from the Psalms of David. I did as my husband desired, but I thought every word would choke me, for I was so full of grief. After reading to him for some time he fell into a quiet sleep, from which I was in hopes he would awake somewhat refreshed, but I was disappointed, for gradually he got worse and worse. I sat by his bedside night and day when I could leave my poor children; but some of my neighbours were kind enough to take care of them for me the greater part of the day. I could not bear to leave my husband, for fear he should die in my absence.

"'On the morning of his death I left him for a few moments to dress the children. I thought he was in a calm sleep at the time. I, however, was soon alarmed by him calling me to him. "Jane, my dear Jane, come quickly," said he; so I ran to him

instantly. "Lift me up; I am choking," added he, with great difficulty; so I gently raised his head from the pillow "Kiss me, Jane; kiss me, dearest; I must soon leave you all."

"'I now scarcely knew what I was doing. I wiped the cold damp from his forehead, which was as white as marble. He again tried to kiss me, and in this act, without a groan, breathed his last in my arms.

"'I fell senseless on the floor, where I was found by one of my neighbours soon after. On that day I took to my bed, and was not able to leave it for more than a fortnight after. I had as much money by me as defrayed the expenses of the funeral, after paying which I was left with only two shillings in the world. The doctor's bill was not yet settled. I told Doctor Reynolds how I was situated, and he—God bless him!—said I was welcome to what he had done, and gave me five shillings besides; but there was a whole year's rent due! I went to the agent (for our house belonged to my Lord R——, and as he seldom visited us we were left to the mercy of his agent, who was a hard-hearted man). When I told him I could not pay the rent he said that he would make me, for Lord R—— looked for his money regularly.

"If you do not pay it," said he, "I shall sell your goods, and you and the children must go the workhouse."

"'I could not raise the amount of my rent, for my friends and neighbours were nearly as poor as myself; so I was sold up. It almost broke my heart to see the dear children when the men came to take the goods away, for they clung round me and cried, "Mother, mother, if poor father was alive he would not let these naughty men take all your things from you." I endeavoured to quiet my little ones, but in vain.

"'I now tied a few things in a bundle handkerchief, and left our once happy home, and had got so far towards my parish when I was found by that dear little child of yours.'

"When the woman had ended the above narrative, Rose flew to the side of my father and exclaimed,

"'You will not let them go, I know you will not."

"'We will see, Rose; but we do not yet know whether this poor woman would like to stay with us,' observed my father.

"'That she will,' said Rose; 'I know she will.' Then addressing the poor woman added, 'You will like to stay and live at the little cottage at the bottom of the hill, and I will come and see you every day?'

"'Yes, dear miss, indeed I shall, if your father and mother will let me: but I have no money to give them; but perhaps I may obtain work.'

"'If, on inquiry, we find your character corresponds with your appearance, which I doubt not it will,' said my father, 'you shall stay with us, and we will do the best we can for you.'

"'God bless you, my dear sir!' said Jane, as a tear of gratitude stood in her pensive eye. 'I have indeed found good friends; may it be my endeavour so to act that they may never have reason to repent of their kindness!'

"In a few days my father was informed by the clergyman of the parish in which Jane formerly resided, that the above statement was true, and that she was, moreover, a woman of excellent character. Accordingly, the unfortunate creature was immediately placed in her humble dwelling, which was furnished by my mother."

After I had finished the above narrative, to which Mr. B—— listened with the greatest attention, we proceeded to the cottage.

We found Jane and her children in high spirits at the thought of seeing their "Dear Miss Rose" again. As soon as they observed us coming they ran to meet us.

"How are you, dear Miss Rose, and Miss Amey?" they all inquired at once. "How glad we are to see you," said the little girl; "we have tried to get on with our books, so that we may be able to read without giving you so much trouble. I know you love to teach us, you are so very kind."

"And I," said William, "have taken care of your garden, and I think you will scarcely find a weed in it, and I have planted a beautiful moss rose for you. I love roses, because they always bring you to my mind, though I should never forget my kind and dear Miss Rose."

After we left the cottage my sister said,

"Will you go to look at my garden, for I long to see how William has attended to it?"

As we proceeded thither Mr. B—— said,

"Have you any birds, Miss Rose?"

"No, sir," replied my sister, "I think it cruel to shut birds up in a cage, for God made them to range about in the beautiful sky above; you know we should not like to be confined in a room, even if we had everything we required. I think they must feel the want of liberty very much after flying about in the air; and then to be shut up in a small cage! and of what use can their wings be confined in that way? Oh! liberty is so sweet. I'm sure everything and everybody loves liberty. I have seen even dogs that have been tied up, on gaining their freedom, skip about with such joy, as if they said, 'this is indeed delightful.'"

In our walks this dear child was so careful not to tread on any living animal, always stopping to place them out of harm's way.

"Some one might inadvertently tread on it," would she say, "and then it would be my fault for not removing it when I did see it."

If in our rambles she saw any child teazing or hurting a dumb animal she would go to them and say, "Do not teaze that poor

thing, for it has feeling as well as you, and it is wicked to hurt anything; for God, that made us, made all things beside. He made them for use, not to be abused. I hope for the future you will not be guilty of such actions."

My uncle remained with us a few days, and then returned home, as it was harvest time. On the morning before his departure my sister came bounding in the room, at the same time exclaiming,

"Dear uncle, look what mother has let me buy out of my money—a new Testament for your poor old gardener, and it is such large print, I think he will be able to read it himself; and here's a pair of woollen stockings for his poor old wife. And please to say that Rose will not forget them."

"Have you nothing to send to your aunt?" inquired my uncle.

"Yes, this small pincushion of my own making; and tell her I send her a great many kisses."

"God bless you, my sweet child!" said my uncle; "you are a dear little creature."

It was by such gentle and winning ways that my sister endeared herself to all who knew her.

After my uncle's departure Rose was very sad, for it always caused her much trouble to part with those she loved.

"Amey, dear," said she, "'tis hard to part with those we love, even when we know we shall see them again. I cannot bear to say good bye; it seems such a hard word; it appears to me as if we were saying farewell for ever."

Mr. B—— became a favourite with my parents, for he was kind and obliging to all. After remaining some weeks with us he returned to his parents in order to consult them about our marriage, as he wished it to take place in a short time.

PART II.

On the morning of my wedding-day my sister came into my room and said,

"Who do you think has come, Amey? Why, Mr. B——; and Martha says he is going to take you away; but he dare not, dare he, sister? Father will not let you go away. If you are going to be married, why not stay here with us? I should break my heart to lose you; I should so miss you, and should not know what to do without you. If you will go I must ask Mr. B—— to take me too, if father and mother will spare me. If I had thought Mr. B—— would take you away I never should have said I would like him for a brother. But perhaps I'm naughty, to cry

at your going. Mr. B—— will be very kind to you, and love you better than I do; yet I think he cannot, either."

After we returned from church my father and mother agreed that Rose should go with us.

As we intended to travel for a few weeks we all thought it would be good for her health, as she was a delicate child.

When Rose found she was to accompany us she knew not how to express her joy.

"I shall not leave you, dear Amey; mother says I shall go with you. I will not be troublesome, and will do everything you bid me. I must run and tell Jane and her children I am going, and that I will soon return. Will you and Mr. B—— go with me, Amey?"

"Yes, dear Rose," said I; and she immediately ran on before us to tell John we were coming.

When we reached the cottage Jane's children were all standing round my sister, sobbing and crying out, "You are not going, Miss Rose, too, are you? do not go, dear miss. What shall we do without you? we shall cry for you every day till you come back, and baby will be continually calling, 'Rose, Rose.'"

"I shall not be very long gone," replied my sister, "and when I come back I will bring you some pretty playthings if I find you have been good children."

"We will be good," said William; "but we don't like to part with you, Miss Rose, and shall think the time long till your return."

We now bade Jane and her children good bye, leaving with each of the little ones a half-crown.

We returned to the house, and after taking lunch, started on our journey with the blessing of our friends.

"God bless you, my son and daughter!" said my father. "May you be as happy as your mother and I have been!"

After embracing my parents I sprang into the carriage, in which Mr. B—— and my sister were already seated, and the vehicle immediately drove off.

Who can describe the emotions of the heart consequent on parting with beloved parents? It is like losing a portion of one's own existence. It was our parents who listened to our little troubles and endeavoured to sooth us; and when we erred they rebuked us with gentleness. Did those parents who reprove their children harshly know what a bad example they set their offspring they would not so act. It is by love alone that any lasting and favourable impression can be made on the mind. The child that fears its parent cannot, I think, love them also.

Though a female may have a very kind and obliging husband, yet there is no friend like a mother.

These were the thoughts that occupied my mind as the carriage

proceeded; but I was aroused from my meditations by the attentions of my husband and the sweet prattle of my sister Rose.

This child derived pleasure from every branch of nature known to her; even the blades of grass had charms for Rose. Truly may it be said of her, that she "found tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything."

We travelled for three months through the southern counties of England, and I think I may safely say there never was a more happy party. On our return we took up our residenee at Mr. B——'s country seat in Bedfordshire.

My sister Rose was delighted with this retreat. She would wander for days in the park, watching the deer, birds, and the fish in the lake.

"Sister Amey, you and brother may have all the fine houses, but let me wander in the fields, paths, and forests. When we are in the open temple of nature, we seem to be nearer God, and then is it we feel more strongly than ever that God made all things for the good of mankind. Do you not think, sister Amey, that human beings might be very happy in this beautiful world?"

"Yes, Rose," I replied, "but men tyrannize over one another, and are so selfish, instead of looking at all men as the children of one great Parent."

My father now wrote to say he should come for Rose in a few days. We all felt very sad at the idea of parting with her. My husband said, "I am indeed sorry to part with that dear child; I wish your parents would let her remain with us." But I thought it would be cruel to make such a request, for I felt my mother in particular must be quite at a loss now that we had both left her. My father came at the appointed time, and I was very glad to see him, for he was dearly beloved by me; but I was sad at the thought of parting with Rose.

After her return home she wrote to me the following letter:—

"My dear Sister,

"I and father got home safe and found mother well. She was so delighted to see me, and says I have grown a great girl. Jane and her children are all well and are very much delighted to see their Rose. The baby remembers me and calls me by my name. Poor little William cried with joy, and said he thought it a very long time before I came back; he has taken care of my garden. Write to me often, dear Amey, and give my love to Mr. B——, and tell him we shall often talk about him and sister Amey. Good bye, dear sister, God bless you! Mother and father desire their love, and believe me,

"Your affectionate sister,

"Rose."

Some months after this my mother wrote to say that her dear little Rose was very poorly, but was in hopes she had only got a cold. A second letter informed us that she was gradually getting worse. I and Mr. B—— now began to feel uncomfortable. I was expecting to be brought to bed every day, so was not able to go to see my sister. However, Mr. B—— agreed that we should proceed to my father's house as soon as I was able to bear the fatigue of travelling. Some days after my confinement my sister wrote to me as follows:—

"My dear Amey,

"Mother tells me you have got a sweet baby. I should come and see it but I am so very poorly. Mother was afraid the journey might make me worse. The doctor tells her she must take care of me.

"Oh, how I shall count the days, and hours, and minutes till I see you and your sweet boy; kiss it a great many times for me. Please give my love to brother, and tell him not to kiss the baby all away. Mother and father send their best love to you, and are glad to hear you are doing well. Jane and her children are in good health. They cry very much because I am poorly, but I tell them I expect I shall soon be better. Accept my love, and believe me, dear sister,

"Yours, affectionately,

"Rose."

As soon as I was able to travel, I and Mr. B——, and the baby proceeded to my father's house, and never shall I forget the change we beheld in that dear child who only a few months before had left me in good health. I could see by a peculiarity about her fair and transparent skin that death had marked her for an early victim.

When we arrived she was reclining on a sofa with her head supported by pillows. I flew to her side and kissed her burning brow.

"Oh, Amey, dear Amey," said she, as she clasped me to her breast, "I have been longing to see you so. Where is the baby? Let me kiss it."

The baby was placed in her arms, when, in the fondest tone, she said, "O you dear little creature, how I will love you, that I will."

Mr. B—— now came into the room, when she endeavoured to rise.

"How are you, dear Rose?" said he.

"I am better, much better, and soon shall be well now you and Amey and the dear little baby have come to see me. Oh, I did so long to see you all, and I feel so happy. You will take me out on some of our old rambles, will you not, brother?"

"Yes, dear Rose, and I and your sister and mother will nurse you, and when you are well enough we will ramble about in some of your favourite fields and green lanes," said my husband; but I saw by his looks that he, like myself, thought my sister was not long for this world.

There was on her face that beautiful, bright, but transparent colour, which too often fills the looker-on with hopes that can, alas! never be realized.

My husband and I frequently took her out for a short walk, but every day she grew weaker and weaker. When she was tired she would say, "Let us sit down upon this bank and rest awhile, if you please." Mr. B—— would then go in search of some of her favourite wild-flowers. One day she said to me as we were walking in the fields,

"Sister Amey, I think I shall not stay long with you. I feel that I am very, very weak, but I am not afraid to die, for I am going to God. I have often longed to wander about on those beautiful stars above; and then, sister, I shall look for you and your dear little baby, and father and mother, and Mr. B——. I should like to live till your little boy would know me; but you will tell him of his aunt Rose, and how she would have loved him if she had lived."

I could not answer the affectionate and resigned creature, for my heart was too full of grief.

"Do I teaze you, sister Amey? If I do I will not talk to you of going," said she, on observing my grief.

"No, my dearest child, I love to hear you talk, though it almost breaks my heart to think we must part from you," said I, as the tears involuntarily gushed into my eyes.

Rose got rapidly worse; she now had not strength to walk; she was carried into the garden and placed on a seat where she was supported with pillows.

"Put me," she would say, "where I can see Jane's cottage, for then I can see the children go in and out. Jane says they will not play now I am so ill. Poor things! I should like to have them come and see me once more. I know they do not forget me, for I hear William and his sister bring flowers to the house for me every day; and Martha told me they asked if they might see their Rose once again. Will you let them come, Amey?"

"Yes, dear, but I am afraid they will fatigue you; however, if you wish it I will send Martha for them when you have returned to the house and have rested a little."

Jane's children were accordingly sent for; when they saw their "dear Miss Rose" they buried their faces in their hands and wept bitterly.

"You must not cry, dears," said my sister; "I am going to leave you, but it is only for a short time; we shall soon meet

again in a better world. William, you must love your mother and sister, and when you grow a man must take care of them, and you will be able to work for your mother when she grows old. You, Jane, must love your mother and brothers, and I hope all of you will be good children and learn all you can. You must not forget your Rose, but think of the time when we shall meet to part no more. I am going to God. Oh! if you knew what a beautiful world I am going to, you would not fret. Good bye, my dears, and give me a kiss each, and remember the words of your poor Rose."

This was the last time she ever saw Jane's children, but often as I sat by her side did I hear her repeat their names when her little hands were lifted up in prayer, and she would say, "Bless them, heavenly Father, and be thou their guide and comforter, for thou alone canst support them under trials."

During the whole of her illness I never heard her complain. I sometimes said to her, "Dear Rose, are you in pain?" when she would reply, "Not much, not more than I can bear. I suffer little in comparison to others. God is kind, very kind to me. You will not mourn for me when I am gone, for you will feel too thankful that I have passed through this world with so few sorrows. You will not miss me so much now, as you have got that beautiful baby; it was kind in Providence to send it to be a comfort to you, that you may not so much miss your poor little Rose. Your loss will be my gain, too, you know, Amey."

The day on which she died—ah! never will that day be erased from my mind; it is as fresh in my memory as ever, even after the lapse of many years—my dear sister asked to be carried into the garden; it was a beautiful summer's day—one of Rose's still, calm days, when the wind seems afraid even to move the leaves of the trees.

"How beautiful all things appear! and the birds, how sweetly they are singing! it seems as if they were chanting my soul to heaven. Will you let Martha bring the baby?"

"Yes, dear Rose," I said, and immediately called Martha to bring my child.

"Let me kiss it," said my sister, and the baby was held to her, when she added, "May you, dear boy, prove a blessing to your parents; though you will never know your aunt Rose in this world, your mother will sometimes tell you about her."

She again kissed my boy, then fell back in my arms quite exhausted, but in a few minutes revived again, when she said, in a faint tone,

"Kiss me, dear mother, father, and Amey. Where is your husband, sister?"

"He has gone to gather you a rose, dear child."

"Then kiss him for me, Amey. I must leave you quickly, for

the angels with their delightful instruments of music are now waiting for me. Kiss me again. I am going, I am going," she whispered; then, to all appearance, fell into a beautiful sleep, but it was the sleep of *death.*

Reader, how often do we nurse and cherish a beautiful flower! How we watch with the greatest anxiety its first buddings, and and mark every petal as it unfolds itself to our delighted eyes. We say to ourselves, "What a lovely flower will this be when full blown!" But, alas! how often have we seen such a plant prematurely droop its head and decay. By all means in our power we have tried to succour it, but, after all our pains taking, have found the canker-worm at its root, and then have we said, "It is no use, it will not, cannot live."

Such a flower was my dear sister. I, with the greatest anxiety, watched her from childhood; every little action of that dear child was marked by me, and often did I say, "Rose will indeed make a splendid woman;" but even as I spoke my heart misgave me.

What vain, weak, presumptuous creatures are we! Even before twelve summers' suns shone on that delightful face is she faded—dead—for ever gone. How strong does every action of that celestial being yet live in my memory! every look, every word is stored in my mind with the fondest recollections. I would fain believe she is not dead. Often do I fancy I hear her sweet voice calling, "Amey, sister Amey!" and gladly would I encourage the charming delusion; but it cannot last. I say to myself, "Would to Heaven it were her sweet voice! but Rose is indeed gone, and I shall see that beautiful face no more!"

THE RIVULET.

I LOVE the little laughing rill,
That all the livelong day
Goes sparkling, singing, dancing still
Through meadows far away.

Oh, oft I've chas'd that sportive stream
In summer's sunny hours,
And watch'd each silvery ripple gleam,
Or pluck'd the bordering flowers.

And still I love to stand and gaze
Along its winding shore,
And dream of happy, happy days
That will return no more.

But life, like thee, flows on, sweet rill,
And I, like thee, must haste
Each day to do my Father's will,
Nor turn one hour to waste.

THE SUICIDE.

AN OVER TRUE TALE.

No. I.

It was a dark, dismal night in the latter end of March, and the rain fell down in torrents with a dull leaden sound on the wet, slippery pavement along the streets of the great Metropolis. It was near the hour of midnight, and the foot passengers had long ceased to thread their weary way homewards; even those who had no home to go to, no fireside to gather round, or who had long been ignorant of the blessings of domestic comfort and its social joys, had long since sought some temporary place of shelter from the inclemency of the weather, and the horrors of a cold night beneath the severity of a March sky. Now and then might be heard the distant rumbling of some slow moving vehicle, as it carried its human burden to some gay route or ball, or returned from an earlier scene of gaiety and pleasure. But it quickly passed, and all again was still, till you heard the slow and solemn step of some solitary policeman, hired to pass the night in sleepless wakefulness, to protect your person or property from the dangers of the midnight burglar, or the more dreaded terrors of the incendiary.

Let me draw the reader's attention to one particular part of this vast mother city of the British Empire, to a scene where the brilliancy of a thousand lights bid defiance to the murky gloom that wrapt all nature in one dark shroud; you saw the glitter of an illuminated house peering out into the darkness around, you heard the sounds of soft harmony striking pleasantly on the ear; you heard, too, the shuffle of many feet, and the low whisperings of hundreds assembled to scare away care and anxious thought by a few short hours of delicious enjoyment; anon you saw graceful figures moving in consonance to the soft pulses of melody; handsome forms and lovely faces flitted by the open window, as you gazed inquiringly up, wondering at the contrast offered by the gay, thoughtless scene within, and the dark, cloudy picture without!

It was a grand night at Almack's, and all the galaxy of beauty and bravery that London could produce was assembled there that night, for it had been generally understood amongst the fashion and haut ton of the town, that the far-famed and lovely daughter of the rich banker of Pall Mall was to make her first debût that

night in the ball-room of Almack's, where none but the élite and récherché were ever admitted, and consequently no small sensation was excited when the truth of the fact became generally known, and the application for tickets was necessarily more eager and earnest.

In a corner of the great room or dancing salon stood two young men, one dressed in the costume of an officer of the horse guards, the other habited en mufti, without anything remarkable about his dress to attract an observer's attention; 'twas not so, however, with his countenance, which was eminently handsome, and bore an expression about it of great animation and intelligence; yet there was a fire in his deep grey eyes that told of passions lurking beneath that must sometimes be at dread contention with his other better qualities, for his high brow and frank open face and features told of a generous and noble disposition that formed no small share of their owner's character. He was tall and well-formed, and as he leant negligently against the cornice looked the very beau ideal of graceful carelessness. His companion was also a good-looking man, of immense stature and proportions, but had not that elegance of refinement which belonged to the other, and which is at once so pleasing and attractive.

"Henley," exclaimed the one in a plain dress, after looking earnestly for a minute or two at a group of merry dancers in a distant part of the room, "who is that lovely girl now dancing with his Lordship of Dudley, over there?" and he looked again in the same direction.

"Why, not know Miss Greville?" asked his companion. "Where in the world have you been and not seen the fair debutante who has charmed the hearts and eyes of so many aspirants, as much by her wealth, I fancy, as by her beauty, which exceeds, in good truth, the many reports that have been given out of it."

"And is that really the rich banker's daughter, Miss Greville?" musingly replied his friend.

"If you doubt it go and ask yon master of the ceremonies, old Gusman, and you will be a lucky man if you can obtain her for a partner, even for a quadrille, this evening."

"No, I don't doubt you, my good Henley," replied he; "but ——" and he stopped short, and then added, "Well, I will go and try my luck in Fortune's wheel, as you recommend me," and with a nod he made his way to the place where old Gusman was laying down the law on some point of etiquette to about half-a-dozen young men who were idling around him, seeming highly to enjoy his prosy harangue; the moment, however, he saw our new acquaintance evidently approaching him he stopped, and stepping forward, held out his hand, at the same time making a courteous bow, and exclaimed,

"Ah! Mr. Grant, I guess what you want me for ere your

errand is told, and I am very happy to inform you I have secured the hand of the fair Miss Greville, without your knowledge, for the very next set, and was just on the point of letting you know the fact when you made your appearance."

"You are very kind, Gusman," said Mr. Grant, accepting his hand, and giving it a shake that brought the tears into the master of the ceremonies' eyes. "I was thinking it would be a desperate chance, but I have to thank you as usual for your great civility."

"Pooh, pooh," said Gusman, "one good turn deserves another. I have not forgotten the row in Dover Street, when I nearly got kilt entirely, as the Irishman has it. No, no, civility begets civility, and mine costs me nothing, whereas yours put you in some peril, or I am mistaken."

"Oh, I had almost forgotten the circumstance to which you allude, but pray introduce me to the fair siren of the evening. I see her there on that ottoman with Lord Dudley at her side."

"Ha! a fine young fellow, but a bit of a wild one withal; but come along, and if you don't thank me for my introduction say old Gusman is a blockhead—that's poz.!" and away he trudged in the direction pointed out, with Grant following close at his heels.

It was no easy matter for a master of the ceremonies to pass across the ball-room, for numerous people with their petitions for new introductions crossed his steps, and who would not be satisfied until he had given his promise to attend to their wishes. Then others arrested his progress by trifling questions about certain persons and things, of no consequence to themselves or any one else; but people's appetite for curiosity must be satisfied, and though young Grant was chafing with impatience, he could not help smiling at the interrogations, "frivolous and vexatious," as they would be termed in the House of Commons, put to Gusman by his many interrupters.

At last they reached the place where Miss Greville was seated, and after the due ceremony of introduction, upon which Lord Dudley immediately rose, old Gusman left the pair waiting for the next set to commence. It was with a feeling almost indefinable, a feeling very akin to a thrill of pleasure, a sort of fluttering of the heart, a je ne sais quoi, that pervaded George Grant's frame, as he contemplated almost unconsciously the beautiful being that stood beside him, or watched her threading with graceful ease the mazes of the tortuous dance. She could scarce have seen her eighteenth summer, was above the general statue of womankind, with a complexion very fair, on which the glowing rose had set its stamp of healthful hue, and her ruby lips and mouth were large but very delicate and slightly compressed, showing a combination of firmness of purpose and sweetness of temper. I know by experience that it is impossible to describe with the pen a woman's

beauty, so I will only add a few more features in order to place her more distinctly before the eyes of our readers. To her belonged a high forehead, pure as alabaster, and evincing great depth of thought and intelligence; her hair and eyes were dark—not black exactly, for there was a sunniness, if I may coin a word to suit my meaning, which prevented the idea of anything dismal or gloomy hanging about her; yet at times there was a sad expression upon her brow, an expression on her fair countenance, not exactly of sorrow or grief, for that could not yet have seared her young heart; but still there was something, an indescribable something, that told of a vacancy that wanted filling up somewhere, and at these periods she appeared wrapt in deep contemplation, totally unconscious of all that was passing around her. It seemed as if she foreboded some ill or woe on some friend or dear connection in whose fate she took a deep interest; and yet who could be gayer or brighter than the gay and bright Annie Greville?

The dance was over; another partner had claimed her for the next waltz, and away she whirled in that dizzy, delicious, yet scarcely modest dance, and George Grant was once more alone, busy with his own thoughts and reflections, ever and anon raising his eyes and looking at the graceful form of his late partner as untiringly she performed her evolutions round the festive ball-room of Almack's, and then he would fall into a reverie, deep and thoughtful, and full of unsettled fancies and feelings.

"Grant," said the young officer we have before mentioned as his companion, "you seem to be lost in the clouds to-night; are you wont to be so contemplative in the ball-rooms of France and Italy? I fancy Monsieur le Viscomte would smile to see your grave looks in such a gay scene as this! Methinks you must either be turned philosopher after your travels, or you have been dunned to-day, or are in love—which is worst of all! Has the fair Miss Greville charmed the heart that the wiles of a thousand Italian beauties could make no impression on? But come, it is getting late, and we should be at Crockford's ere this. Bellamy and Ranelagh are expecting us, I don't doubt; they have been gone this hour or more, so come along."

"No, thank you, Henley, I don't feel inclined to play the gambler to-night; I really feel tired, not to say ennuyé, and shall return to my rooms directly."

"But, my dear Grant, you must not disappoint us this night; remember Ranelagh expects his revenge, and you should give him a fair chance."

"Well, well, I will go with you for half-an-hour, but I must leave you then," said Grant, as he rose and took his friend's arm.

Henley smiled with a peculiar expression, that said as well as any words could say, "I know you will stay longer if you are

once there;" and without another word they quitted the room. As they reached the door of that famous club in Pall Mall the clock of Westminster Abbey struck one.

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It was broad daylight, yet the room where Grant and his friend Henley sat, with the other two persons we have mentioned above, was fast closed in, the shutters up, the curtains drawn, and the game they were playing carried on by the light of gorgeous lamps suspended from the ceiling. By the wan and haggard looks of the players it was evident they had played long and deeply, and the flushed cheek and eager eye of George Grant was prominent above all, as he fixed his whole soul and heart upon the game. It was evident, too, by the expression of his face, and the looks of the other persons who formed the party, that he had been a loser, and that to no small amount. Not a word was spoken; the cards were dealt out, and the players took them up and played them almost mechanically, putting down what they staked before, and casting a meaning look on the others. At last the game was ended, and young Grant, rising up, muttered, "It is enough," and taking his hat left the room.

The clock of St. James's struck eight as he quitted the house.

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"Nephew George," said Mr. Bellamy, one day after dinner, as he was sitting by the fireside in an easy chair sipping his claret; "Nephew George, what is this I hear of you? that you are turned lover, and winning piece by piece the heart of the belle of the season, Annie Greville. Well, well, I wish you success with all my heart; you must be a lucky fellow to claim even the passing attention of such a noble creature, much more to talk of making her your own. Heyday! when I was a youngster——" but he stopped short on observing the expression of his nephew's face, on which sat a mingled expression of pleasure and pain, or rather, uneasiness.

The old man regarded him for a few moments in silence, and then seeming to remember something or other that he had heard lately, he fixed his keen, cold grey eyes upon him, and said, in a serious and somewhat solemn tone,

"George Grant, there are strange reports I have heard of late about you, and I think, now we are quietly alone, I had better tell you what I have become acquainted with, and if they are true or not one word is sufficient to satisfy me. You know, George, I love you as a son, and indeed, having no children of my own, I have adopted you as such; so as long as you live with me you must treat me as a father, and if you have any distresses or difficulties, which I can scarce think you have, for I know you are

not extravagant, and I have given you ample means to prevent you from contracting debts, but if you have such, communicate them to me, and I will assist you with all reasonable means of meeting them, my boy."

He paused, and both seemed deeply affected; yet George Grant spoke, but not daring to meet that calm, piercing eye, fixed his own on the ground.

"But what I would fain ask the truth of, nephew George," continued he, "is the report that you are a frequent attender at Crockford's, and not only a frequent attender but a frequent partaker of the fatal amusements that go on at that club, which have never brought any happiness yet, and many a one have they led to ruin worse than death. Is this true, George Grant, or is it not?" and he uttered the question in a slow, solemn tone of interrogation. But George Grant kept his eyes on the carpet, while a deep crimson spot mantled on his cheek, and then as suddenly he became pale as death.

"Good God! George," exclaimed the uncle; "and is it possible that this can be true?" and the old man seemed overpowered with grief and vexation, and leaning back in his chair covered his face with his hands.

There was a pause of some minutes, during which neither looked at the other. At last George rose up, and approaching the old man's chair took his hand, and exclaimed,

"My uncle, my friend, my father in everything, forgive me; it is true—too true—and all the money you so generously gave me has been spent—lost—squandered away at the gaming table. Heaven knows I have suffered much to conceal it from you, because your goodness and kindness to me makes the misery more than tenfold the more felt. But forgive me, and I will change my course—my error. I will give up my associates, and show by my conduct that I am deserving of being your son."

"Enough, enough," cried Mr. Bellamy; "only let me be assured that you will give up this fault, nay, this sin and vice, and I am confident you will be the fine, open-hearted character as a man that you possessed as a boy. My nephew, my son, hear me;" and he motioned him to sit down by his side. "He who begins with one vice must needs go on with another, and no sin is so productive of pernicious results as gambling; it leads to drunkenness and other sins much more detestable; it stamps your character with a foul blot which years of expiation cannot erase, for it is robbery—nothing else; and think of the misery that it involves! But I am not going to give you a lecture, when I am sure that mere chance and not error of principles gave birth to the sin. Your assurance to give it up is enough. Only let me know what will relieve your difficulties, and then we'll dismiss the subject for ever."

George Grant was deeply affected; he named a sum comparatively small, and Mr. Bellamy immediately gave him a check for the amount required, and their conversation turned on other topics.

"I say, George," said his uncle, as he was about to leave the room, "I was almost forgetting to tell you a most important matter that concerns you much. The Duke of N—— asked me to-day, as a particular favour, that I would entreat you to stand for the Borough of L——. He knows your ideas on politics pretty well, it seems, for he said he would require no pledges from you if you would accept his offer, but that you might vote just as you would, for he was sure you would vote on the right side of the question whichever way you went, which, by the by, I can tell you is no small compliment from his grace, for he is not given to flattery much. Well, you must think over it," said he, "and let me know as soon as possible, for the election takes place in a fortnight; so good evening to you, George, and pray commend me to the fair Miss Greville;" and with a gay nod, which was returned, his nephew departed.

It were difficult to analyze George Grant's feelings as he drove from his uncle's house in the west-end to Almack's; and if his countenance could have been seen in the dark gloominess of the night, it would have presented a fine subject for the philosopher to translate. A smile of joy and then a shade would pass over it, as if gladness, mingled with regret for the past, were blended in one.

As he went along he thought of the kindness of his good uncle Bellamy, his own guiltiness, and the smiles of Annie Greville. At the thought of her a smile first and then a cloud came over his face. What if she should have heard of his gambling propensities would she think of him? and a chill feeling oppressed his heart. But again, if she did not know it, should he tell her and throw himself on her mercy? But then he had never told her he loved her, though every glance, every look, every smile of hers had been treasured up in his heart to increase his passion. And what if she should say him nay? But such a thought was madness; he knew, he hoped, she loved him; yet how could he be assured of the fact? and he racked his brains to devise some way by which he might find out the state of her feelings towards him. Certainly they rode out, they danced, they talked together every day of their lives, but what was that? did not others do the same? And, like all lovers, he was blind, and could not, or would not, see that on him, and on him alone, beamed the smiles of the noble girl. How often we willingly deceive ourselves, and how often do we receive the punishment it deserves!

By the time he had reached the rooms he was himself again—the gay, gallant, handsome George Grant, for whose attention

many a heart beat high, as his fine form moved in graceful ease along the crowded rooms until his eye caught the object of his search, and he became perdu amongst a crowd of others almost as gay and gallant as himself.

Before he reached Almack's, however, he had made one resolution, to which he meant strictly to adhere—that he would give up one and all of his Crockford associates, even his most intimate of intimates, Henley, for fear he might be drawn into a vice his inclinations prompted but his principles forbade him to indulge; so that when Henley came to greet him in his usual cordial manner, he was somewhat surprised, but attributed it to his not being favoured so highly as usual by Miss Greville, to whom every one by this time knew he was paying most desperate court.

The session in Parliament, owing to unforeseen circumstances, involving matters of mighty importance, had opened earlier than usual, and consequently the season of London gaiety was ushered in somewhat before its wonted period; indeed, Almack's had opened so soon as the latter end of February, instead of its usual time in April, and this will in some measure account for the introduction of our tale at so early a season of the year. Ministers were very active, having to withstand a formidable opposition with scarce a majority of votes in their favour, so that the compliment paid by the Duke of N—— to Mr. Bellamy's nephew was of no mean character, and Mr. Grant, on taking his seat on the opposition benches, thereby making the numbers on both sides so exactly equal that the non-attendance of even a single member on the ministerial side would have proved fatal to their party, showed that his patron had not been deceived in the man he chose as the representative of his borough.

Eventually, by the perseverance of the opposition, the ministry, which had so long been an incumbrance on the country, was forced to resign, and George Grant found himself on the treasury benches, pouring out, night after night, a flood of rich eloquence that had not enlightened the house since the days of Canning.

All this was very gratifying to his friends and connections, but to none more so than to his good uncle, Mr. Bellamy, his guardian and the author of all his good fortune and future prospects. Need we add that there was still one more heart that beat high with emotions of pleasure at his success? Yes, at her own home, in the quiet of her own room, and with no eye prying upon her secret thoughts, there she sat with a printed paper containing *his* last speech, in her hands, reading it with devouring looks, while every now and then a deep blush would rise on those fair cheeks, and mantle even to her lily brow, as she read ever and anon some high-wrought passage or noble sentiment of her beloved.

"And well thou deservest the love of woman, and of one far superior to myself," said she to herself, with an expression of pride

and pleasure, "for thou hast proved thyself great, and good, and noble; thou hast confessed thy errors, which is the surest way of amending them, and thou hast acted as a high-minded man of principle only acts; thou hast shown thyself a zealot for the love of thy country!" and her beautiful countenance was lit up with a smile, that had George Grant seen it and known its cause would have brought him at her feet in a moment. But George Grant did not see it; he knew he loved her—oh, so much—and he thought, but he did not assure himself, that she returned his love. And why did he not? What was the sensation that prevented him from making his attachment known to her? Was there anything pleasurable to him in keeping the secret to himself, and not letting her share it, though she well knew, doubtless, that some day it would be divulged. No, but because he did not yet believe himself deserving of her, till he had proved himself in some measure worthy, by an ordeal he had imposed on himself as a punishment for his previous error—and so he was silent.

No. II.

Place man where you will, if by the circumstances of his position he is rendered powerless and dormant for awhile, whether by his own will or the superiority of another, he will only become more energetic and active when released from the chains that accident wove around him. The wily spider may entice into its intricate web the poor fly that hovers around it in gloating delight, yet peradventure some portion of the fragile net may be insecure, the little insect will make its escape through it, and again regain its liberty. But ten chances to one, like the bird fascinated by the irresistible glance of the deadly rattlesnake, it will return to its former haunts and fall a victim to its temerity. So it is with human nature; insatiate desire, avarice, love, envy, a thirst for novelty, or a sense of emulation, all kinds of wild and wavering passions, tossing the spirit to and fro like the waves of the ocean storm, agitate and rule us. Go where you will, from the icy regions of the northern pole to where the warm zephyrs breathe upon you pleasantly in a southern clime, every action of man is decided by some motive or passion, hidden perhaps from human observation, but for all that, acting as an under current by which their desires are effected, not palpable to the human eye, but still in their power working on towards the full consummation of their destined objects. So it was with George Grant, and that in a twofold point of view, as will be seen by the sequel of our story. He was a man alike gifted to do a vast deal of good or a vast deal of

mischief to mankind. Had he been influenced by many evil passions in his walk through life, what with his intellectual superiority and engaging manners, he would have appeared all fair without, yet a hell within! but, as we have already observed, he had only one vice, and that of a temporary nature. The fault of being influenced by a desire for novelty, and a love of emulation, mingled with a nature too prone to follow its own impulses without placing any check upon the excitements that indulgence in such enticing pleasures always make. It was not so much that he gamed for the sake of gaming as that he wished to be foremost in every new exertion that offered itself, and consequently, though a vice in reality which no excuse could justify, it was scarcely one in him, though certainly a reprehensible error.

But these remarks are perhaps premature, so we will return to the thread of our tale. The session that had been so active and laborious, and in which Grant had made so brilliant a display of his political and oratorical abilities, had drawn to a close, and most of the fashion of London had retired to enjoy a quiet autumnal life in the country, though we all know that the country amongst the haut ton in England is as busy and bustling as that in town. Some had gone to the Spas, others to the moors or highlands, and the remainder had betaken themselves to the more brilliant scenes of the continent, to gain, as is said, a "knowledge of the world," by a hurried visit to every place worth seeing in Germany, France, and Italy.

Amongst the latter we must number our fair friend, Annie Greville, who with her rich sire had determined to spend the autumn and winter in Italy, intending to visit Genoa, Florence, Rome, and Naples in succession. By a tacit understanding it was expected that George Grant would meet them at one of the above places; for although no open declaration had yet taken place, it was pretty well understood on what footing matters rested, and consequently the young orator knew he would be no unwelcome compagnon de voyage were he to introduce himself to them at any particular stage of their tour; for himself, he would have wished to have started in their suite, but as his uncle, Mr. Bellamy, made some objection to his leaving him so long alone, he determined to follow their track as soon as he could get away, which he hoped would not be long, for we all know how impatient love is. It was not, however, before the middle of September that he set out on his journey, and after hurrying through France and Savoy, so rapidly indeed as to excite the suspicion of that most suspicious of all people, the French police, he arrived at the beginning of October in Rome, where he found Mr. and Miss Greville had taken up their quarters for two months at the Palazzo di Retoma, which knowledge determined him to secure convenient apartments at no great distance from the spot where all his hopes lay centered.

What can be more beautiful than mellow autumn, beneath the blue of an Italian sky? The genial warmth, the refreshing breeze, the lovely scenery of hill and dale, or I should say of mountain and valley; the green woods and varied landscape, nature herself decked out in "flowers of all hues" as with a wedding garment to bid every coming guest welcome, and to enjoy her bounteous smiles. These are the beauties that cast a spell over one, and soothe an agitated mind more than all the consolations of a thousand friends. But when the heart needs no such consolation; when it whispers to itself, "I am happy," and sees all things around it smiling and happy, also what an ocean of delight to turn oneself from the cares and anxieties of this chequered world, and give oneself up to one short hour's delightful contemplation of the gift that man could never have produced, but for which he oweth such deep gratitude to his Creator for bestowing upon him. If, then, to moderately endowed beings the beauties of nature in her gayest array give rise to pleasurable emotions, how much more ecstatic must have been the feelings that agitate the bosom of so intellectual and lovely a creature as Annie Greville, as she strolled or rode amidst the magnificent scenery that lay around Rome, here and there interspersed with some noble building or ancient ruin. Accompanied by her father and Mr. Grant, she could have wept in silent joy at the happiness that such scenes awakened; and her refined taste and sensitive feelings were alive to every object of interest that rose before her. Yet amidst all this silent joy there was still that indescribable something, an expression at times even mournful, that told of some hidden thoughts that required to be made known, some to be satisfied, some vacuum to be filled up. It was not long to remain thus, and the picture was destined for a short time to be made complete.

It was arranged that the trio should pay a visit during the second week of their stay at Rome, to the ancient ruins of the still beautiful though degenerate town of Tivoli, some seventeen miles from the city. Accordingly on the following Wednesday they set out early in Mr. Greville's travelling carriage to spend a day in rambling over the spot so noted for the residence of the ancient Roman nobles, as Frascati is now by the moderns. They had chosen a lovely autumnal day for the excursion; the brilliant sun poured down its warm rays, tempered by a soft whispering breeze that seemed to bid them court its fragrant breath by the enticing and almost imperceptible way in which it stole on the delightful senses. Many objects of interest met their eye as they passed through the fertile regions of the Campagna di Roma; but as ours is not so much a description of other lands as our intention is to pourtray the true history of certain individuals, we will pass over what they observed during their ride until they reached Tivoli itself. There they halted at the only inn—wretched

enough in all conscience—that the now poor town afforded; and after partaking of refreshments and resting awhile, they issued forth to examine the many ruins that lay in and about the place. The two statues of Isio in the miserable market-place first attracted their attention; they then visited the magnificent ruins of the palace built by the Emperor Adrian, and wandered for awhile along the pleasant banks of the Teverone, once called the Anio; this occupied some time, and as Mr. and Miss Greville felt somewhat fatigued, they returned to the inn, though George Grant would gladly have wandered for ever with the beautiful being that rested on his arm. In the afternoon, however, they proposed going to the Cascade and the Sybil's temple, both objects of deep interest to lovers of ancient lore. As the temple was some distance from the house, and no carriage could be brought near it, for there was nothing now but a footpath for pedestrians; not to exert the strength of the weaker of the party too much, they strolled leisurely along, resting every now and then on some grassy mount, rendered fragrant by the most beautiful flowers growing thereon. And oh how happy that lovely creature and manly countenance looked as they moved forward arm in arm, the old man following silently by their side, himself in rapture with all he saw, whilst each gazed with wonder and delight on the lovely scene around them, as they beheld from the lofty eminence on which Tivoli stands, the sunny lands of Italy in all its beauty.

By the time they reached the object of their search, the short autumnal day was closing in. As the air was warm, however, and the sky had been unclouded all the morning, they felt no apprehension from the evening chill. But as they gained the summit of the temple, and beheld with increased admiration a scene more magnificent than they had hitherto enjoyed, a dark cloud from the south was observed by all three looking black and gloomy as if it were the precursor of some impending storm; they consulted together for a minute, and agreed to make the best of their way back immediately, much to the discomfort of our hero, for he had hoped to have enjoyed that most wished for of all things by an ardent lover, a walk home by moonlight. And who would not wish for such a pleasure in an Italian clime? They hastened down, then, as quickly as possible, but before they had reached the entrance the sky had become overcast and a distant rumbling noise bid them prepare for a coming storm, which in these regions so suddenly overtakes the unwary.

"Let us make haste and find some place of shelter," exclaimed Mr. Greville, hastening forward, for the Sybil's temple was perfectly roofless. George Grant looked hastily round, a fissure he had not observed before met his eyes; he pointed to it, and led Miss Greville towards it. It was the entrance to a small arched cavern by the descent of a few steps, perhaps the penetralia, or a

part of the ancient edifice, or an apartment for the use of the priestess, who was constantly in attendance at the temple. They had not descended two steps, however, before a vivid flash of lightning arrested their progress, almost blinding them, and making them recoil in terror. Involuntarily Miss Greville clung closer to her companion; and then followed the roar of as a thousand cannon let off at once, that shook the building as if it would bring it down upon their defenceless heads, and re-echoed along the gloomy cavern into which Grant had succeeded in bearing his fair unresisting companion, with a dull dead sound that did not tend to quiet the alarm of Miss Greville. The flashes and thunder continued incessant, and George Grant almost unconscious of what he did, drew his arm round the form of his lovely companion as if to support her, and in his anxiety and alarm for her safety, poured forth the most fervent expressions of love and affection. "Oh, Annie, Annie, tell me you are safe—are unhurt, and I will pour out to you my whole heart's love. Annie, Annie—sweetest, dearest, best and noblest of creatures, how I love you. Oh, I never knew till now, when peril and danger hover over you, when one stroke of that awful fire might separate us for ever, how much—how very much I love you. Hear me, sweetest one, whilst I tell you how long, how ardently I have longed for this hour, when I might declare to you that on you, on your love depend all my happiness, present and to come. And oh, Annie, if you will vouchsafe one word of kindness to him who would devote his whole life to serve you, to love, esteem, and adore you, you would make him immeasurably happy—oh, so happy;" and in his transport of emotion he imprinted a fervent kiss on her lips, and then gazed silently, expectantly in her face, still holding her in his arms.

For awhile she moved not; then she turned deadly pale, and anon a crimson blush overspread her lovely countenance—a tear, a solitary tear glistened in her eye; she was evidently combating with deep emotions, which would not allow her to utter a syllable. At last she opened her dark, deep eyes, and fixing them upon him with a look that thrilled his very heart's core, she uttered in a low, soft tone, while a smile of inexpressible joy lighted up her beautiful face, "George, I am thine!" And he clasped her to his heart.

And there they stood, gazing at each other with looks of the fondest love and affection, their hands clasped one in the other's, with looks of unutterable happiness, all unconscious of the dreadful storm that was raging around them. What cared they for the raging of the elements? they loved each other, and that was enough. Oh! that mutual look, so deep, so devoted, so full of the most fervent and impassioned affection—a look so blended with perfect love, joy, and delight—it would have warmed the coldest heart could its owner but have gazed upon them. And oh! the

raptures of that hour to both! But we must not dwell on these circumstances—a thousand others have pourtrayed them better than we—so we will throw a veil over what they said to each other, or what they thought, or what they did.

The storm had ceased, and they were startled from their undisturbed state of happiness by a loud halloo, calling upon their names; they exchanged one more token of affection, and then issued forth to answer the summons. On quitting the place whither they had taken refuge, they found Mr. Greville and two attendants in search for them, with shawls and cloak for Miss Greville, which the chillness of the evening, produced by the sudden and cooling storm, had rendered necessary. It was now nearly seven o'clock, and the full moon had risen, giving to the scene an appearance the most vivid imagination can picture to itself; lighting up with its silvery light the ancient temple and the foaming cascade, which could be seen at a little distance reflecting its rays like a thousand diamonds sparkling in some fairy scene of splendour; and Miss Greville and her lover involuntarily paused, as the scene broke upon them, to admire in silence what so well harmonized with their own thoughts. As Mr. Greville welcomed them with joy, he could not but observe traces of agitation on the faces of both, though it was far from being of a distressing character. He looked inquisitively from one to the other, but put no verbal question to either; the glance was sufficient to tell him what had happened, and a smile of deep satisfaction stole over his face as he turned to lead the way home, leaving the two lovers to follow at their leisure, only bidding them haste for fear the night-damp might prove injurious. Bless thee, Annie Greville! Heaven bless thee, and continue to pour its choicest blessings on thy innocent head! Thy heart is in its right place, and thou hast made two persons inexpressibly happy—the one by the gratification he feels at thy having approved him whom he would himself have chosen for thee hadst thou asked it of him, the other by the gift of thy hand and heart. Heaven forefend that ill or woe ever betide thee, or sorrow, even though momentary, ruffle the stream of thy happy existence!

It were vain to conjecture what the dreams of the father, the daughter, and the accepted were that night, or to follow them in their blissful wanderings through the most beautiful parts of Italy, for as we were not attendants in their suite we will beg our courteous readers not to expect any detailed or even passing account of their travels in that lovely country. Suffice it to say that they spent the whole of the winter there, that George Grant was obliged to leave early in February to attend his parliamentary duties, and that Mr. and Miss Greville stayed a month in Paris on their way home, which they did not reach till the latter end of April, when they were once more involved in all the gaieties of

the beau monde, Mr. Grant, of course, being their constant attendant; and it was generally understood that the "happy" couple were to be united in the following August. But oh! what a weight of woe was to interrupt their happiness ere that period. A change was indeed to come over the spirit of their dream! They who were now all unconscious of the world around them, alive to each other only, were to be torn and tossed about on the restless sea of misery and sorrow; they were to experience, ere long, the wear and tear, the toil and turmoil, of this life, how seldom the sunshine of a joyous existence was to blaze without a single cloud to darken its rays.

That period of separation, short though it was, had wrought it all, had drawn its victim to yield to its will, and opened a fountain from which the waters of affliction should spring.

We have seen that Grant had, by an unforeseen chain of circumstances, broken through his resolution, and declared his love to Annie Greville before the year of penance which he had inflicted on himself had expired. Such a circumstance was not calculated in his case to prove otherwise than prejudicial to the determination he had formed of resisting to the utmost the dangerous propensity in which he had the year before indulged himself to a degree little short of excess; and his separation from her he loved so well had led him to look about for amusement to lull the impatience he felt to once more bask in the sunshine of her presence. His political avocations occupied a good deal of his time, as he was inclined to be what is called a busy member; but then there were periods, and those of frequent occurrence, when his time hung heavily on his hands; for not now, as formerly, were books his chief delight—nay, they seemed insipid and dull, and he wanted more active and exciting modes of pleasure. Need we add, then, that after frequent and resolute refusals he was at last prevailed upon by his friend Henley to accompany him to Crockford's, merely, as the latter said, to give him his company and advice, he would not be forced to join in the amusements that were going on there; though he well knew that if George Grant staid long enough his eager temperament would not allow him to be an idle spectator merely. And he judged rightly; we shall see the fearful consequences of his imprudence presently.

It was opera night, and Lablache had assembled one of the finest corps ever heard or seen for the season of the year 1843. The house was crowded from the highest gallery to the utmost extremes of the parterre; expectation was on the qui vive, for Tamburini was to make his debût that night, and all the beauty and the gallantry of the haut ton had gathered together to hear his thrilling notes; and the dress circle presented one blaze of beauty, all eager to hear one of whom they had heard so much.

Amongst them all none shone so lovely as Annie Greville. She was sitting in the Countess St. Aubyn's box, attentively listening, in perfect rapture, to that sweetest of all sweet airs, "La Somnambula," entirely regardless of everything but the beautiful music that rung so softly upon her ear. She was leaning motionless her fair head on her right hand, gazing earnestly towards the stage; the dulcet minstrel was warbling for the second time one of his favourite songs, thrilling, deep-toned, and melodious, when suddenly she was aroused from her delightful reverie by a noise in the box adjoining. She had her back turned towards it; she involuntarily listened as she heard the name of Grant pronounced, and then a general laugh followed its utterance. The conversation was carried on in somewhat a loud tone, so that she could easily hear what was said.

"So, Henley," said a voice which she knew to be that of the Duke of Portland, "you have persuaded the fox to come out of his hiding-place at last, and join us once more; well, of all the pleasant companions I know, George is the fellow for me."

"Yes," said the other, "but I had to use all my arguments short of force to prevail on him to come. But I thought it a pity such a good fellow should be lost to society like ours," and he uttered a laugh to which there was a general response.

"Well, you were right, only I wish he would play a little better; but I suppose his affaire de cœur has put such things out of his head. He must have lost to the tune of eight hundred last night. How chagrined he looked! but I don't think it was for the loss of the money, but because he lost it so clumsily. By the by where is he to-night? I don't see him here, and surely Miss . . . ."

"Hush!" and he whispered something in the duke's ear which was inaudible. "I think I heard him say he must be at the House to-night, but that he would get away as soon as he could to the opera."

"A smart speaker, eh?" returned the duke. And here some one entering the box put an end to the conversation.

Miss Greville turned very pale; she felt faint and sick at heart, and leaned back lest her emotions should excite observation; but the countess was too deeply engaged in earnest conversation with an officer in an aide-de-camp attire to notice her agitation, and, besides herself, they were the only occupants of the box. She felt her head whirl round, and her eyes become dim, and the scene around looked faint and dizzy. She endeavoured to master her feelings, but it was not until the end of the act that she was again capable of looking about her. She wished her father, who had just left, promising to return for and take her home, had returned. She felt wholly unequal to enjoy the music or the singing, had it been ten times more entrancing; and, concealing herself from

view as much as possible (for she was conscious of being everywhere an object of attraction), silently longed for the re-appearance of her father. She had just determined to ask the countess to take her home on the plea of a head-ache, when, to her joy, she heard a rap at the door of her box, and Mr. Greville entered. She immediately begged him to take her home as she did not feel very well; and her father, observing her paleness, and attributing it to the heat and excitement of the scene, acquiesced and led her to her carriage.

As they were going through the lobby they were met by George Grant, and to him Mr. Greville committed the care of escorting his daughter, saying he wished to say a few words to a friend on the other side of the house. She would have given worlds not to have met him at that precise moment, much more to be left alone with him. George Grant looked surprised at her quitting so early, and feeling her arm tremble as he drew it within his, exclaimed,

"Why, Annie, you look pale, you cannot be well! What, in Heaven's name, is the matter?"

She constrained her feelings, and replying almost inaudibly that she felt a little faint, requested he would take her to her carriage as quickly as possible. As she drove off and gazed mournfully on his handsome figure as it retreated once more into the house, she drew a deep, convulsive sigh, and thought to herself, "And he is a gambler!"

(To be concluded in our next.)

SPRING.

Look all around thee! How the spring advances!
New life is playing through the gay, green trees;
See how, in yonder bower, the light leaf dances
To the bird's tread, and to the quivering breeze!
How every blossom in the sunlight glances!
The winter-frost to his dark cavern flees,
And earth, fresh waken'd, feels through every vein
The kindling influence of the vernal rain.

Now silvery streamlets from the mountain stealing,
Dance joyously the verdant vales along;
Cold fear no more the songster's tongue is sealing;
Down in the thick, dark grove is heard his song;
And, all their bright and lovely hues revealing,
A thousand plants the field and forest throng;
Light comes upon the earth in radiant showers,
And mingling rainbows play among the flowers.

PERIODICALS OF THE PAST.

No. I.

We have often thought that a very interesting series of articles might be prepared on the periodical literature of past times. Our view of the way in which this could be best done is to give a brief account of the magazines referred to, accompanying it with one or two of the best specimens of their contents. In endeavouring to carry out this idea, we shall take the forgotten periodicals in our possession at random. The first that comes to hand is "The Englishman's Magazine." It was started in 1831, and only lived six months. It was conducted by the late Mr. A. Pringle, editor of "Friendship's Offering," and author of a popular work on Africa. Mr. Pringle was a strenuous advocate for the abolition of slavery, and identified himself with liberal principles generally. He died six years ago, just when about to go out again to Africa. One of the best articles in his magazine is that entitled

MY LITTLE GREY LANDLORD.

"And you will not go?" said Frank, seizing the knob of the door, and darting a glance of impatience.

"Not for this time. To-morrow is packet day — a number of letters."

"The old song—letters—despatches. Our minister can scarcely have more business than you. You are a strange fellow. Here you come over in a hurry scurry, run the first three days over all the theatres and ball-rooms like a madman, and then immure yourself in one of the dirtiest, shabbiest corners of the most desolate part of London, at an equal distance from Billingsgate and Smithfield."

"Not quite so desolate as you suppose," returned I, pointing at a trio of vagrant minstrels, who were just establishing their perambulatory quarters right beneath my windows.

"Only look," said Frank; but the fiend may look here!—nothing but murky walls to be seen. I pledge you my word, the most lovely day you ever beheld in London. "Confound ye!" added he, running up to the window, and tearing the curtains down.

The trio had begun their concert—an invalid violin, a shattered harp, and an asthmatic flute, sending forth a sort of cacophonic omnibus, to the great delight of a gang of ragamuffins and idlers who clustered around.

"That's the third serenade I have enjoyed this morning. You see, John Bull is becoming quite musical. A German organ and a Scotch

bagpipe have preceded these delightful instruments. If you stay, there may be a chance of hearing more."

"You are insufferable," retorted Frank. "You want me to go. What is it that keeps you? Do you expect anybody? 'Something pleasant to look at,' as our Quaker says."

"Not that I know of."

The trio had in the meanwhile toiled through a skeleton of Weber's hunting chorus, looking anxiously towards the window. A dirty-capped, squaw-like woman, was stretching forth her brown wrists, when an elegant cabriolet came up the narrow lane, and right through the crowd. A young fashionably-dressed man jumped out, knocked at the door, and was, after some delay, admitted.

"Is the visit intended for you?"

"I presume not."

"To whom can it be then?"

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

The minstrels persevered in regaling us with a doleful ditty; but above the shrill sounds of the music arose a cry of fury and terror, declining into a low, pitiful, and fearful moan. A long silence succeeded. The cry seemed to startle even the musicians; they paused, surveyed the windows, and retreated from the pavement. Immediately the gay young man came slowly down stairs; the bolt of the door was unfastened, and he approached the cabriolet. But what a change! The colour had deserted his cheeks—he was pale—he reeled as he mounted the vehicle.

"That's strange," said Frank; "strange indeed. Why, Charles, where are we? Methought—"

"Hush!" said I; for I heard the sound of footsteps. I was not mistaken; a scarcely perceptible touch at the door indicated that some person was outside; it opened, and a head peeped in; it was my landlord.

"Ah, Mr. ——! you have company?"

I seized a couple of newspapers and ran after him. He took them.

"At *two o'clock* you will hear the signal. The *King will dissolve parliament.*"

I shook my head, and returned to my room.

"Who is that fellow?" demanded Frank, with a slight shudder; "as often as I see him an ague overcomes me."

"It is my landlord."

"I know; but who is he—what is he?"

"Hush!—more anon. Are you still bound to Regent's Park?"

"Certainly."

"Well, then, I am at your command."

Frank shook his head, and we descended. We rode on without a word through Holborn. When we arrived at Tottenham Court Road my friend broke silence.

"Charles, your landlord is a singular personage. I should not much like his company."

"Nor do I."

"Why not leave him then?"

"That's another question; but listen."

Frank drew his bridle, and his horse approached mine.

"You remember," said I, "that in 1826-27 I sojourned about eight months in London, and in this very house. It belonged then to the firm of G—— and Co., a mercantile establishment connected with our friends. The concern failed, and this house went over to its present owner. One morning, just as I was on the point of going out to hunt for apartments, this little, grey, thin man entered my room, looked around, and announcing himself, after a long glance at me, as the new proprietor, invited me to reside with him. I did not quite relish his appearance, but I hate moving about, and remained. Every Saturday, at five o'clock, five minutes, five seconds, he came regularly for his thirty shillings, which I had to place on the corner of the table, and for which he left the receipt. There was no intercourse whatever between us for the six months I stayed with him, and when I departed he looked as dry and stale as ever.

"Three days after my arrival last December, a transaction on 'Change kept me the greater part of the day in its vicinity. After I had concluded my business, I returned, but immersed as I was in thought, my steps led me unconsciously towards my old residence. I was already in sight of the house before I discovered my mistake. Curiosity prompted me to inquire after its proprietor. I had not spoken three words to the old woman, when the little grey man came down, grinned slightly, and took me by the hand, pointing up stairs. I followed, and entered my former apartments. Everything stood as I left it, even some papers I had forgotten lay in the same corner.

"'You stay of course again with me,' said the little man, who, turning round abruptly, quitted the room for his own. I moved into his house.

"As I had left him four years before, so I found him again. Not one additional wrinkle. The same withered, ashy features, with their yellow ground, not unlike a silver medal badly gilt. His thin, grey hair carefully combed over his forehead, his visage as impassable as ever, his reddish rabbit eye, protected by the identical dirty green spectacles, his nose as sharp as of old, his lips as meagre as though food had never found its way through them. His very whisper uttered with the same calculating care not to mismanage the stock of his breath. He never talks, he only lisps, and if you speak to him while a carriage is passing he will delay his answer till everything is still, for fear of straining his lungs. Now and then you may hear a noise—a shriek—a cry—a yell in his room, but never his own voice; and, like a spell, this silence has always an unaccountable sudden effect on the most clamorous visitor. A deadly stillness succeeds a moan which resembles the hushing moan of the waves after they have engulphed their victim. He is the most absolute egotist I ever yet have seen. His age is a problem to me.

"During my short stay in Paris (you know I landed at Havre, and spent a couple of weeks in the French capital), I became by chance possessed of a secret of some importance at the period. It was on the second day that I had taken up my abode with him, that he

entered my room to look over my newspapers. He asked me a few questions respecting trade in Paris, and in the course of conversation I gave him some hints as to the stability of a most eminent and flourishing house. The man quailed under my information; I pitied his consternation, and gave him proofs.

"No sooner had he inspected the papers than he grasped my hand, and ran out of the room. Four days afterwards he entered with a ghastly smile, saying, 'You are right—your information is correct—it is still a secret—keep it. It will not be to your loss. Have you two thousand pounds to spare?'

"'No,' said I.

"'Here they are,' returned he. 'The —— stocks are down; in a week they will be up thirty per cent. and more. Buy now, and sell then. But let me see—I will do it for you. I have no use for this money.'

"He kept his word. As he said, so it happened. After the lapse of a week he laid six hundred pounds on my table, the fruit of his whimsically generous speculation. From that time I have lived rent-free in his house, and his confidence in me is almost unlimited. The subsequent day I was admitted, for the first time, to his room. It is a perfect picture of himself. Every piece of furniture worn out, brushed thread-bare, from the bed-cover to the green cloth on his writing-desk. I never yet saw the coals blaze in his grate; they smoke away, smothered into a thick sheet of ashes. He passes his life without making more noise than the ticking of a crazy clock, as regular in his habits as the movements of the pendulum, going down at sunset, and winding up at sunrise."

"I wonder what country may have given birth to this precious anomaly?" asked Frank.

"To judge from his protruding cheek-bones and a slight accent, I should think him a cannie Northman. Whether he has friends or relations I do not know."

"Go on," said Frank; "the account is marvellously interesting."

"His life is a mystery; no one ever enters his room except myself. At eight o'clock he makes his own coffee, the woman bringing him milk and water, and a roll of bread. At ten precisely he comes to look at the papers, over the contents of which he glances with the eye of an eagle. His acquaintance with everything relating to trade, commerce, or credit, is astonishing. At eleven he walks out to return at half-past five. Till this time the man, lost to everything save money concerns, lives in a state of absolute somnambulism; but at half-past five the transmutation of the metal into something like humanity takes place; then you may see him occasionally rubbing his hands, but softly and moderately, with a smile which might give you a nerve fit—his harsh, withered features contracting into ineffable bitterness.

"At six o'clock the woman carries up his dinner, which she places on a small table in the corner of the staircase. Two raps at the door are the sign of her presence. Once she presumed to intrude, but she was well nigh dismissed. Every Monday, at six o'clock, she fetches his linen, which she returns on Saturday at the same hour.

"To save expenses, he himself receives his bills, delivers his cheques, and transacts his business. However, with all his care and prudence, he is not unfrequently his own martyr. Last week I walked round the corner with him, when a sovereign dropped out of his pocket, how I cannot yet conceive. A gentlemanly-dressed man took it up and presented it to him.

"'It is not mine—it is not mine; I never carry gold about me, you may believe me. It is this gentleman's,' whispered he, pointing at me. He was frightened out of his wits.

"I had to take the sovereign in spite of his protestations; for he would never have forgiven me had I left it in the hands of the stranger. His satisfaction when I took it showed that he felt something like a benevolent inclination towards me."

We now had approached Ulster Terrace, which presents so magnificent a range of palace-like houses to the view. It was one of the finest April days. The sun peered from the silvery clouds in bashful joyousness, with just sufficient force to burst the buds of plants and flowers, and yet not strong enough to dry up that humid fragrance which thrills through the English atmosphere, like the tear glistening in the eye of gentlest beauty. I enjoyed the scene fully—a scene so eminently calculated to impress a stranger like myself with the might and grandeur of this noble aristocratic country. As we approached Clarence Terrace the clock struck two. A long-drawn peel of thunder came rolling on the breeze from the south.

"What is that?" said Frank. "It is like the sound of cannon."

I paused. Should it be as my landlord foretold. It was the St. James's guns.

"The King is dissolving Parliament," said I.

"You are joking."

"By no means. Let us hasten down."

We trotted round the corner, and galloped towards Regent Street. Hurry, confusion everywhere increased as we approached Whitehall. It was as the little man had said. England's great, patriotic King—a citizen King in the noblest sense of the words—was hastening to give his people the highest proof of his unbounded confidence—was going to put it in their power to speak to him as a man speaks to man. He was going to dissolve Parliament. We gave a hearty hurrah to the unflinching monarch as he passed by.

"Now, Charles," said Frank, "you go with me and dine with a dozen of our countrymen. We'll have a bumper to his Majesty."

"Not for this time; I must be at home," said I, turning my horse, and pressing his hand.

My little grey landlord filled my head. Where had he got the news, the positive news, of an event which the King himself, probably, knew not at the time when he predicted it so confidently. The man had assumed a fearful importance with me. I hastened up the Strand, gave the stable-boy my horse, and paced home. Mr. Lomond was not in yet. I turned into the street, and paused; something unaccountable stirred within me. I entered the next coffee-house, ordered a hasty nner, and scarcely taking time to finish it, proceeded through the rrow lane towards my residence.

"Is Mr. Lomond at home?"

"Yes."

A secret satisfaction accelerated my steps; I ascended the second staircase. It was dusk already in the street—our house was completely dark—I groped my way, and my hand touched the door.

"Who is there?" asked he, scarcely audible.

I gave my name.

"Come in."

I found my little grey landlord in his arm-chair before his smoking grate, motionless as a statue; his eyes fixed on the mantel-piece, on which stood an old lamp, once bronzed, that threw a pale light over an empty frame garnished with a variety of bills, cheques, accounts, and the like papers. As I looked into his sallow unearthly face, he glanced up, and the rays of the lamp shed a reddish glare upon his features, over which flickered something like a smile.

"Have you heard, Mr. Lomond?" said I—

"I have, and know what you are going to say."

"And what do *you* say?"

He shrugged his shoulders—"I knew it these four weeks."

"These four weeks?"—The tone of my voice was rather doubtful.

"Look here;" said he, pointing to a paper.—It was a transfer of stock-property to a great amount.—Again he relapsed into his former silence.

Does this creature think like other people, said I to myself. Does he know that there is a God? Has he a heart in his bosom? Has he ever felt the influence of love? Does he know any such thing as woman, or happiness? Or is his soul shut up with his bonds and bags in the coffers of the bank, where his better self is assuredly deposited.

"Well, you have made a good business of it?"

"About a thousand pounds," he drily remarked.

"And yet you are as mute and thoughtful as on the day when I gave you my confidential warning."

"That you *have* given, young man," said he, "I have retrieved—saved—nay, gained a great sum through your forewarning. I am still your debtor, I shall pay, rely on it—sooner or later—I shall pay: Lomond is sure."

"Don't speak of it, Mr. Lomond—you have largely paid."

He stretched out his fleshless hand and pressed mine. It lay like a piece of ice on my fingers.

"Have you met with any disappointment, for really you seem to me—"

It was the first time that I ever touched so closely. He cast an inquiring glance at me, and said, after a pause—

"I amuse myself."—

"Amuse yourself?" said I.

He again shrugged his shoulders, and darted a look of pity on me.

"Do you suppose there is no amusement, save that purchased by pounds and guineas in your ball-rooms and party saloons? Do you presume there is no poetry, save that which comes from Murray's or Longman's wholesale shops?"—

Poetry!—This head, thought I, and poetry! but I kept my thoughts to myself.—

"Poetry—brilliant poetry—my young friend;" the first time he had honoured me with this appellation. "Yes, my friend, Byron was never more in his trances than I was just now."

His eyes glittered from behind the green spectacles as he drew up his lips.

"I am sorry then, for having interrupted you."

"Never mind, I am glad you are come.—You shall hear, and from the recital of the events of this morning, you may, in some measure, be enabled to form an idea—but let us see."

So saying, he arose and rang the bell. We sat for awhile without speaking a word, for the woman's heavy steps were heard upon the stairs.

"One of the bottles with the ducal coronet, and two tumblers," he said. Again a pause. After some minutes the attendant came up; he went towards the door through which she held the bottle, and he handed it to me with a cork-screw.

"Fill the glasses. The king has no equal to this Madeira in his cellars."

"I never have tasted the king's wine, but this I am sure is the best that ever reached my lips."

"This morning," he began, after having sipped at his tumbler, "I had only three bills to present. Of the rest I had disposed yesterday. The first of these three bills had been handed to me by a hanger-on of the exquisites or exclusives of our capital—a frequenter of Crockford's, whose transition will be Newgate, and finally the halter. I have set him down for January, 1832. He came in a cabriolet; the bill was signed by his Grace of ——, a trifle of £3000 lost and won, as is the fashion. The second of my bills came through a fine young dasher, who sported a tilbury, a most elegant fashionable. His scrap again was signed by one of our most charming women, the wife of a baronet, of good property, but somewhat embarrassed; this bill was for £200. How the signature came upon it, I guessed, but that's not the purpose. The third, for £100, was to be honoured likewise by a lady—for the signature showed a Maria ——. It reached me through a linendraper.

"The first object of my visit lives—you know where. The second occupies a fashionable mansion in ——— Square; the third I was to find in one of the fag-ends of our bloated city—Chelsea.

"If you knew the conjectures which crossed my brain on leaving home. These two women. What overtures, what anxiety, what tremors, what palpitations. How condescendingly they would press my hands—nay, offer gifts—gifts."—The grey man darted a glance at me, which chilled my veins.

"Two hundred pounds are a trifle, comparatively speaking; but what might a woman not do for them, if pressed hard. While I, cold—ice-cold, stern, disdainful, would stand before her like the avenger of blood, seize her with the gripe of justice—but let us on—I respect rank, and my first visit, therefore, was paid to his Grace of ——.

"I entered the gorgeous mansion, freshed up with some assistance

of my purse too—repaid—however—repaid. Times were once a little more prosperous in that quarter—the range wider. Things have changed—you comprehend—.

I nodded.

"On I passed through the court-yard, the colonnade, when I was arrested by a grinning, yawning, gold-laced varlet, who handed me over to a fellow-idler, who again sent me forward to another; all of them grinning and jibing at me.

"'His —— has not arisen yet,' said a powdered man.

"'When can I see him?'

"'That is uncertain.'

"'My name is Lomond; I shall be here at three o'clock.'

"'Stop a moment,' said the minion, quailing a little under my determined look, 'I shall see.'

"I looked through the colonnade of the entrance. The fellow came down with a courtly, almost humble smirk. 'His —— is at leisure—please to walk up.'

"I ascended the stairs, entered a magnificent drawing-room, and was ushered into a suite of apartments, each of them furnished with regal splendour. Just as I passed through, a figure was coming up from a back entrance of the mansion, who shrunk behind a door as soon as he caught a glimpse of me. However, he had not escaped me; it was the A——n A——, that prince of coxcombs and profligates. Ah, thought I, does the wind blow from this quarter? but a door opened, and towards poor Mr. Lomond advanced, who should it be—but his Grace of ——himself!' 'Be brief, Mr. Lomond,' said the mighty man, 'my time is precious.' I drew my bill from my pocket-book, and held it towards him. His —— is said to be unyielding—hard as iron—but he flinched a little, I can assure you.

"'Ah, dear Mr. Lomond! three thousand pounds? The rascal was very quick, indeed; I hope, however, Mr. Lomond—dear Mr. Lomond (I was *dear*, do you understand), I hope,' continued his ——, 'you will wait a couple of days.'

"'Till three o'clock precisely;' and I put my bill again into my pocket-book.

"'Till three o'clock,' muttered his ——, 'till three o'clock! Why that's little more than three hours.'

"'Exactly.'

"'You would not—you would not.' The iron frame, methought, shook.

"'Were it an emperor I should not hesitate, if he refused acceptance.'

"At this moment the *valet-de-chambre* whispered something into the ear of his —— relating to the visitor I mentioned.

"'Ah, well, very well; I am at his command. All is right, Mr. Lomond; at three then I shall have the pleasure ——.' The patrician's imperturbable countenance brightened up as I retreated.

"My second visit was to the beautiful Lady N——. It just struck twelve when I entered the hall. Her ladyship, I was told, was still in bed; she could not be seen.

"'When can I come then?'

"'At two o'clock.'

"'My name is Lomond. Tell her my name, I shall be here at two o'clock,' and I went away. My course lay down Chelsea, through King's Road, into one of the lanes, where a carriage is seldom or never seen. The cottage which I had to discover, was retired in a nook, pleasantly sheltered from the whirlwind of fashion and dissipation. I was admitted into the cheerful dwelling by a cleanly-dressed woman, who showed me up stairs into a neat drawing-room. Nothing can be more inviting than these abodes of our less wealthy fellow-citizens: this was a sample of the very best. No richness, no luxury, but everything pretty and sparkling and convenient; I am a friend to order and cleanliness, and there I met it to my heart's content. Not the least trace of dust: there was an air of modesty, of noble simplicity, of virtue, in the room; true English, home-bred virtue. I drew a deep sigh. On a sofa lay a prayer-book and a Bible, with some needle-work; on a working table, some linen; everything white as snow. The door opened, and a girl, about eighteen, came out of a bed-room, from which a distressful coughing was heard. It was a sweet, delightful creature."

The man paused, and took his glass and emptied it.

"Fill, my young friend, to her health; I should like to see you carry off this prize."

"I?"

"Stop, let us go on. She was dressed simply, but with extreme taste; her fair hair was arched, in two beautiful clusters, above her temples. One is seldom permitted to enjoy such a sight."

I emptied the tumbler.

"The girl stood a second or two looking at me before she said, 'My mother is very sorry, but she is confined to bed.' I then presented her the bill; she stepped into the next room, and returned soon after with a cheque on the banking house of —— and Co.

"'If, Miss, should perhaps—you understand me?' I said.

"'I do not;' replied the girl, with an inquiring glance.

"'If the payment should fall heavy upon you, I can and will wait.'

"'It fell hard; but my mother is better—no, no,' she added, and retreated a few paces, as if afraid of me.

"I was touched—really touched. I felt almost as though I ought to leave the hundred pounds behind; but, on second thought, I deemed it better to put it into my pocket-book. She works hard to keep herself and her mother in something like respectability. A hundred pounds thrown in her way in such a manner, what mischief might it not create? One must consider everything—why she might have a cousin, or some such connection, who would fain drive his poney—or the hundred pounds might find their road into one of the thousand craters of French millinery. No—wiser to leave her as she was. She is the daughter of a mercantile gentleman who failed some years ago, and the remains of whose fortune are locked up in Chancery. *Apropos*, this Chancery business—it would be a pity if Brougham should succeed in curtailing so salutary an institution. It has brought many a thousand pounds into my coffers. Truly that girl would make a fine wife for you, young man—but let us proceed. When I regained the King's

Road, the clock struck one. I looked for some time at the caricature shops, and at two found myself in —— Square. I mounted the stairs of my lady's mansion, leaving, with every step, a foot imprinted into the Brussels carpet. That pleases me. I was desired by the servant to wait a moment, and seated myself in one of the gilded arm-chairs.

"'Her ladyship has just rung the bell for the first time,' said the waiting maid, with an air of importance. 'I scarcely believe Mr.—what is his name? will be admitted.'

"'Tell her ladyship my name.'

"She came in a few moments, and in a hurry, as it seemed, beckoning and running before me. I was ushered into a splendid apartment—the door opened to a second, and out came a woman. No—I shall not easily forget her—and how I saw her, and when, and where—there, young man, where no mortal will behold her, save her husband—in a state—but hear. Over her bare shoulders she had flung, in the hurry of the moment, a precious *cachemire*, into which she shrouded herself so anxiously, that her fine proportions were developed everywhere. She was dressed in a *peignoir* white as snow. Her auburn hair escaped luxuriantly from a *madras*, ingeniously wound round her head, *à la Creole*—(by the by, I once kept a large assortment of French goods). The half-open door presented a *coup d'œil* for which a painter would have given the world. The bed was thrown into the most picturesque confusion. Her dreams must have been very violent—a snowy pillow lay at the foot; the blue silken coverlet, garnished with white lace, was half flung on the carpet. Behind one of the lion-jaws carved into the foot of the *acajou* bed lay a white satin shoe; another straggled further off. Over a gilded chair dangled a robe crumpled into shapelessness; stockings, which a breath might have wafted away, were slung round a screen; flowers, bracelets, gloves, garters, and girdles were strewed all over the room. She must have hurried to bed without the attendance of her maid; all was luxury and disorder. A vague, voluptuous odour pervaded the apartment. As these vanities lay scattered before me, I could not restrain a smile of pity. In their proper places they might have driven a dozen of men into delirium; here they gave strong indications of passion—of reckless passion, with misery and shame, scorn and utter desolation, close on the heels—nay, they lurked already beneath the bronzed eyelids of her ladyship. She was an exquisite piece of workmanship—the very image of passion—wild, overpowering, restless, careering on to destruction."

The man cast a feverish glance at me.

"Her eyes sparkled with a sleepy fire—she resembled one of the Herodiades, whom we owe to Leonardo da Vinci—(I have dealt in pictures, too). Yes, a powerful woman she was; a matured form of beauty, with a tropical haze around her—nothing mean—all noble, her colour, her traits, her very paleness lighted up here and there by red streaks; they all showed fire and love; and yet she seemed stronger even than love. She made a deep impression on me. My heart beat almost. It is long since it beat last. I was already paid; for what are two hundred pounds for a sensation?—a sensation which recalls our sweetest hours before expiring phantasy!

"'Mr. Lomond,' she said, 'will you please to take a chair? Will you be so good as to wait?'

"'Till to-morrow noon, Madam,' I answered, folding up the bill which I had presented to her; 'till to-morrow noon; then we shall see further.'

"My glance must have told her what was passing within me. Pshaw! thought I, pay for thy luxury—pay for thy happiness, thy dissipation, the monopoly which thou exercisest. For the hapless wretch whom thy fastidious eye scorns to look upon, there is Bow Street and Newgate, and its juries and judges, and the gallows; but thou who reposest on silk and lace, for thee are the scorpions of shame, and the world's sneer and contempt.

"'*A protest!*' said the beautiful woman; 'Mr. Lomond, you cannot be so cruel—so utterly—Mr. Lomond!——'

"Her words were interrupted by a rap at the door.

"'Not at present! not at present!' ejaculated she; 'I am engaged; I am not at leisure,' she added, imperiously.

"'Caroline! I *must* see you,' said a manly voice.

"'Impossible, my dear,' returned she, in a softer, but still very positive tone.

"'You are not in earnest? Who is it whom you talk with?' and with these words the door opened, and a middle-aged gentleman walked in. The lady cast a beseeching glance at me. I understood it. She was my slave. Ah! there was a time when I would have been fool enough *not* to *protest*.

"'Who is this man?' asked the baronet, measuring me from head to foot.

"'My upholsterer, Mr. ——.' The brow of her ladyship began to darken. She hesitated—she advanced.

"The baronet cast another glance at me, and then turned towards the window. The bill was still in my grasp, gaping most unmercifully at the beauty. At this direful sight she hurried towards me, and, with a broken whisper, pressed a diamond into my hand. 'Take it and go. Go, for heaven's sake!'

"I glanced at the jewel, slipped the bill between the fingers of her ladyship, and turned away.

"The diamond was worth full three hundred. When I descended I found two brilliant carriages for her ladyship; a couple of liveried loungers brushed their coats, a third stood gaping and laughing. Ah, look! said I to myself, what leads these people to my poor house; what brings the duke and the marquis, the earl and the viscount before my door in the shape of supplicants; what makes them lose hundreds of thousands, and brings women to betray their husbands, men their country and themselves? They must live in style and extravagance! —just as I was thus meditating, there arrived in his elegant tilbury, the young man who had transferred the bill to me.

"'Sir,' I said, as he alighted, 'here is one hundred pounds. You will be so good as to deliver it into the hands of her ladyship, and you will at the same time be pleased to tell her, that I shall keep the diamond at her disposal until next Wednesday at two o'clock, should she be inclined to redeem the pledge.'

"The youth took the hundred pound note, a sardonic smile playing over his countenance.

"'Ah! she has paid then, has she? All the better.'

"This smile, these words, they said everything. Her ladyship was already *perdita!*

"And now I passed to the mansion of his Grace of ——; half-a-dozen of gold-laced servants marshalled my way, and I entered the *sanctuarium* of the duke. Everything sumptuous, but stern, like the possessor; yet dissipation was gleaming through.

"His Grace kept his seat, and presented me with a cheque on—on—No, I cannot mention it! but the cheque—— While his keen eye rested on me, I remained, to appearance, cold and indifferent.

"'You understand me, Mr. Lomond? I shall perhaps want you soon again.' He put his finger on his lips. 'Can you be silent?'

"I knew where the wind blew from. I knew what had passed—what was to come. The high and mighty heads across the channel have some interest in 'the Question' at issue—A great interest. They, too, club their share, and —— —— is the instrument. Part of it might surely go to the conveyancer to discharge some trifling debts of honour—trifles of ten or twenty thousand.

"Mr. Lomond!" said I, in amazement.

The man continued.—"His Grace was in my power—is still in my power, this cheque must bear interest for every hour. I am offered by the banker four thousand already. Do you understand now, young man, why I mused?"

My landlord paused, laid his green spectacles on the table, his ghastly countenance expanded, his reddish eyes hung with a chilling glare upon me.

"Do you now understand my pleasures?" said he, with a rising voice—the first time I had heard him raise his voice. "Do you reckon it nothing, to penetrate into the innermost recesses of the human heart, to read the crooked counsels of statesmen, to lay bare the most hidden folds of society, to have placed before one's eyes the life of the proudest-born, of the brave, the crafty, and the beautiful, in utter nakedness and in utter helplessness. These scenes, ever shifting, ever varying, in a thousand and a thousand ways; those hideous gamblings, those despairing joys and bootless ravings, which lead to the scaffold, those hysteric laughs of despair, those frantic festivals of dissipation green and gay. Now a father, who cuts his throat because he can no longer endure the cries of his starving children; again, a woman who offers the very jewel for which she has bartered name and happiness. Oh, these actors! these inimitable actors! Here Garrick, and Kean, and Kemble might have studied; but their art is lost on me. Often, indeed, a love-sick girl, an old merchant, a starving worthy mechanic, or a mother who panted to conceal the scandal of a beloved child—a noble lord on the brink of ruin—often have they made my hair stand erect like the mane of a frightened horse; but now I can look at these scenes, I can, young man; nothing now deceives me; nothing will. I can pierce the heart through; and what do I want? I possess everything. I may buy ministers and consciences; that is in my power. The fairest

women are rushing upon their knees before me. Here, young man, here in this room," said the withered usurer, "here have paid me homage, beauties, to delineate whose charms would outstrip the artist's skill. But I stand immoveable in my scorn, for I am past this frenzy; and I revenge myself on mankind who spurned and buffetted me while I was young and vigorous, but helpless and pennyless, and with no house to shelter, no friend to console me. I have tasted and am satiated. I am one of forty, who are the silent, the mute, the unknown kings of this country, the arbiters of life—for gold is life. Forty we are, bound together by the same ties, the same interests, though not the same motives. Once every week we assemble and compare notes, reveal the mysteries of finance, and of existence; no fortune, no condition escapes our view. We hold the secrets of every family from the highest to the lowest. In our black book there are notes as terrible to man and woman as those in the book of judgment. Public credit and private happiness, the safety of the bank, and the stability of commerce, depend ten times in the year upon us. What is your secret police? It is we who analyze, who anatomize the world and its value. We love money; we love it, but we love power still more, and money is power. Yes, yes, it is—

"Here," said the little grey man, pointing round his comfortless walls; "here, within these dingy naked walls; here the lofty hero, who has fought and won battles by dozens, becomes as humble as the sinner who is on the eve of being launched into eternity; here the most enraptured lover, whom a word from the lips of his divinity would drive mad, here he will beg with folded hands; here prays the merchant who never acknowledged the name of his Creator; here she bends low—low, before whom the stateliest noble would kiss the dust. Here the artist and mechanic, the farmer and the landlord, learn to unite in prayer. Here," added he, drawing his hand over his brow, "is the scale in which the destiny of thousands, of London itself, is balanced. Do you then believe that I have no rejoicing, no pleasure, no poetry, under this cold and shrivelled mask? that there beats no feeling under these blasted muscles?" He laid his hand on my shoulder, and rivetted his eye once more upon me. "Yes, you shall hear more—yes—" and so saying he turned and retreated to his bed-room.

I arose, and staggered towards the door almost stupified. I tottered down stairs. The little grey man had swollen up before me into a frightful monster. He had changed into a fantastic horrible being. He was the incarnate representative of the arch-demon. Existence, man, and beauty, looked hideous in my eyes; for all, all, appeared subservient to his infernal power.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Recollections of a Tour. A Summer Ramble in Belgium, Germany, and Switzerland. By J. W. Massie, D.D., M.R.I.A., Author of "Continental India," "Ireland and the Irish Church," &c. London: Snow.

The long duration of peace between this country and the continental powers of Europe, has removed one of those restrictions which most effectually prevented Englishmen from gratifying their enterprise and curiosity in lands which were within a few miles of our own shores. Notwithstanding the proximity of the continent, it remained a *terra incognita* to many, except as it came under public notice as the scene of continued confusion and war; and from such a scene the peace-loving sons of England kept away, unless urged by necessity or authority. But since peace has established her throne on the continent, there has been an increasing *penchant* for visits to France, Belgium, Germany, and Switzerland.

Facilities for international intercourse have been advancing. Science has contributed her aid; literature has imparted the light of its "guides" and the enchantment of its "descriptions;" fashion has thrown her charm over a continental ramble. German affinity, in more than one instance, with the royal family of these realms has had its full share of influence on the public mind.

"The recent visit of the beloved monarch of the British Isles to Germany, served to call public attention to the scenery and people of that land; and it gratified me to observe that the many interesting and elaborate descriptions given in the daily press of the regions through which the queen passed, were not only correctly written, but eagerly received, and did but increase the kindly feelings which should subsist between nations. Much of what was then described, to meet the ephemeral demand, will be traced in the subsequent pages, written without any reference to the progress of royal personages, and as seen and admired, not amid the trappings, turmoil, and pageantry of princely retinues, but while one has leisure to survey, and no momentary purpose to serve."

Many publications have recently issued from the press which once read may be laid aside. The volume before us will be one of permanent interest, as it is one of valuable information and pleasing instruction. By the casual reader it will be approved,

but by the student it will be highly prized. It is a work, apart from all adventitious considerations, possessing great intrinsic merit. It is in every respect worthy of the author. His strong faculty of discrimination, his sound judgment regulated by the best principles, his historical knowledge, and his exquisite taste, pointed him out as well qualified to produce a work to which reference may be made with confidence. He has presented the historical facts which took place in the towns and cities through which he passed with a vividness of description which cannot fail to establish a strong association in the mind of the reader. The work abounds in illustrations of this remark. Of this class is the description of Ghent.

"It stands on the Scheldt, which there receives as tributaries the Lieve, the Lys, and the More; whose connection is completed by several navigable canals. Twenty-six clustering islands are here united by as many as a hundred bridges, as the locality of one city, occupied by 10,000 houses and 30,000 inhabitants. In the thirteenth century it was one of the largest cities in Europe. The circuit of it was double the dimensions of Bruges, and was, in the opinion of many, the best situated for commerce in the midst of the richest and most beautiful part of Flanders. According to Ludovico Guicciardini, it then contained 35,000 separate houses, and five inhabitants to each dwelling; while its walls embraced a circumference of 45,640 Roman feet—which no doubt included many open spaces, whether for gardens or squares. The magistrates of Ghent were then most minute in their fiscal surveillance, and exacted a revenue from every loom. The number of its weaving population is said at one time to have exceeded 40,000. The incorporation of weavers could then, on an emergency, call into the field 18,000 men as soldiers, whose weapons were always accessible. The impress on the general population of Ghent, I think, may be traced to the influence of this body, and evinced much of what I believe to be the characteristic features of the weaver trade in almost all countries. They were a thinking, reasoning, disputatious, and opinionated people, refusing to let go what they deemed to be advantages to please any, even men of exalted rank and power. A consequence of this tenacious habit was, that they and their fellow citizens had often broils and squabbles with the petty princes that professed to rule them. It moreover happened, that sometimes this turbulent, self-willed, and imperious spirit precipitated them into conflict with stronger powers than themselves, who, with inexorable revenge, delighted to humble them to the attitude of suppliants, and bring them upon their knees imploring pardon, even with a halter round their necks, to add to their indignity."

Dr. Massie's love of antiquarian research eminently qualified him to impart an interest to his work which a mind less versed in ancient lore could not have commanded. The volume may be appropriately entitled, "An Ancient and Modern History of Belgium, Germany, and Switzerland." Scarcely one town did he

visit where he found not some fragment of history, some visible object to perpetuate the memory of national or moral heroism.

With surprising clearness does Dr. Massie show the effects of the *protective* system in producing continental rivalship. Hence he discovers a resemblance between some of the large continental towns and the manufacturing towns of our own country.

"Namur is to Belgium what Sheffield is to England: the cutlery of the Netherlands is made there. Seraigne, more like a street for continuousness than a town for architecture, nearly a mile in length, stretches along upon the river Meuse between Namur and Liege. An old episcopal residence, in which the prelatic princes of Liege resided in the times of feudal power and grandeur, was a few years ago turned into the vestibule and front section of a magnificent factory for casting and constructing machinery for almost every mechanical purpose; whether for peaceful arts, or as implements of destruction. The palatial gardens —no longer the luxurious retreat of lordly Churchmen, but now made the storehouse or depository for crude and manufactured iron, and occupied with heaps of coal—have altogether lost their episcopal aspect; and, while yielding to the darkening and sombre influences of some fifty wide-mouth chimneys, and their issuing flames or smoke, the prelatic dignity of the scene may seem to have disappeared—but a no less intellectual and industrious destiny prevails. Ingenuity and patient labour here preside; while nearly every description of iron-work is fabricated, from the heaviest and most potent engine to the most complicated or refined instrument of utility—from the monumental lion which couches on the field of Waterloo, to the lady's penknife which is deposited in her reticule. The vast pile of buildings forms a town within itself. The establishment possesses a great advantage in being placed over the bed of coal from which its exhaustless supply is dug; and the fuel being raised within the limits of the factory, and close to the furnaces near to which the mineral ore is found, the labour is much diminished compared with many English foundries. The workshops of the craftsmen are situated upon the line of railways on the banks of canals leading to the river. The blast furnaces, puddling furnaces, forges, and rolling mills, are on the opposite bank of the river from the houses of the operatives; but they maintain their intercourse between home and the shop by boats provided for their convenience and at their command.

"John Cockerill, as a prince among mechanics, was in partnership (a sirange association, and uncommon for the trader) with the late King of Holland, as an engine-builder and machine-maker, which gave celebrity to this large establishment. There have been, and I presume there are still, 3000 employed in these works, receiving on an average about £2000 in weekly wages. Cockerill sought to extend his connections and mechanical fame, especially in regions where manufacturing skill was precious. He died at Warsaw, leaving his wealth to his heirs, and his name on many continental locomotives."

The recent excitement among some of the former adherents to Popery did not escape the notice and close investigation of Dr. Massie. His opinions of this politico-religious movement will be

generally well received. Like many others, he was at first disposed to take a more favourable view of than the real merits of the question deserve. That it will be ultimately overruled by the Governor of the universe for the advancement of the great cause of truth, there can be no doubt; but to suppose it bears any resemblance to the reformation carried on by Martin Luther and his associates, is altogether a mistake. This is wanting in the fervent piety and sound Scriptural views—the essential characteristics of the Reformation of the fifteenth century. With his usual caution Dr. Massie has guarded against being misunderstood by this concluding and conclusive note.

"By some of my readers I may be thought to have taken too favourable a view of the *present* religious movement and its leaders in Germany. A more mature discussion of the subject would afford a clearer index of my thoughts and inquiries; and I cannot hesitate to avail myself of a communication from a friend, recently a witness of the work and the labourers. His opinions may be useful to others. He found it difficult to sympathize with the movement on account of its *Rationalism.* He says, 'With but few exceptions (amongst whom Czerski deserves honourable mention, the more especially as he has left that body, and is tolerably orthodox, considering all things) these 'Reformers' are Neologists. The speculations of 'certain journalists' about the real character of this movement are grievously at fault. The fact is undeniable that Rongé and Kerbler, at least, deny the inspiration of the Bible, the deity of Christ, and the atonement, as fully as ever Belsham did. There is far more political and theological liberalism in the affair than religion.

"'This is sad, indeed; but I have the best evidence of its truth. To compare Rongé's agitation to Luther's is preposterous. It is admitted that both are antagonistic to Popery; but so were likewise the leaders of the French Revolution. 'But the Confessions?' Confessions of faith are worth no more in Germany than at Oxford, nor so much even; for subscription is not obligatory. I have attended an ordination of one of their priests, where the only profession was a series of negations, which any Socinian might have declared.'

"The state and tendency of the German mind differ much in the nineteenth century from what they were in the sixteenth. Perhaps something may be ascribed to these differences in the religious revolutions and developments of the present times."

We hope that those of our readers who desire to acquire a knowledge of the countries our author visited, will provide themselves with the volume. The statements and descriptions are true and deserving the utmost confidence of the reader.

THE BATTLE OF BENEVENTO.[1]

AN HISTORICAL NOVEL OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

ABRIDGED FROM THE ITALIAN OF F. B. GUERAZZI, BY M. E. N.

CHAPTER V.

THE hour of death is anguish unutterable. I who, by a fortunate constitution, can contemplate without pain and without pleasure the strife between dissolution and existence; I have looked upon a man slain by the sword; his hair stood erect, his eyes were terrible, his mouth was open as to utter a menace, all his limbs were strained in the act of a desperate defence. I have looked upon a man slain by the bullet; his eyes were languid, his countenance depressed like that of one exhausted in a long and laborious anxiety. Finally, I have contemplated the power of a mortal malady over the youth and over the mature man; in the former life struggled with a vigour proportionate to his strength, and his last moments were full of fearful suffering; in the latter, his breathing would hardly have moved a feather, or sullied the mirror held to his lips; death seemed to conquer with less fury, or rather to stretch stealthily forth his icy hand to grasp the heart of the dying man. But in the man slain by the steel, or by the bullet, in the youth and in the mature man, in each and all I have observed the painful shudder of the agony, the rolling of the eyes desirous still of light, the icy chill quickly pervading the flesh, the precursor of the cessation of motion, the large drops distilled from the brain trickling down the livid cheeks, all the members contracting, the gathering of life into one sole point with the last breath, then, with one sigh, the heart has ceased to beat; eternal immobility fetters the fibres, the man has become wholly material. Oh! bitter, bitter indeed, is the moment of dissolution.

Yet still more bitter seemed to Rogiero that moment in which, hearing the footsteps of some one approaching, and the voice coming nearer and nearer every instant, he was obliged to tear himself from her whom he had loved so well, so hopelessly. Her forehead was cold, her limbs were stiff, she was unable to support herself alone, and a scarcely perceptible breath alone testified that she still lived. The steps and the voices drew nearer; must Rogiero leave her on the grass in such a state? He rapidly re-

[1] Continued from page 136.

collected the levity to which he might expose her name if found thus by strangers with him; he cast one look upon her, stretched his hand towards her, and then fled from the spot without breathing even one sigh.

Rogiero returned to his guard under the vault, but he could not bring his mind to think regularly over the recent occurrences; for, impatient of restraint, it loved rather to run lightly over them and to lose itself in feelings rather than in thoughts. While he stood thus, he heard the sound of a step near at hand; he listened, and at the proper moment he gave the challenge in a loud voice,

"Who goes there?"

"San Germano be with you, and a good watch to you, Rogiero," replied a man of a stern visage and a vigorous frame, wholly sheathed in plate and mail, in the guise of the men-at-arms of King Manfred.

"Oh! is that you, Roberto?" said Rogiero, recognising the voice; "what devil has brought you hither at this hour?"

"Yourself."

"Thanks to your courtesy, Roberto. A friend like you comes opportunely at all hours, especially when one is on guard."

"Rogiero, I have much to tell you."

"And I have, as you see, opportunity and patience to listen; speak," said Rogiero, looking, however, as if he was not likely to pay much attention to what the man-at-arms might say, and continuing to walk up and down on his post.

"Young man," said Roberto, in a deep voice, and sitting down leisurely, "I could, with one word alone, render you motionless for a longer time than you would desire; but come near, sit down by my side, and, above all, let us speak low, that no one may hear us."

Rogiero, without knowing why, obeyed without replying; and the man-at-arms continued thus:—

"Rogiero, have you ever thought over what the Saracen astrologer, Ben Hussein, predicted to you last month?"

"Saint Rosalie! these things are vanity, I have entirely forgotten them."

"If you thought them vanity why did you listen to them. You interrogated the stars and they replied to you the truth. You have forgotten it, but there are those who remember it for you."

"So much the better. It appears to me that he spoke of *Sagittarius*."

"Exactly. You were born under that constellation, and your horoscope tells that you have to labour in long travels. Your hands were also inspected, and why? because wise King Solomon says, 'Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honour.'* The art showed the line of greatness red and

* Proverbs, iii. 16.

deep, but the line of life appeared at one part interrupted, which made the astrologer apprehensive that a violent death would prematurely . . . ."

"Roberto!" said Rogiero, springing up impatiently, "do you think to terrify me? What is the use of trying my courage? You have already reason to know that my cheek blanches not at danger."

"Young man, you say truly, but you are too impetuous," said Roberto, forcing him to sit down again; and then lowering his voice, he asked, "Do you know your father?"

"I? No."

"Do you know who saved your life?"

"I am not aware that it was ever in danger."

"It was."

"And you knew it? Why have you never uttered a word of it to me till now?"

"Why does the night come to banish light from the heavens?"

"Instead of replying to me, Roberto, you ask me another question."

"Why does the night come to banish light from the heavens?"

"Because—because the laws of Nature compel it."

"And the force of men as powerful as Lucifer compelled *me*."

"But now, if you are permitted, tell me who is my father? What is his situation? Was it of his own will or that of others that he left me to this moment languishing in such obscurity?"

Roberto made no reply; then Rogiero, in a supplicating tone, resumed,

"Speak, Roberto, speak; your silence is cruel."

"You ask me so many questions, to which I will reply but two things. Your father still lives, but he is near death. Your condition will be made known to you in this night."

"Where? in what place? I am ready to follow you."

"Let us go," said Roberto; and Rogiero, rising, moved a few steps, then suddenly stood still and said,

"No, at present it is impossible, I cannot. Stay here, Roberto, till my watch is ended; it will soon terminate. Otherwise I could not go without failing in my duty to my king, and incurring suspicion of treason."

"Suspicion! in truth you *ought* to betray him. Before this night passes away in your desire of vengeance you will put yourself at the head of the betrayers of him whom you now guard from treason, and the aim of every act of your life will be the death of Manfred."

"Villain! away! or my lance will drink your blood. You wish to deceive and betray me, coward! and I who was just about to yield myself up as conquered. Hence! away with you!"

"Betray you? deceive you? I?" said the man-at-arms, with-

out moving; "what a fine subject you are for treachery! Good youth, do not be so self-conceited. The obscurity, the misery, the nothingness in which you exist secure you much better than your own wisdom from being an object of deception. I have performed the commission with which I was charged to you, and it is of my own pleasure that I remind you, that when one mistrusts a man it is not decorous to declare it so openly to him. However, the moments of your father's life are numbered, and even now it is too late to proceed. Good night!"

"Stay! In the name of the holy sepulchre, grant me an instant. I have not to preserve the honour of my ancestors, because I belong to no family; I have only my own honour; but this is as dear to me as if it had been transmitted to me by Robert Guiscard or Henry the Fowler.* You say my father is dying, and that if I do not see him now I shall never see him, and I shall remain in the darkness in which I was born; but my honour! my honour! Alas! Robert, for pity's sake do not deceive me."

"Poor soul! do you really know what is honour and what is infamy?" burst forth Robert. "Cast a glance upon the barons of the court of Manfred, they are great because their fathers were traitors to William the Norman; and again, their sons will be great in the court of the Count of Anjou because they will be traitors to Manfred the Swabian."

"Ah! this is a stern truth."

"You will learn many others such, Rogiero, in the journey through life. But now come, *if you will*, let us despatch; you may return, *if you will*, and if you choose rather to be the slave of a tyrant than the avenger of a father." And thus saying, Roberto moved forwards.

Rogiero hesitated; now he looked at the spear which he should abandon, now at the man-at-arms who was departing.

"It is destiny," at length he ejaculated; "destiny governs us all;" and throwing away his spear, and resolute as one who was prepared to brave every danger, and following his guide, rejoined him at the entrance of the arched way.

"Roberto," said Rogiero, as he walked along, "have you ever heard the word of God?"

"Certainly."

"Have you ever thought on the reward of him who sold his Redeemer's blood for a few agostari?"†

* Robert Guiscard, elected Duke of Apulia, in Calabria, was the founder of the Sicilian monarchy in the 11th century. Henry the Fowler, Duke of Saxony, was elected Emperor of Germany in the 10th century. His surname was derived from the circumstance that the news of his election was brought to him when out hawking, a sport of which he was passionately fond.—Tr.

† Agostaro, a money coined by Frederic II.; on one side it bore the imperial eagle, on the other the effigy of the emperor. It was worth about a sequin and a quarter; the sequin generally averages 9s. 5d. sterling.

"Certainly—the halter in this world and eternal perdition in the other. But if I do not mistake, you are still doubtful of my faith, Rogiero; but I tell you that no interest induces me to desire you to follow me; that my commission ended with the message I delivered to you, and you are free to remain; for I have not any means of compelling you to proceed, nor would I use any."

"Oh, yes! place before the excited fancy an object which acts powerfully upon the principal passion of the soul, and then tell us that we are free not to follow it, that we have strength enough to rebut every incitement. This appears to me to be a cruel sneer at human nature."

"Then have more reliance, scudiero; do you think that in the world there is no more fidelity?"

While they discoursed thus they emerged from the vault, from beneath which, at the last words of Roberto, there issued a voice that repeated,

"There is no more fidelity!"

"Heavens!" exclaimed Roberto, glancing backward, and crossing himself, "did you hear, Rogiero? This is a delusion of the devil; St. Rosalie defend us!" He continued in a subdued tone, "I wonder how that, since on a hundred other occasions I might have had some rebuke directed to me with reason, I never heard one; and now I hear it, *now* when no one *can* say, 'Thou art a traitor.'"

The voice replied, "Thou art a traitor."

"This is more than I can bear. Whatever thou be, whether man or demon" (here he elevated his voice) "thou liest in thy throat!"

And the voice answered, "Thou liest in thy throat."

The man-at-arms closed his visor, drew his sword, wrapped his mantle round his left arm, and was about to rush into the vault. Rogiero, who reasonably had not yet laid aside his distrust of the man's faith, stood diligently observing him. He saw the sudden terror, the offspring of an evil conscience, and doubted more than ever; but when he perceived that the sense of honour, conquering superstitious fear, had placed the sword in his hand and excited him to a due vengeance, he cast away every suspicion, and resolved to trust him wholly; then, knowing by experience whence that voice was derived, he stood before Roberto, and said to him, smiling,

"Halt, good lance! any emprize against the being who gave forth that voice would be utterly impossible."

"We will see that," replied Roberto, rudely pushing Rogiero aside, and attempting to rush on.

"Stay! stay! do you not perceive it is only the echo? Has it not repeated only the ends of your sentences? With whom would you combat, since the words are your own?"

"By St. George, I believe you are right, Rogiero," said Roberto, forcing himself to smile, and wiping from his face the perspiration of terror; "but, as the proverb says, nature is not to be conquered; turn her out at the door and she will return by the window."

After these words he was silent, and, as if apprehensive of not arriving in time, he applied himself to retrieve, by the rapidity of his steps, the time he had lost in conversation. But Rogiero observed that he took care, nevertheless, to prefer the least frequented way to the shortest; and often, as if afraid of losing himself, stopped, examined the place, and gave a signal whistle, which, being immediately repeated from distance to distance, was carried at length to so remote a point that the ear could hardly catch it. They walked onwards thus for some time, when Roberto stopped, turned to Rogiero, and said,

"Scudiero, do you rely on me?"

"Good Roberto, let me speak to you frankly; your question is asked in such time and place as to give birth to suspicion rather than security. And you ought to be aware that whatever my sentiments might be, it is needful for me to say now that I trust you."

"I believe you are right. If thus it be you must permit me to blindfold you."

"Do it; I have no cause to fear you; I have never done you any injury; and, for my myself, however great be human wickedness, I will not believe that it is so great as to shed innocent blood."

"Your heart is better than your tongue. Did not you yourself quote to me the example of Judas? Poor youth!" (in a tone of compassion) "may God keep you in such sentiments, and may he pardon me for having been a proof to the contrary."

These latter words were scarcely articulately murmured, and seemed forced from his lips by the secret power which a good conscience has over an evil one. True, however, it is, that the transaction in which he was now engaged could not be one of blood, for his countenance was composed and his voice firm, nor did his limbs tremble, as is usual with men of his kind when they are about to commit a great crime.

Meanwhile Rogiero, having his eyes bandaged, drew his arm within that of Roberto, who led him with a gentle care along a a devious and winding path. When they had proceeded about five hundred paces, Roberto stopped his companion and gave a signal by clapping his hands. A drawbridge was immediately let down, and, notwithstanding the great care used to prevent any noise, Rogiero heard it fall. His guide desired him to proceed, and in passing over the bridge he felt that it was paved with pebbles, like the path he had been traversing; and this was done ex-

pressly to prevent a blindfolded person from perceiving that he was crossing a bridge. Rogiero, however, whether it were that he was endowed by nature with remarkably quick senses, or whether any negligence had occurred in letting it drop, was perfectly aware of the bridge, but took no notice of it and passed on. After he had been led with wonderful precautions through an infinite number of corridors and chambers, he heard a voice, different from that of his guide, which said in a tone of authority, "You may remove the bandage."

He obeyed, and his eyes resuming their office, he turned round with curiosity to observe the place. This, however, was in no respect remarkable. It was an immense vaulted chamber, partly illuminated by a lamp which threw all its light upon Rogiero; in the obscure part of the chamber were two men seated by a table at some distance from him. He looked for his guide, and perceived that he had quitted him at the entrance of the room. He therefore gave all his attention to the two persons who were before him. Their dress was plain, nothing marked nobility of rank or opulence of condition; there was nothing observable in them, except that their faces were almost entirely covered by a black veil.

He who, as far as could be judged, appeared to have the most authority, rose from his seat, and extended his hand towards Rogiero as in the act of addressing him, but in vain he endeavoured to articulate a word, a sudden tremour shook his frame, and he sank back on the chair from which he had risen. Then the second person, as if desirous to profit by his emotion, began thus:—

"The many precautions adopted in bringing you hither, Rogiero, serve to show, not our distrust of you, but the magnitude of the danger in which we all stand. Do not be surprised at my words—ere long they will become clear to you. Meanwhile be well assured, that if the fact which we are about to reveal to you were made known to him who has the power of the sword, our heads would certainly fall, but yours would not be safe. I do not say this to alarm you; if you were capable of pusillanimity you would not now be summoned to hear a secret which no one compels us to disclose to you. We have observed you for a long time back; the most hidden mysteries of your heart are known to us; we know all, but we have discovered nothing in you that is not generous and magnanimous. It is true that we wished to keep you in the dark until, the danger being passed, you might gather the joyful fruit. And this was not from disesteem, but from the great love we bear you. But now, as it daily happens, prudence plans but fortune ordains, it has not pleased Heaven to dispose that which man proposed. The approaching, and, alas! too certain, death of an illustrious person concerned in this transaction,

renders all our designs abortive, and obliges us to that which is distasteful to us to do."

"Is not this dying person my father?" demanded Rogiero in strong agitation.

"Calm yourself; our affairs require a heart which can feel, a hand which can act, and a face which can dissemble. Tell me, do you know the history of the House of Swabia?"

"The House of Swabia? The history of that family has been always interesting to me beyond all others. But though many years have not passed over my head, there is no house in Italy of which I do not know the origin and the history."

"You will remember, then, Rogiero, that at one time the sons of the Emperor Frederic II. were numerous, and you will remember that his eldest son was Henry, elected King of the Romans during the lifetime of his father, and now commonly known by the name of Henry the Lame, because the malignity of mankind is not satisfied with the misfortunes of the oppressed, but desires also to render them ridiculous or infamous. This unhappy prince, who was not endowed with much firmness of purpose, and who was a zealous votary of our religion, excited (if report be true) by the exhortations of Pope Gregory IX. and by those of his father's numerous enemies, believed that he would do an act pleasing to Heaven by taking the German empire from the dominion of one cut off from the communion of the faithful, like his father Frederic II. Alas! what desolation arose from evil counsels; he did not know that God abhors parricidal wars, and his malediction dwells in the house of the impious one who dares in the wickedness of his heart to raise his hand against the author of his days. Hardly had Frederic heard the bitter news than, abandoning Italy, he quickly crossed the Adriatic and arrived at Worms. The people remained in terrified suspense to see which would venture first to draw the sword, the father or the son. But the Eternal Mercy willed not that this outrage should be registered in the voluminous history of human misdeeds. It did not please Heaven that the heart of the son should be hardened; pale and disordered, less fearful of punishment than agitated by remorse, bare-footed, with head shorn, a halter round his neck, clad in sackcloth, and holding a cross in his hand, he came to Worms, passed, heedless of mockery, through a crowd of people whom his crime had dismayed, and, shedding tears of despair, cast himself for mercy at the feet of his father, imploring him not to spare his punishment, for he felt too keenly that his sin had deserved it, but to vouchsafe him his blessing, and to call him once more before his death by the tender name of his son. In vain would offended pride strive to keep alive its indignation, in vain would violated paternal authority preserve its severity; the tears started to the eyes of Frederic, and his heart felt all the truth of the saying that joy is the daughter

of grief. He descended from his throne, threw his arms lovingly round his son's neck, kissed him on the forehead, eyes, and lips, and called him once more his beloved son. Oh! that should have been a true reconciliation, a lasting pardon; but among the ferocious beasts that nature has formed there exists, Rogiero—and unhappily they are too numerous—men to whom the aspect of a serene heaven is a torture, who are nourished by poison and gall, who would willingly renounce pleasure, life, heaven itself, to exult in the spectacle of a man who sighs in the depths of misery and to smile at his groans. There lives, Rogiero, a son of wickedness who, exciting at every moment suspicions in the heart of Frederic, and converting every action of Henry's, even the most innocent, into crime, surrounding him with a thousand snares and a thousand tale-bearers, now working on him by calumny, now by compassion; but why detail one by one all the subtleties of infamy? they are more than can be enumerated, more than integrity can understand. This man's perfidy was at last so successful, that Frederic, previously incensed against his own blood, declared his unfortunate son deposed from the dignity of King of the Romans, and consigned him to the custody of that man, that in a dungeon of Apulia he should consume the remainder of his life *with the bread of affliction* and the *water of sorrow*. It was not long before the the death of Henry was announced to Frederic, which, opening his heart again to paternal pity, he felt such bitter anguish at his extreme rigour, that he shut himself up in his chamber, and would have starved himself to death, but that his most faithful attendants, speaking to him through the door, were able to induce him to forego this dreadful resolution, and to refresh himself with food. The affliction of Frederic was not such as could be concealed; an imperial epistle dictated to his illustrious secretary Piero della Vigne, and despatched to the Sicilian clergy, said, 'However great may be the criminality of children, it does not diminish the affliction that nature makes parents feel at their death;' and he ordered his son's memory to be honoured by magnificent obsequies, as if he could compensate by the vanity of pomp to a soul which he had caused to wither away in obloquy. But Henry lived; Frederic and his cruel counsellor were deceived . . . ."

"Does he live? Henry the Lame?" cried Rogiero, who, while listening to the recital, could not repress a gesture of wonder.

"Our condition here, my son, would be too sad if the great Mercy which sways it had not vouchsafed to us some of those compassionate spirits born to ameliorate the misdeeds by which from day to day our evil race augments the store of divine vengeance. Providence placed one of these benevolent souls beside Frederic's adviser, and caused him to trust implicitly in him. To

this good man were the atrocious mysteries revealed; to him did the adviser commit the charge to transfer Henry to Apulia, and there put him to death by steel, poison, or any other means, and then to convey the intelligence to court in all haste. The ambassador went, he returned with the news of Henry's death, but Henry was saved."

"Oh! let me be the first to announce it to Manfred; great will be the king's joy at such happy news," interrupted Rogiero.

"And the son of the unhappy Henry," continued the mysterious man, without heeding the interruption, "persecuted by a cruel ambition, was delivered from death by the body of another child who had died of natural illness being substituted for his."

"Does he live?" asked Rogiero.

"He does."

"Why not declare it to Manfred?"

"Because to betray innocence excites the indignation of man and the wrath of Heaven."

"Manfred would restore him to his royal rights."

"Manfred would slay him before he could know a word of them, to spare himself the expense of the funeral."

"Whoever you may be," replied Rogiero, with a terrible voice, "who speak so disrespectfully of my king, I enter a solemn protest that I do not take vengeance in this place because your years are too much advanced. Nevertheless, I pronounce you to be a liar, a disloyal cavalier; and I am now ready to maintain with sword, lance, or dagger, on foot or on horseback, to the first and the last drawn blood, that King Manfred of Swabia is the most virtuous monarch of Christendom."

"I accept the challenge, and I substitute a champion."

"Let the champion advance," said Rogiero, drawing his sword; "who may he be?"

"Although it is not permitted by the laws of chivalry to ask the name of a knight, I will, however, satisfy you. It is the son of Henry, the nephew of Manfred."

"Where is he?"

"In this chamber."

"I do not see him. Is it your silent companion who boasts to be the son of Henry?"

"His origin is not so illustrious."

"Then," said Rogiero, looking all around.

"Then it is yourself."

"I the grandson of the Emperor Frederic?" cried Rogiero, stunned, and letting the sword fall from his trembling hand. "But why," he resumed with difficulty, and almost breathless, "why not declare it to me before? Why not announce my existence to King Manfred, instead of vilely suspecting him. Time, perhaps, has calmed his hate, if the king ever felt it for his brother

Henry, and he would have welcomed me with the love with which the dearest relations are received."

"Time consumes the heart that hates, but not the hate itself. Alas! hate does not cease with the beating of the heart; it descends into the tomb, and disturbs even the ashes of the dead. It is the only immortal passion of a soul pent within mortal integuments. But now the question is not of hate, but of stern, cold, calculating ambition."

Although the mind of Rogiero had been long accustomed to vehement emotions, yet he could not support those which at present assailed him without his brain reeling. Globes of fire seemed to flit before his eyes, the surrounding objects appeared to whirl round him, and an indefinable weakness pervaded his limbs, and forced him, in spite of himself, to give way.

The man who had hitherto conversed with him stood motionless, observing him, as if he derived pleasure from his agonized state; but the man who had remained silent sprang eagerly from his seat, supported him as he was falling, lavished every attention upon him, and when he perceived that he was coming to himself he asked him, in a stifled voice, "Are you recovered?"

"Oh! it is nothing," replied Rogiero, "absolutely nothing." And making a show of firmness, he removed the arms of the other. "A short disorder of the senses, but now it is quite over."

"He repulses me!" said the man, with a tone that resembled the roar of a wild beast rather than a human voice, and returned with slow steps to his chair.

"Rogiero, our thought before speaking to you was to conduct you to your father. In truth it would be a charity to conceal him from you; he is but a relic of a life which rage and delirium have alternately lacerated; and this relic is now under the dominion of death. Think what a sad spectacle you have to endure! The state of weakness in which I now see you makes me fear greatly for you in the trial to which you are called. If you do not wish to endure it you are at liberty to refuse. The sight of a dying father is the most agonizing that the human heart can support."

This was said by the first speaker, who at every period paused, as if to enjoy the painful impression made on the heart of Rogiero.

"Be silent, pityless man," replied the latter. "If you speak to enjoy my anguish your perfidy is not human; but if it is for the consolation of an afflicted soul, you are the most unskilful comforter of all that are in the world. Be silent, I pray you. Too well do I know what the circumstances are. I was born to love; and although objects of love have multiplied before my eyes, yet they have never been able to exhaust the infinite affection which I have borne since my maturity. Yet I have known neither father, mother, consort, nor friend, to whom I could guide the

affections of my soul. This fire, finding no outlet, has consumed that which should have fed it. There remained one single spark; it ought to shine for a moment, like a meteor of the night, and then expire. Let it expire, but let it shine! I feel that in this night I must undergo an entire change; I feel the approach of a hitherto unknown torment; already my flesh thrills, my nerves relax, and these are not the effects of imagination. Let us experience how far man can suffer and destiny oppress; let us experience what power the voice of a father has over the heart of his son, even though it be the voice of a dying father."

Moved by profound passion he advanced towards those two men before him, and although silent, appeared to threaten them unless they conducted him speedily to the object of his desire.

Both of them rose directly, and making him a sign to remain quiet awhile, they walked to the extremity of the chamber opposite to the door by which Rogiero had entered. One of them whispered in the ear of the other,

"I would like to have your approbation of what has been done hitherto, Count di Caserta. What do you think of my performance?"

"The mercy of God is infinite, yet you are more abominable than even he is merciful."

"Yet my words were full of religion and virtue."

"So true it is that Satan is never so terrible as when he appears in the garb of a saint."

"Too much honour," replied the Count della Cerra, smiling; and taking out a key he opened a small door secured with strong bars of iron, and bent forward his head, and called "Gisfredo! Gisfredo!"

After a little while appeared first the head, then the shoulders and chest of a man, as if he was ascending steps. The Count della Cerra, whispering to him, asked some question, to which he replied by an affirmative gesture, and the count, turning to Rogiero, said, "You may advance."

Rogiero sprang forward, and without hesitation hurried down a very narrow staircase. The two counts followed him. Gisfredo went first, showing light from a lantern which he had brought with him. Rogiero, notwithstanding his attempts, could not discover who this Gisfredo was, because his face, like that of the others, was covered with a crape; but by the grasp that he sometimes suddenly made, feigning to stumble, by his quick and suspicious turning away from him, by the rolling of his eyes, discernible through the crape, whenever he caught his hand, and his grappling, as if involuntarily, with the handle of his dagger, Rogiero judged that he was a man of treachery rather than of open violence.

CHAPTER VI.

They reached the foot of the stairs. The corridor was partly illuminated by a distant light. They stopped. They had arrived at a vestibule separated from the prison by thick bars. The mind and the eyes of Rogiero glanced in an instant over the scene which presented itself. He saw a man sunk down, almost buried, as it were, in an arm-chair. He could not observe him distinctly, because the light of the lamp did not fall upon him; but he appeared old and pallid; his hair was white, his eyes were shut, he seemed as if accustoming himself to death. Before him stood a small table, on which were a cup and a crucifix. Beside his chair, on the ground, lay a long stick covered with notches, which were for the most part regular, but some of them, here and there, were deeper than others—that was the work of affliction. When first that poor wretch had been imprisoned, he took pleasure in numbering the days of his confinement, that he might know the length of time he was destined to suffer, and delight himself in the hope that this time must daily decrease; perhaps, still confident of happy days, he expected to find in it a source for rejoicing whenever he should be able to compare his future condition with the present. Now that work lay neglected upon the ground. Hope which sits the last by the dying man's pillow, and shows itself so his eyes when veiled by the mist of death they can no longer discern the beloved faces of relatives and friends—hope itself had abandoned that heart. When years accumulating over his head had changed his fair hair to white, he trembled no longer in body and in spirit at the sound of that door turning on its hinges, nor at every touch which opened the lock did he any longer believe that that piteous hand was there which would lead him forth to enjoy the face of Heaven. In despair he flung away that instrument which, teaching him to distinguish the duration of his affliction, rendered it more long and more insupportable. He loved to consider it as one sole long day of anguish, whose night should find him in death, yet in truth never divided his days and nights. From the hour in which he was thrown into that dungeon he had never beheld the skies—no, not even through his grate; and since his day was darkness, he could but imagine his death in annihilation. He had become wholly without feeling; like an inanimate thing he awaited the moment destined by the order of things for his extinction. Not a sigh, not a lament, issued from his lips. The words which spring from the depth of grief, or from the fury of wrath, those he had said a thousand times; now there remained for him only silence, and he was mute as the grave. The lapse of years had entirely obliterated him from the memory

of mankind; for him there was no word of pity nor of love; and if sometimes his name did recur to the thoughts of some ancient servant, when sitting by the hearth he related to the domestics the glories of the house of Swabia, he avoided the mention of that name, because it recalled the memory of a crime which might awe Lucifer himself; or if he did breathe it, it was in a low and furtive whisper, as the name of one in perdition. For him no living being had even that niggard affection which is preserved for the dead.

With great difficulty he stretched out his right hand; it was paralytic. He was about to lay it on the table when it dropped down powerless. He waited awhile, then moved it again; groping about it grasped the crucifix and raised it to his lips as to drink; but not feeling the coolness of the fluid, he opened his eyes in a startled manner, and seeing the crucifix put it back impatiently on the table, murmuring between his teeth, "Oh, Heaven! I burn with thirst!" He snatched at the cup, and drinking greedily let the water run down his chin and upon his bosom, but showed no annoyance at it. Having quenched his thirst he moaned and sank back immoveable into his original torpor. Of the man nothing remained but the sordid part—his wants.

Rogiero saw this spectacle of degradation and misery, and spread his hand over his eyes, as though the lids were insufficient to shut out the sight. He leaned against a pillar, and when he would desire them to open the grate, his lips could not utter a word; he could only make known his wish by a motion of the hand.

The grate was opened. The old man felt his knees touched; he stretched out his hand to discover what it was! his fingers met with long locks of hair.

"This seems to be a man's head," he muttered, and fell back into his customary inertness.

But his hand did not hang down as usual; he felt it held, warmed, bathed—was it with tears? He listened, and thought he heard something which had not reached his ear for long, long years—the sound of weeping.

The flame of the spirit had died away, but the spirit was not wholly frozen; a very slight tinge of colour appeared on the cheeks, and the eyes seemed less heavy than at first.

"Are these tears?" he said, agitated. "Mine have been all shed long ago. But if Heaven would once more grant me tears, I would always weep them for pity, because the tears most acceptable to the comforter of the unfortunate are those of pity."

"Do not withdraw your hand from my head; do not leave me in the journey of life without your blessing," said Rogiero, suffocated with sobs.

Henry made no reply. Rogiero looked up and saw him mo-

tionless as if he had not heard his words. He shook his hand lightly, and repeated, "Your blessing! your blessing!"

"Blessing! blessing!" said Henry, like an echo; then added, "This is a word of love. The men above there (pointing up) use it weeping. The past flits unconnectedly through my memory; an alternation of darkness and of light occupies my intellect; but I think—nay, certainly, *I* was once blessed among human beings. I cannot remember now, but it was the conclusion of an immense emotion. Ah! my father blessed this head which had plotted to rob him of his life." And he struck his forehead, and prayed, and execrated in a lamentable manner.

Rogiero restrained him, and repeated in his ear,

"And that blessing speaks for you; his pardon has risen into the presence of God, and your sin is remitted to you."

"Valcherio, Valcherio, is this a sword that you put into my hand? Is it sword in hand that a son should advance to his father's bosom? Are these fitting words for an archdeacon of the Holy Church? They are the words of a demon—go, go; in the name of Heaven, do not tempt me. The pope? It is false! The Father of the Faithful cannot desire a parricide. Oh! how beautiful is this regal crown! how it shines! Do you desire it? Do I *not* desire it? Well, it is awaiting you in Monza, kept for you by your faithful Milanese; but observe, between thee and that crown there is a life—it must be removed. Mercy! mercy! I am penitent here in the abyss; but what avails it? can a thought cancel a crime? But his forgiveness! what avails it? Can the act of a criminal be annulled by the generosity of a good man? But I have suffered so much—how long have I suffered?"

Here he groped about, and not finding what he sought, added,

"Time has destroyed the implement which served me to distinguish it, and yet I live! But I have forgiven all things, every one—even Manfred!"

"Manfred!"

"Who named Manfred? For pity's sake, name him not! rather put me on the rack; burn out my eyes; but do not call Manfred. That is a name which has been long united to my heart with the desire of blood; now the day of vengeance is past, for the day of death is come. Who would have said it? His smile was that of innocence, a pure joy sparkled in his eyes, his voice was sweet; he was pronounced by all to be the most beautiful youth in Italy; he was the delight of the maidens, the envy of the troubadours, the knights, the most precious gem in Frederic's diadem. But, oh! fierce thirst of dominion! Manfred, have you worn the desired circlet? have you felt how heavy it is upon the head, when instead of jewels it bears the malediction of a soul in despair, and the sentence of divine judgment?"

"Oh, my father!" interrupted Rogiero.

"There was a time," said the captive, laying his hand on his breast; "there was a time when at that name I felt here an indefinite emotion which I would have preferred to all the joys of earth. Now I feel nothing; I am dead; I have no passions, except for the water which quenches the thirst that consumes my throat."

Here he felt about in search of the cup. Rogiero sprang up, took it, put it to his lips, raised his head, and assisted him to drink. The old man, neither refusing nor consenting, followed the impulse; but when, after opening his eyes, he was able to gaze upon Rogiero, he gave a feeble shriek, made a gesture of repulsing him, and between fear and wonder, exclaimed,

"Manfred!"

This exclamation was not so low toned but it struck the ear of those who remained at the grate; one of them writhed his body, as at some painful thought, and uttered a deep sigh.

The old man resumed with difficulty,

"But you see, Manfred, whither such ambition as thine has led me; you see the abyss of misery into which an immortal soul can fall, and if you have bowels of compassion, mourn. Ah! you cannot be Manfred—no, he was of your age when last I saw him. Years and anguish have prostrated my body more than it ought to be, but even the years without the anguish do not pass in vain over the creature destined to die. Are you his son? What do you wish? There is no crime in *you;* I have never nourished hate for *you*, but I cannot nourish love; arise, and be satisfied; it is long since I pardoned your father, and even in the time of my fury I never cursed the offspring of those who tortured me. Rise, and bid him be happy; be you so too. If the voice of a man speaking on the verge of life can find grace with you, in compensation for the evils I have suffered, I pray you to fulfil this my desire—bury my bones beside those of Frederic—of my father; without pomp if you will, without a crown, although to concede it to a corpse could not injure you; but it will suffice me to sleep by his side."

"Hear me, for the love of Heaven! These tears that bathe your hand are the tears of your son."

The mind of Henry, as if it had done itself a violence to speak sense, began again to rave; and imagining that he was conversing with his wife, the daughter of Leopold, Archduke of Austria, surnamed the proud, he resumed thus:—

"Agnes, why is our child crying? Soothe him, for he is the joy of my life. How beautiful is his smile! how have you the heart to make him cry? Soothe him, Agnes, soothe him. How delighted Frederic will be when I place this lovely babe in his arms; and why should he not? is it not his grandson? Whose is this sepulchre of porphyry? It bears the arms of Swabia.

Move aside, I pray you, for you intercept the light. Frederic I. —glory to his soul! glory to him who died fighting in the Holy Land! No, no, it is Frederic II. He is dead, then, nor on his pillow has he remembered me. I have no longer a father—and my son! Agnes! where have you gone?—my son?——"

"He is dying of grief at your feet."

"He?—who?"

"Your son."

Henry took the head of Rogiero in both his hands, looked at him long and fixedly, and at last said,

"Certainly you have the countenance of a grandson of Frederic; but if it is true that you are my son, why have you come so late? I have called you for years, and years, as in a desert of time. I can leave you only a heritage of misfortune—every paternal affection is dead in my heart; even the name of father is for me a remembrance of a thing afar off and forgotten, like the face of the companion of misery in the day of pride. If you have come to see how despicable is the end of a degraded creature, go hence, I command you; if pity has brought you hither, then slay me; fear not to slay me; have pity upon me. I suffer grievous torments at this hour, when I waver between life and death; such torments that to refuse to deliver a father from them is itself a parricide. Be confident, and fear not that God will demand of you my soul. The first prayer that I will make before his throne shall be for you, for having delivered me from such anguish; and I will pray him not to punish you because love guided your hand; but if divine wisdom must have its judgments, may they not fall on you but on him who compelled his son to give the strongest proof of affection for his father in slaying him."

And drooping his head on the shoulder of Rogiero, he sobbed without shedding tears. Rogiero piteously exclaimed,

"Oh! this is anguish unutterable."

"But if truly you are flesh of my flesh," said the tortured Henry, impetuously; "if you are he whose infantine caresses calmed the tempests of my fierce spirit, save yourself! Your enemies are numerous and powerful. Do you not know that your death would be all their joy? your life is all their fear. Save yourself, for they will follow you with all the eagerness of dogs on the trace of the deer. Alas! I thought I had no more torments to endure, but they are interminable as eternity. Give me no kiss nor embrace; the time they would occupy might be fatal to you; more dear than caresses would it be to me to know that you were safe. In Palestine, fighting for the tomb of the Redeemer, you may die the death of the brave. Take this reliquiory—it may serve to recall me to your mind in your prayers; pray for the man who has suffered all the bitterness which it is possible to endure on this earth; pray for a guilty and unfortunate father,

but haste away; if you love your life, haste away. Who knows if your coming here has not been contrived by treachery? Who knows that they do not intend us to die together? Did you hear the bars of the grate move? It is done! it is done! they have shut the door, and for ever. O wretches! O monsters!"

He rose; the strength which might have kept him alive for some hours longer appeared to rally in order to expend itself in a moment. His cheeks glowed with a feverish flush, he grasped the arm of Rogiero, and pushed him violently towards the door. His first step was quick, the second wavered, at the third Rogiero felt him give way; the wretched Henry fell prone upon the pavement. The young man hastened to assist him; the three mysterious persons ran from the grate for the same purpose. They raised him; his jaws and mouth were covered with blood, his nose was crushed, his forehead livid, his eyes starting from their sockets. They laid their hand on his wrist; the shock, and the force of imagination in that frame so near its dissolution, had removed him from among the living.

A mighty rage filled the soul of Rogiero; he rushed about the dungeon, calling piteously on his father, conjuring him to answer him, and not to abandon him so soon to the hands of his enemies. Frequently he burst into terrible menaces, and his bodily powers united so violently with his mental impetuosity that the bystanders could scarcely restrain him; he dragged them rudely to and fro with him, trying to shake himself loose from them. The agitation of Rogiero arrived at its climax; an irresistible desire of death possessed him; he strove to break away from those who held him, to rush to the wall, and dash his head against it. He only partially succeeded; he struck the wall, but could not spring from the grasp of the men, who used their utmost strength to keep him from it. But the concussion of the head, although not sufficient to deprive him of life, was enough, nevertheless, to make him fall senseless into the arms of the persons who held him.

The time that Rogiero should have been on guard in the gardens of King Manfred was past. The officer of the scudieri, or esquires of the body guard, followed by four of the latter, proceeded to the great gate of the gardens to relieve Rogiero, and to replace him by another sentinel. They could not see him. They called him; no reply was given! Had he deserted his king?

"Impossible! impossible!" said the officer; and at that moment he struck his foot against the spear which Rogiero at his departure had flung upon the ground.

Although the foot was much hurt, the officer took up the spear without uttering a word, lest any of the scudieri might look round and perceive in the weapon a speedy refutation of his affirmation; but it availed him little; a movement of the lantern made the light gleam on the bright point, and all cried out at once,

"The spear! the spear!"

"Certainly," said the officer, shaking his head, "it is the spear—there is no disputing it—that is an undeniable fact—it is the spear. Holy kings of Cologne! we live in such times that confidence in any one is as foolish as deceit is wicked."

So saying, partly angry, partly confused, he doubled the guards, and returned to his quarters. The horse of Rogiero being ascertained to be also missing, he chose out five of the esquires, and ordered them to go in pursuit with all speed, and not to appear before him till they could bring some intelligence.

Rogiero recovered his senses. There was an intense pain in his forehead; a great light seemed to burn before his eyes, and he shut them closely, as if they were injured by it. He desired the light to be veiled from him; then he tried to keep his eyes open, and perceived that he was no longer in the dungeon, but in a different apartment, and reclining on a magnificent bed; and that mysterious man who had spoken so little to him was succouring him with such affectionate anxiety that a mother could not have displayed more; and before he was well recovered he heard the stranger say, 'Blessed be Heaven, he is at length restored."

Rogiero took courage, sprang from the bed, and endeavoured to speak.

"Now then——"

"Now then," replied the Count di Cerra; "tears are womanish. To-morrow your father's body shall be embalmed; be comforted with the assurance that he shall be relieved with so many masses that he need not envy any Christian soul that ever has left or ever shall leave this world; and that his remains shall be translated, as soon as possible, to Monreale, that they may repose beside Frederic. Now for yourself, if you wish to make a sacrifice of your kingdom and of your vengeance to the man who has destroyed your parent."

"One of us ere long must fall by the sword," cried Rogiero, impetuously.

"Perhaps both," muttered the speaker to himself, and then added aloud, "Observe, Rogiero, new dynasties are more easily overthrown than old ones, because habit, even when love is wanting, gives to these latter an inert consistency which it is difficult to overthrow; but in the new, whether it is that they have not had time to take root, or that they do not prove themselves equal to what was expected from them, the difficulty is not so great. Charles, Count of Anjou, is preparing to invade this kingdom; let him be invited to come; let him be aided to consume his strength against Manfred's; let us order matters so that Charles shall conquer, and when he has done so, let us attack *him*, weakened as he will be by his own victory."

"Well?" inquired Rogiero.

"Well, let us send a faithful messenger to Charles to declare to him what I have proposed. Here are credentials subscribed by the greatest barons in the kingdom. I calculate that Charles has now entered Monferrat; a speedy messenger might meet him in Lombardy. There if he met with any Ghibelline troopers, here are letters from Buosa da Doara which would open a passage for him. But this is a very delicate negotiation; the life of thousands of your faithful subjects depends upon the loyalty of the messenger."

"Heaven forbid that I should spare myself where others brave danger for me. Give me the papers; I myself will convey them."

"To Charles of Anjou? You? and so ill as you are?"

"No more; give them. Is there any account of *my* existence in these letters?"

"We have thought it better to conceal it. You would be too precious a hostage in the hands of the count."

"It is well. Tell me who you are."

"I?"

"You! Repay confidence with confidence."

"What imports it to you, prince, to know who I am?"

"Listen. An accumulation of circumstances leads me to a purpose which has always been my abhorrence; perhaps I could not resist it, nor would I. I rely upon you wholly. I yield myself entirely to your guidance, and that not because you may not prove to be traitors, but because, though your treason may cause my death, I desire death. This may prove to you that in whatever danger your designs may place me, I shall never inculpate you, because you can do me no injury. Now I demand of you one single act of confidence, and you ask, what imports it to me to know you. Nothing, certainly. But what imports it to you to conceal yourself?"

"If it depended on *me*, I would already have revealed my name to you. But there are many of us bound together by one common oath not to discover ourselves to any one. You see that without the consent of all *I* could not—that their security——"

"But could I not break the wax and the silken thread that closes this letter, and read in it——?"

"You would not do it; and even if you did——"

"I should not find your name? I understand. Be it as you will. Give orders that I may pass out; I need the refreshment of the pure air."

"Where shall we meet again?"

"At San Germano."

The Count della Cerra made a sign and called the man-at-arms, Roberto, who conducted him out with the same precautions as he had used in introducing him.

When he was gone, the Count della Cerra shook the arm of the Count di Caserta, who was buried in deep thought, and said,

"Messer, of what are you thinking?"

"I am thinking how much I would have loved him had he been granted to me for a son."

"He is, without doubt, a gallant young man; he reminds one of the best days of Manfred in his youth."

"Too much; he resembles Manfred too much," cried Di Caserta," and rising hastily he dashed aside his chair, and hurried away through one of the doors.

"Ah!" said Della Cerra, rejoicing with his ferocious smile, "I have touched him to the quick. He stood awhile contemplating the door through which his companion had escaped. At length he resumed, "Imbecile! minds like this (he struck his forehead) are not made to suffer. If thy designs, however senseless, advantage mine, I will aid thee; otherwise, with a fine prostratio, and a letter demanding pardon, I will put thee under the protection of the gallows, and myself under that of the throne." Then casting away the crape that covered his face, he went out by a different door than that through which Di Caserta had passed.

Rogiero, meanwhile, having his eyes blindfolded, walked on under the guidance of Roberto. It seemed to him that he was proceeding along a different road, and he was right. On arriving at the end of a path the bandage was removed, and with extreme pleasure he saw his horse tied to a half-ruined gateway; this was the only joy he experienced throughout that memorable night. He went up to the animal, and fondly patting him, said, "Ali, Ali,* then thou hast not forsaken thy master? I am going to be a wanderer upon the earth; wilt thou be my companion and my friend? But take heed that I am unfortunate."

The noble creature, as if he wished to reciprocate the confidence that his rider reposed in him, made a capriole, threw up his head joyously, and showed his love by a sonorous neigh. Rogiero resumed,

"Thou dost not heed it, Ali; and through good or through evil fortune I am not the less to thee thy beloved master. Oh! men! men have the faculty to calculate where the tempest is about to devastate, and make their escape, and where to take their station, and use thy fortunes to betray thee, and this faculty they call reason."

So saying he laid his hand on the saddle bow, and without the aid of the stirrup vaulted lightly into his seat, then turning to Roberto, who stood motionless, gazing upon him, stretched out his hand and said,

* In the original the horse is called Allah, which being the Mahometan name for God, the translator scruples to use as profane in its application, and has, therefore, changed it to the Moslem proper name of Ali.—TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.

"Roberto, I fear we shall never meet again but in the Valley of Jehosaphat; but if we ever *do* meet again on earth, remember, and *I* will not forget it, that I have given you the right hand of friendship in the hour of my departure."

Roberto stood in a profound melancholy, and stretched out his hand to grasp that of Rogiero; the moment he touched it he was seized with a sudden trembling, drooped his head on Rogiero's hand with an appearance of intense sorrow, kissed it, and dropped a tear upon it.

"What is this, Roberto? you weep upon my hand."

Roberto, looking up to Heaven, then quickly casting his eyes down on the ground, replied,

"May the powers which should protect innocence accompany you in your career!"

Thus saying he departed, but from time to time turned his head, retraced a few steps, stood still, pursued his path; his eyes were bloodshot and full of tears; surely at that moment some severe conflict was passing in his mind; which was the victor, the good or the evil impulse, we shall not now declare; all we can say is, that the victory was manifested by a horrible imprecation and a gesture of wrath, and a hasty flight in the direction of the castle.

The thoughts of the past events did not permit Rogiero to pay much attention to what passed before his eyes; he departed sighing, and soon found himself in the open country, for after the siege* by Conrad, the Swabian, Naples was no longer walled. He laid the reins on his horse's neck, and bowing his head abandoned himself to his sorrowful reflections without heeding whither he went.

The horse, left to himself, followed the usual instinct of those animals of returning to the place of their abode, and certainly would have carried Rogiero thither if he had not, by shying at a stone which lay in his path, made a backward spring which aroused his rider, and made him to observe with surprise and dismay that he was near the Castle Capuano. His first impulse was to fly from it as rapidly as he could, but he halted.

The moon had not yet gone down; its last beams touched languidly the painted windows of the castle; his eyes glanced over them all, but rested on one. He stood erect in his stirrups, stretched out both his arms, exclaimed "Farewell!" with an intense effort, and sank back upon his saddle; then goaded with both spurs his good steed, which knowing impatience of his master, flew along with incredible velocity. By degrees the animal was hidden in the darkness and in the dust he raised; his gallop was heard as afar; it became less and less audible; now it was no longer heard, and all the scene returned to its primitive silence.

* Conrad IV., son of Frederic II., besieged and took (1254) Naples, which had rebelled against him, and razed the walls.—TRANSLATOR.

Who could declare the thoughts expressed by that soul of fire in the single word, "Farewell?" It was not to the beautiful sky which revealed to him all the treasures of creation that he addressed that tender word; the unhappy cares not whether the sky be serene or stormy, for his mental anguish is greater than any that can be derived from season or from climate. It was not to the torrent which from the top of a rock he had beheld dashing from crag to crag, breaking in snow-white foam, diffusing itself in fine spray, hiding itself in the dark valley, reappearing like a silver ribbon on the plain, and finally losing itself far, far away, whence his mind recurred to the solemn ideas of death and eternity. It was not to the fields where he unhooded his generous falcon, and saw it with delight soar aloft in wide circles, eager for its prey; it was not to the forest which, when dogs, steeds, and hunters pursued the angry boar, returned an echo as sweet to his ear as the greeting of a friend; it was not to his country, for he no longer had a country; it was not to sweet parental reminiscences, for those are united with the smiles and the caresses that are lavished on our cradle, whether it be when we close our eyes in sleep, or open to the light. That farewell was to the mournful and beautiful maiden who had given him the first token of love by interposing between him and his dagger. The harmony of voice and person for the celestial countenance had passed through his mind like luminous images. Hope shone upon his soul; it entered not through the gate of reason, but through that of imagination. He fancied he beheld a vast train of courtiers in vestal habits; that he heard an incessant clamour of trumpets and of bells; that he beheld a chapel and its priests; Iole with a bridal coronet accompanied Manfred; they approached the altar; he looked up; he beheld the face of his betrayed father; his forehead was livid, his mouth full of blood, his eyes starting from their sockets. Hope was annihilated, anguish sprang up, and plunged him into a profound darkness. He strained his eyes, and beheld a form illumined by a faint light. It drew near by degrees; the brow was pale, the face was bloody; he felt the touch of a hand, then of the blade of a dagger; the hand and the steel were equally cold. An overpowering force dragged him to the door; he heard a low moan; the place was suddenly illuminated; rivers of blood flowed from the gashed bosom of Manfred; across his body lay deserted a lovely creature; her side, too, was bleeding, but her face resembled that of sleep rather than death. Rogiero could no longer endure the visions of his imagination, and set himself firm in his saddle, and as if to fly from himself rudely spurred his horse. The animal dashed forward without ceasing; his body was bathed in sweat, but he may die with exhaustion before his speed can equal the wish of his rider. Rogiero, what can flight avail? Fly or tarry, as thou wilt, despair reigns in thy inmost soul!

THE SUMMONS.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

Come forth! not to the flower-enamelled fields,
Not garland-crowned, the festive scene to grace,
Not with glad, bounding step to join the chase—
Come, ere to earth we yield
The lov'd and loving, she whose light is past,
Come forth and look thy last!

The dying sunshine of her eyes was shed
Deep on thy heart, there ever to remain;
Gird up its fainting strength yet once again,
And gaze upon the dead!
Ere the dark grave its sweetness mantle o'er,
Look in that face once more!

Dost thou shrink back? 'tis hard thy strength to try
Before that voiceless dust, to mark its guise;
'Tis hard to look in the love-hallowed eyes
And find there no reply!
Yet never more upon the earth, for thee
Shall even this promise be!

'Tis the last hour! thou wouldst not let her go
Unseen; the mortal change is lightly shown
On her young beauty, she is yet thine own;
Let not the dank mould throw
Its shade betwixt ye till thy glance find rest
One moment on the blest.

Come forth! the shining hair lies clustering still,
With wonted grace, around the pale, calm brow;
The old familiar look is there even now,
Come, with its light to fill
Thy yearning heart, that must this token take
Of all the past—or break.

Home's sanctifying things are round her yet,
But she must forth! its doors will shortly close
Upon the mortal night of her repose—
Come, ere the march be set!
That lonely chamber must more lonely be,
Through future years, to thee!

Be strong in faith! come forth, look on her! trust—
By the almighty yearnings of thy love,
By its deep prayer—for solace from above,
In presence of that dust!
There, while unutter'd memories round thee swell,
There breathe earth's last farewell.

THE SUICIDE.[1]

AN OVER TRUE TALE.

No. III.

WHAT a tumult of painful thoughts, fears, apprehensions, surmises, doubts, and misgivings passed before the mind's eye of the now tortured Annie Greville as she lay that livelong night on her weary, sleepless couch of woe! He, then, had deceived her! He, the once noble and great, the brave, the eloquent, the handsome George Grant, for whom many a heart had beat high with expectation and she alone had gained, *he* had broken his promise, had rushed once more headlong into that vortex from whence there scarcely remained a hope he could be extricated. Oh! it was torture, agony, worse than madness to think of *his* ruin, destruction, and downfall; nay, it might be despair unto death! and she shuddered at the bare idea of such a thing; and then she burst into a paroxysm of grief and wept bitterly. Then came the dread, heart-rending question, what was she to do? how should she act? Should she conceal it for awhile and hope? but hope was useless thus. Should she summon him and tell him what she had overheard, and then tell him they must part, part for ever? Bitter word! Had she the heart to turn him off when perhaps he might be on the verge of the precipice, only waiting such a crisis to precipitate himself into utter perdition? And again, what she had heard might not be true; but something whispered her that it was too much so; she pictured to herself an hundred horrid scenes in which her lover stood prominent. Reason told her they should separate; her heart told her a different tale. At length, worn out in mind and body, she fell into a troubled sleep, full of uneasy fearful dreams, from which she did not awake till the glorious light of a noonday sun aroused her to a consciousness of external things. As she stepped from her restless couch, her maid, who had for some time been watching for her mistress to awake, placed a billet in her hand which she stated had been left for her early that morning by a stranger. Annie felt somewhat surprised, then suddenly a sinking at the heart came over her, and glancing at the superscription and not recognising the hand, tore it open instantly. The contents ran thus:—

Concluded from page 220.

"LADY,

"If you would save him you love from ruin, prevent him from resorting to the most notable of the London gambling-houses. One who feels a deep interest in the welfare of both advises this, as he knows you only have the power of averting the evil day, which is near at hand, if not already come. Heaven speed your exertions."

The writing was unknown to her, and there was no signature, not even an initial by which she might gain a clue to the author. But it fulfilled her worst forebodings, and no time was to be lost if the contents were true. Hastily throwing a robe de chambre over her, she sat down to her writing-table, and in a few minutes had penned a note, which she sealed, directed, and despatched immediately. After which she seemed somewhat more at ease, and permitted her maid to perform the duties of the toilet.

At length they were together once more and alone—the sweet, the beautiful Miss Greville, and the gallant, the handsome Mr. Grant. Yet how different the expression each countenance wore from what it had been yesterday at the self-same hour! On the face of the one were depicted anxiety, concern, and a dread misgiving, suggested, perhaps, by the whisper of conscience that there was something wrong; yet the compressed lip and firmly-set teeth told of determination and resolution not to be gainsaid. The countenance of the other was full of deep melancholy, and its old expression had returned; the sad and pensive look of the eye might have told the observer of hidden sorrow and grief. They were both silent for a moment or two; at last George Grant, looking inquiringly into the the mournful face of his betrothed, exclaimed,

"What means this hasty summons, Annie? Why call me when thou knewest I should soon have been here without any summons? Is anything wrong with thee, sweet love? Thou lookest sad! art thou ill? can I do aught for thee? thou knowest I would pour out my heart's blood for thee at thy bidding!" And the young man gazed at her with a look that smote her very heart.

"Yes, George Grant," she answered with an effort, "I am sad, ill, sick at heart. I have much to say to thee, to chide, to upbraid thee for. Thou hast broken thy promise, and art now going the road to ruin!"

"Nay, Annie, I did not expect this," interrupted he, with an altered expression; "had I thought that note was sent to summon me to a lecture from my lady love I should have been less eager to obey its commands."

"But hear me, George, while I speak. Thou knowest thou didst promise to give up the horrid vice that has led so many to destruction—nay, to a state worse than that; and wilt thou not

hear me now while I implore thee once more to give up so great a sin? Thou art high-souled, noble, generous; and canst thou endure to stake thy fame and fortune for the paltry pleasure of gaining a few glittering coins? If that is all, thou knowest I have more than enough for thee; but oh! for Heaven's sake, give up so dreadful, so deep a wickedness. If thou winnest, think of the pang inflicted on thy victim; if thou art the loser, what will become of thee? Oh! let me entreat you, by the love we bear each other, to turn from this evil course ere it be too late. We may be happy if we will, and why shouldst thou enter into temptation to mar it perhaps for ever?" And she looked at him with her dark, piercing eyes in an agony of entreaty.

The young man's colour rose; he had never been accustomed to be thwarted in any wish, much less to be shown his error, save by his uncle Bellamy, and then very, very seldom. Moreover, he had just sent a check for a large amount for a sum he had lost at play the night before, and he was not in the best of humours to receive such a reproof; otherwise the passionate entreaty of his affianced would have had, perhaps, its proper effect; but he was irritated, and the flashing of his eyes sufficiently told it.

"I did not expect this of thee, Annie Greville, I did not think your boasted love would turn to upbraidings such as these for so puny a fault; but I was mistaken; I thought I knew you better. And what if I do indulge in a little play, I but follow the example of a thousand others. And am I alone to be blamed for such a trifle? This is your affection, eternal love, for one who thought he had gained a prize. Oh, human nature, how deceived are thy sons!" and he smiled ironically, though he did not dare to meet the gaze of the beautiful being before him.

"This is unjust, ungenerous," returned Miss Greville; "you can have no reason to interpret my conduct thus; had you been calmer, or had not some secret power perverted your reason, you would not have so misconstrued my meaning. Trifles! You are surely mad, beside yourself, to talk lightly of so great an error; as your future bride it was my duty to show you how wrong you were; and oh, what sorrow it gave me to do it! And now, George Grant—I feel it—we must part," and she almost gasped for utterance. "Yes, it were better that we should never meet more than that we should meet in sorrow and anguish of heart." And the fair girl sobbed as if her heart would break—she could utter no more.

George Grant looked astonished, bewildered, his head seemed on fire, and the bitterness of gall was at his heart; he stood for a moment irresolute, and then exclaimed,

"Yes, Annie, I am indeed unworthy of you." And straining her in one last embrace to his heart, he burst wildly from the room and the house.

Oh! how much would either have given to recall those bitter words, as the one sunk into the nearest chair, and the other walked with hasty step far, far away from all he loved. But Heaven had decreed it otherwise, and the sentence of separation remained unaltered.

The affairs of George Grant were in a much worse state than any, save himself, dreamt of. Severe losses night after night, with few gains to counterpoise them, had brought him almost to his last shilling, so that, in order to conceal his condition, he was forced to take refuge with some exacting Jew, who lent him money on expectations, at an enormous interest. Even these sums scarce sufficed for his inordinate passion for gambling. Again he borrowed, giving bonds for the amount, so that the sum total was enormous. And how was he to pay it? These thoughts racked his mind many a weary night, and, together with his separation from Miss Greville, almost drove him to destruction. Little would any one, save his most intimate friends, or, we should better term them, associates, have deemed that the man whose eloquent harangues they read in the papers of the day an hour after those speeches were delivered with thunders of applause in the House of Commons, might be seen sitting in the gorgeous salon of Crockford's, lost in the all-absorbing, soul-corroding, deadly-deceptive excitement of play.

It might have been about a month after the painful separation of the two lovers, that our hero, having lost almost all the money he had borrowed, left the splendidly-illuminated club in Pall Mall for the less obtrusive light of the street lamps. It was somewhat early for him to leave that Pandemonium, though the chimes of the Abbey had rung the second hour of midnight; he felt fevered and excited, and not caring to return home, turned his steps in the opposite direction, towards the Horse Guards and Westminster. It was a beautiful night, or rather morning, in the month of June, and though the pale orb of heaven had long since withdrawn her light, many a bright star glittered in the spacious firmament above; the calmness of the hour, the quietness of the streets—for he appeared the only straggler—well accorded with his thoughts, which were gloomy, vague, and undefined; they brought him nothing but bitterness of spirit and anguish of soul. His mind wandered from the scene he had just left, the heated rooms, the eager looks and excited eyes of his companions, forming, indeed, the English Freescate to the soft, dark eyes of his beautiful affianced, now never to be more than a blank to him; he remembered well the imploring look with which she entreated him to turn from his present course, and find solace in her love alone; and he had dared to say her nay. When he thought of all this most bitterly did he groan from his very heart, and gnashed his teeth in utter despair; pride had kept him from returning and

confessing his crime, and pride, too, had urged him on in his sinful career, and now he knew it was too late; he stopped a moment beneath one of the lamps in his emotion, it revealed a face so worn, so haggard with mental and bodily exhaustion, few would have failed to observe; with sorrow had his friends remarked the change a short time had wrought in him, and had traced its origin to various causes, but to none did it afford more pain to see him thus than to his uncle Bellamy; for though he knew some misunderstanding had taken place between the lovers, he was not aware of the whole truth; he trusted it was only a lover's quarrel, and was somewhat surprised when a month passed without any change for the better showing itself.

George Grant walked on wrapt in his own thoughts; his way led to the Abbey, but an unaccountable influence turned his steps to the left, and in five minutes more he stood alone on Westminster Bridge. There was a serene, still calmness on everything around; the vast city—the centre of the world's commerce—was wrapt in deep repose. He stood on one of the stone seats leaning against the parapet. He gazed at the stars above as they shed their soft and uncertain light from heaven; then he looked down into the dark, rippling water, far, far below; involuntarily he shuddered and drew his cloak closer around him, as if he felt the night chill; yet still he gazed on the deep, deep waters, and a dark and gloomy thought passed over him; by degrees his agitation ceased, and he grew calmer, yet still he continued to gaze on those dark waters. What was it that whispered in his ear at that moment to end all his cares and sorrows, all his woes and afflictions, by one short act? Oh! it was the dread, fell, damned demon, urging him on to—SUICIDE!

Oh, coward, coward! art thou really man, and yet darest not for a short while to bear the brunt of misfortune—ay, and even misery too? Canst thou not brook the thought of acting the man and daring to their face the frowns of adversity and affliction? Wilt thou put an end to thy hope of happiness *hereafter* by an act which can only save thee from misery *here?* Oh, coward, coward!

He was just in the act of turning round to see if he was alone, even then ashamed that any should see his last end—his, the self-murderer!—when a hand was laid heavily on his shoulder, and a deep, solemn voice exclaimed, "Come away!" He started back a few paces in horror and amazement; he looked to the side from whence the voice proceeded, but could see no one; he cast his eyes up and down the long bridge, and into the parapets, but the stranger was gone; it was as if his guardian angel had interposed to save him—the spell was broken—and after two or three vain efforts to unravel the mystery, he turned his steps homewards.

But though the waters had not closed over him for ever, his mind was now opened to a way of ending his miseries, insensibly drawn on day by day till the horrid idea of self-annihilation became a sweet and even soothing source of reflection; and as he became more embarrassed, and fresh difficulties sprung up on all sides around him, he thought less of it as a crime against his country and his God than as a speedy but sure means of extricating himself therefrom. How little do we know ourselves, or when in prosperity deem that misfortune could ever entice us from the paths of rectitude; but when we learn by experience the ills and buffetings of the world, and not till then ought we to dare place any trust in our own fixity of endurance and honesty of purpose. Had George Grant been less proud, or less impetuous in his temperament, these wild thoughts would never have come across his brains to rack and unsettle him. But so it was, and the warm ebullition of high-wrought feelings was followed by a change to a settled gloominess when coupled with his mishaps, as akin as possible to the most utter abandonment of self to despair.

It was chiming the hour of ten on a beautiful evening about a week after the scene we have described as taking place at the bridge of Westminster. The world of London was fast emigrating to enjoy the breezy fragrance of country life; indeed, nearly every one had quitted the Metropolis for other scenes, and Mr. and Miss Greville were to start on the morrow for Haseley Park, their fine seat in Sussex; and, indeed, Miss Greville wanted change, for her looks were wan and pale, and her health sadly undermined more from distress of mind than any physical cause of debility. But few stragglers remained, and they were kept only from the necessities of pressing and urgent business; so that to the eye of any one well accustomed to a London life, the streets were thinly crowded, though that vast city never ceases day by day to pour out its thousands upon thousands, an endless stream of human existence moving towards eternity!

We would direct our reader's attention to a thoroughfare leading into that busy of all busy streets, Piccadilly. At the further end of Dover Street might be seen a figure wrapt close in a military cloak, passing slowly onward; his hat was slouched over his face, so that one could scarce distinguish the features as he moved along the shaded side of the street, seeming to avoid the observation of the passers-by. As he neared the centre of the street he stopped suddenly and gazed up at a large mansion opposite, the only light to which was the lamp before the door; the rest of the house seemed to be wrapt in darkness, as no light was visible from any of the windows. He seemed to regard it with feelings of deep emotion; his lips moved, and had any one been near they might have heard the word "Annie," muttered in a low, broken tone; and there *was* some one near—a tall figure like himself, though

not like himself concealed by a cloak, though he evidently shunned the observation of the other, shrouding himself behind a pillar supporting the portico of some adjoining house. He was a gaunt, grim figure, but wherewithal there was a look of good humour about his face that forced you to like it, notwithstanding the defects of its physiognomy, and the threadbare suit which covered him. The first-mentioned figure did not see him, but continued to gaze at the house we have described. At last, with an effort he tore himself from the spot and walked hastily towards Piccadilly, closely followed by the other. On entering this he turned down towards Waterloo Place, and then passed to the left up Regent's Street. On reaching a house where a variegated lamp shone brightly before the door he tapped, and a person, after eyeing him through an aperture, admitted him. As he ascended the stairs he might have been heard to exclaim, or rather mutter, "The die is cast and I must abide by it," and then he entered the gorgeous salon before mentioned as being one of the most notorious gambling places in the Metropolis.

There were but few assembled, but the pale, anxious faces that gleamed around the table told that the game was deep and the stakes high. Grant (for it was indeed he) did not join them directly, but approaching the refreshment table he tossed off an immense tumbler of champagne, and seating himself on a settee seemed to be gathering courage for the attempt.

In ten minutes he was at the roulette table. An hour elapsed, and he was—a beggar! and had rushed madly from the house.

* * * * * *

In an elegantly though not splendidly furnished room stood George Grant. On the table was an argand lamp, an open writing desk, with three letters sealed with black and directed. A few loose papers lay scattered about the tables, a volume of Shakspere, a Childe Harold, a newspaper or two, and the Parliamentary Register. The other furniture in the room was such as one would expect to see in the domicile of a refined gentleman. On a small table on one side the fireplace lay two exquisitely ornamented pistols, dread weapons of due portent. As for the inmate of the room himself he was calm and perfectly free from agitation, but the livid hue of the face, the bloodless lips compressed tightly together, the fierce determined look of the eye, told of deep passions or excitement lying within. He was reading a letter he had just written. After perusing it, seemingly without attending to its contents, he sealed and directed it to a well-known political character of the day, then placed it with the other on his desk, paced the room up and down for a few minutes, and then slowly but deliberately approached the table on which the pistols lay. He took them up, and examining the priming, satisfied himself

that they were loaded properly. Once he raised one of them to his head as if he would do the dreadful deed immediately, but, as though the hour had not come, or that he remembered something he had omitted, he again sat down to his desk, opened a secret drawer, and drew forth a most exquisite enamel portrait of—shall we say it?—Annie Greville.

Oh, man! suicide! self-destroyer! will not the sight of that fair form, lifeless though it be, turn thee from thy fell purpose and call thee back ere it be too late? Has not the thought of an *hereafter* ever crossed thy mind? or dost thou suppose that the close of thy miseries here will ensure thee security from the HELL to come?

He looked, gazed at it for some time with visible emotion, and kissed it passionately; yet the stern, resolute expression of eye and countenance changed not. As he was wrapped in contemplation of the picture the clock on his mantlepiece struck the hour of midnight. He started, put the picture hastily back into its place, closed and locked the desk, put the key into his pocket, then rose from his chair, and again paced the apartment to and fro.

At length he approached the table and took up the deadly weapon which in a moment would send him condemned into eternity! His back was turned towards the door, so that he did not see it open gently and a face peep in, nor did he hear a soft step enter the room: so much was he absorbed in the contemplation of the deed he was about to commit. Once he raised the pistol to his head, but remembering it was not locked removed and examined it once more, and then prepared for the second effort. There was a dead, awful stillness in the room. As he raised it the second time his hand trembled, and muttering something like a curse—at that dread moment, too, he laid it down and poured out a glass of wine that was by him without altering his position. This seemed to rally him; he took up the weapon firmly and raised the muzzle to his ear; he muttered some inaudible word, and—his finger approached the trigger, when a soft hand was gently laid upon his arm, and a low, broken voice uttered the word "George."

The pistol dropped instantly from his hand on the floor, and turning round with an exclamation of surprise, his eyes met the wan, pale, pitying looks of Annie Greville fixed on him.

Yes, there she stood, cold, motionless, statue-like, almost inanimate, regarding him with looks of entreaty and commiseration. Her heaving bosom and heart beat audibly, as if it would burst the earthly bonds that kept it there—the only signs of life about her!

There they stood regarding each other, one with looks of deep distress and agony, the other with amazement and horror. At last the latter spoke.

"Annie, Annie Greville, what means this? why would you come now to save me from a fate that I so much court to put an end to all my woes?"

She tried to speak, but thrice attempted it ere she could get out, with difficulty,

"Oh! George, this is madness; would you close all your hopes of happiness to come, and break my heart"—she gasped out—"by one rash act like this? Oh! George, thank Heaven you are saved, and may God give you another heart to acknowledge how wicked, how very wicked, you have been before him!"

The young man hesitated for a moment, and then threw himself at her feet, exclaiming,

"Oh! Annie, forgive me, forgive me; in Heaven's name, forgive me."

"Nay, nay," replied she, "I have scarce to forgive thee, for well I know thou hast had misfortunes to tempt thee; but ask of a higher power to forgive thee, for thou hast not sinned against man but against God. May he forgive thee, George, as I forgive thee!" said she, kneeling by his side, and uttering the words with a fervency that did more to awaken Grant to a sense of his wickedness than anything she could have done.

"Oh, Father!" prayed he, aloud, "I have sinned against Heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son."

There was a pause for some moments, as if both were engaged in mental prayer, and then they both rose. Annie Greville was the first to break silence.

"And now that I have done my errand, George Grant; now that Heaven hath saved thee from an untimely end we must separate; it is better we should meet no more. Farewell! and if we were ever happy together, remember one who wishes only for thy welfare!" and she moved towards the open door.

"Oh! stay, Annie," implored the young man, with vehement passion and energy, "stay, hear me. Wilt thou now desert me, now that thou hast saved my life; it had been better that the grave had closed over me than that thou hadst saved me only to torture me again to despair. Oh! Annie, listen to my prayer;" and he knelt down at her feet, while the poor girl sobbed as if her heart would break. "If you knew how madly, how hopelessly, I have loved you since we last separated, and hope—the blighting of that hope—has urged me to this mad, wicked course, you would pity me, indeed you would! I know I was very, very wrong—nay, wicked, in not listening to you when in your kindness you would have persuaded me to turn from my evil ways ere it was too late. But, oh! leave me not now to a state of existence worse than a thousand deaths, for I love thee, Annie Greville, and ever shall love thee! Best and noblest of beings! for thou

didst once love me, and hast now saved me from the end of a suicide! Oh! love me still!"

He spoke with passionate warmth and feeling; his countenance, though haggard by the deep excitement and agonized emotion visible on it, spoke of the working of the soul beneath. Annie tried to conquer her agitated feelings; she tried to dry her tears, but they fell faster than ever. There was a wavering of irresolution for a moment or two, and then, with a look of unutterable love and devotion, she fell fainting into his arms.

Oh! woman, woman, best beloved of Heaven, how little do we comprehend thy love or value thy affection, who with untiring patience and long suffering can bear up against the ills and the tyrannies that man imposeth on thee!

At this moment Mr. Greville and his daughter's maid-servant entered the room. They had accompanied Miss Greville to the house of Mr. Grant, but at her entreaty Mr. Greville had remained outside; and now they rendered every assistance in their power to bring the fainting girl to her senses, which by degrees she recovered.

"George Grant," said the old man, when all had become somewhat composed, "I have been sadly deceived in you; but I sincerely trust that this will be the only time I shall have time to express my sorrow at your conduct. But now I see that my daughter's absolute happiness is concerned, I cannot break her heart by refusing what she finds so very material to it. I assure you that I would not have come, no, not even to save you from the suicidal act you were about to commit, had it not been for my daughter's agonized prayers, and wrought upon by them, after much denial, I accompanied her; you know the rest. You little deserve such a prize, and indeed I am very loth to give it you; but when I see what misery my refusal will entail, I cannot resist; and I hope and trust that the gift will not only ensure her happiness, but be the means of seducing you from your evil courses!" and he held out his hand to his future son-in-law, which the latter grasped warmly.

"It shall, it shall, indeed it shall," he cried, with emotion; "I feel I am not worthy—nay, very unworthy—such a blessing; but I pray Heaven I may show my repentance, not by words, but by devoting my life to make her happy."

"God bless you both, then," murmured the old man, as he joined the hands of both. "And you too, sir, for all your kindness and generosity," the good father sobbed aloud.

It was an affecting scene, and we will hasten to draw a veil over the expression of feelings too deep to be described. They soon after separated. The next day the Grevilles went into the country, and were shortly followed by the erring but fully repentant lover.

Arrangements were entered into for liquidating his debts. Mr. Bellamy, generous as usual, came forward with an offer to pay a share. He was always kind and forgiving, more especially so in his dear nephew's case. Mr. Greville, too, behaved very handsomely on the occasion; and part was to be paid by yearly instalments, for which a proper interest was given meanwhile.

About a month after they were united privately. Need we dwell on the happy results?

It appears that the person whom we have seen following Mr. Grant to the gaming house, and had hastened to Dover Street on seeing him rush from the place, and guessing the consequences, was no less a personage than his foster-brother, who was passionately attached to his young master, and who had come, unknown, to town to see him, but hearing of his sad inclination to gamble, had not shown himself, thinking he might prove of service another way, as, indeed, was the case. He it was who had first sent the note to Miss Greville, and it was he that prevented the dreadful deed from being committed upon Westminster Bridge. Of course, his services were not forgotten, though he was very unwilling to acknowledge the part he had taken in this tale, or receive any recompense.

The stewardship of Mr. Greville's country estates being vacant, he was appointed thereto; and he accepted with pleasure from the only motive that he would constantly be near "the young master."

We leave our readers to draw their own moral from our tale.

LEAVES OF LIFE.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

No. IV.

HEROD THE GREAT.

Earth's dark recesses, and the hidden depths
Of ocean, had been made to yield their stores
Of bright and precious things, and cunning men
Had wearied even invention, to adorn,
With spoils of many lands, the gorgeous pile
Beneath whose glittering roof, on couch superb,
Breathing the spirit of luxuriance,
The man reclin'd, whose grandeur, travail-heap'd,
Had made Augustus marvel. He, as yet
But midway steep'd in crimes that bore him on,
Through after years, beyond all human thought

Of human cruelty, had not quite lost
The softening sense of that almighty love
Whose willing slave he had been. On his view
Burst through the marble vistas many a height
Uprais'd by his magnificence. There rear'd
Jerusalem's temple, fashion'd by his hand,
And gifted with a lavish gorgeousness
It could not boast in the old prophet-days;
And scarce less stately, in the distance stood
The amphitheatres wherein he will'd
A grosser worship to his earthly god,
The Cæsar of the world. All power was his
Save the one needful power to banish thought
With its leagued hosts of memory and remorse;
And the strong-passion'd man, beneath its spell,
Writh'd in that hour as he recall'd the dream—
Ill broken for those times!—of love intense
That once—but once!—had bound him. With that theme
Came other names and other images
Than *hers*—Hyrcanus, Aristobulus!
One name he could not speak, but through the depths
Of his dark spirit it was borne along
As if ten thousand echoes found a voice
To thunder—Mariamne! Another filled
Her place within his home, not in his heart,
Where burnt the smouldering embers of the love
That in its joy, and rage, and wild despair,
Had ever been a madness. Once again—
And never more throughout the guilty course
Of his life's fever'd hours, to visit him
With its redeeming yearnings—once again
That love resum'd brief empire o'er his soul;
And in the anguish, impotently strong,
That bowed him down, he shriek'd one other name—
"Salome!" while across him came the thought
That to her counsel stern, born of revenge,
He owed the void within him; the fierce mood
In which he sought escape from all the past
By heaping desolations. Yea, he felt
That strong for good as now for evil deeds
He *might* have been had *she* not proudly given
Scorn for his love, and with defiance still
Dared him to reap that guerdon of remorse,
His own for evermore! The outcast caught
One glimpse of goodness, holiness, and truth,
All sanctified and sanctifying things,
In that hour's commune with the spectral past;
And the dread contrast of the things that were
Shook him as with a thunder-bolt. . . . . In vain,
All vain.

DIALOGUES OF THE STATUES.

No. IV.

BY PETER ORLANDO HUTCHINSON.

Dr. Johnson's Statue by Bacon, in St. Paul's Cathedral, to Sir Walter Scott's Bust by Chantry.

"HULLO, Johnson!" cried Sir Walter Scott, at the top of his voice, "hullo, Johnson!—or rather you statue of Johnson, there in St. Paul's—do you hear me? I know you hated Scotchmen most sincerely; but set all that aside just now, for I wish to have a few minutes' chat with you about literature. I confess I have the tartan plaid round the shoulders of my bust, and I belong to the hungry and barren land which you so bitterly denounced in your 'Tour to the Hebrides;' but authors ought to meet with the brotherly love of Freemasons, no matter what their origin. They belong to the great republic of letters, and as members of that republic they ought to be good friends."

"I hear you, Sir Walter," returned Johnson, with a rough grunt. "If I liked not Scotchmen better than I liked their bleak, treeless country, it is certain I loved them but little. It is said that Scotland is very different now from what it was in my day, and that the mountains are covered with timber. I hope this is true; but since I became a statue I have had no opportunity of a personal inspection. However, those who buried Thomas Campbell's body right on the top of mine in Poet's Corner have certainly taken their revenge upon my antipathy."

"Ha! ha! ha!"

"Why, Scott, what are you laughing at? People may talk of the horrors of the nightmare, but such a Scotch incubus as I have got upon my body, I am sure never was laid upon dust before."

"Believe me, Johnson," said Sir Walter Scott's bust, in tones of conciliation, "the remains of Campbell were not laid upon yours for the sake of perpetuating any paltry matter of revenge. The circumstance was wholly accidental, though I allow that it is an amusing coincidence, considering all the points of the case. Poet's Corner is rather full, and it was difficult to find a site for him."

"Of course I place every faith in your explanation," observed Johnson, in a surly tone; "but nevertheless the fact is an excessively annoying one. I could moralize on it for an hour; you know I am called 'the great moralist.' However, Scott," added Johnson, "I will do you the justice to say that if I was the great

moralist of my day, I think that you were the great moralist of yours."

"Thank you for the compliment," rejoined Sir Walter's bust.

"It is true," continued the other. "Few or no writer's works ever contained more wholesome or more rational morality than yours. There is no mawkish nonsense about it. It is plain, honest, pure, sensible, unaffected, and natural. My statue has a high esteem for yours."

"Thank you again," reiterated the one so addressed.

"The writers of my era were not noted for their morality," proceeded Johnson. "There was Smollett, a clever fellow, certainly, but he was no moralist. Some say that his writings are not immoral, but only licentious and indecent; but *I* say that this is the same thing. Any style which tends to lower our standard of respect for virtue, or decency, or decorum, I say is immoral. There is the most talent in 'Roderick Random' and 'Peregrine Pickle;' but they are both soiled with vulgarity and indecency, and thus, being corruptive, they are immoral."

"I perfectly agree with you there," said Scott; "such a style I think must necessarily be immoral, since it tends to corrupt the purity of the reader's mind. But, Johnson, you may observe that nearly all the writers who preceded the nineteenth century were tainted with this vice. Look at the memorable instances of Dean Swift and Lawrence Sterne; and yet both these were in the church, and mounted their pulpits to preach morality and religion. I do not derogate from the talent of either; and where Sterne chooses to lay aside his obscenity, I think his pathos is exquisite. Samuel Richardson, who wrote 'Clarissa Harlowe,' and 'Sir Charles Grandison,' was infinitely purer than these ecclesiastics; and Fielding, the author of 'Tom Jones,' may perhaps be counted less impure, though in his habits of life he was notoriously dissolute. The nineteenth century brought about a better state of things."

"Ay, Sir Walter," quickly rejoined Johnson, "and I say without hesitation that it was *you yourself you* that brought about this grand and wholesome revolution. We statues enjoy great freedom of speech without offence, whether it be of praise or of censure, therefore, whichever I give you—praise or censure—I pray you take either with equal indifference. We are not men now, but statues; and statues always speak their minds, though men do so but rarely. I do honestly think that the publication of 'Waverley' may be set down as the date of an era when a glorious revolution in prose writing commenced. I have mentioned the obscenity of the great mass of scribblers that preceded you, but I may also mention their puerilities. What person, for instance, enlightened with the education which is so universally supplied to every one in the nineteenth century, and having read the style of works which

the press has thrown off since 'Waverley' appeared, is content to go back to the fictions which I have mentioned? Even my 'Rasselas' is only looked upon now as a book for children under ten years of age, and in this view it may be classed with 'Gulliver's Travels,' and 'Robinson Crusoe.' As for those masterpieces of Fielding and Richardson, they are never opened by persons of cultivation or refinement; and, indeed, they are rarely to be found now, except at the bottom of some drawer in the kitchen dresser, huddled together along with sundry plate-leathers, dusters, crusts of dry bread, and perhaps an odd volume of the 'Mysteries of Udolpho,' the 'Children of the Abbey,' or Walpole's 'Castle of Otranto!' All these do well enough for cooks, scullions, and footmen; but they are absolutely either too puerile or else too vulgar for my lady's maid. She, forsooth, has become so far elevated by the refined spirit of modern literature that she must send to Messrs. Saunders and Otley's for 'the last new novel.' But this is not all. The contemporaries of these whom I mention were all notorious for their bad grammar, and their glaring ignorance of punctuation, and the proper construction of a sentence. These faults are plain in every page of the best writings of Shakspere, Milton, Hobbes, Pope, Addison, Steele, Prior, Temple, Gay, Dryden—and, in fact, all who wrote previously to the nineteenth century. We are continually annoyed with the expressions, 'I have *wrote*,' for 'I have written;' 'it *was* become,' for 'it *had* become;' active verbs for neuter, as '*to lay*,' for '*to lie*,' and fifty other inaccuracies which clearly prove that the grammar of the English language was never studied by the old writers. Dean Swift once made a public remonstrance to the Earl of Oxford concerning the grossly imperfect state of our native tongue, alleging that 'in many instances it offended against every part of grammar;' and Bishop Lowth observes that Hooker was the first writer of any correctness. Thanks to you, Scott, for a better state of things now."

"And thanks to you, Johnson, for the assertion," was the reply. "I began my career in verse," he continued; "but my nose was put out of joint by the growing fame of Byron; and though I was vexed at the time at being thus driven by a rival from metre to prose, I have learnt not to regret it since. My success as a novelist was prodigious. It is true I shunned the inanities of my predecessors; I did *not* take the 'Castle of Otranto' as my model on which to construct an historical novel, but I rather used much time in antiquarian research amongst scarce parchments and musty manuscripts; I avoided exaggeration, improbability, and supernatural agency, and thus, by making my narratives natural, and by so far interweaving history with fiction as to conceal the limits where the one ended and the other began, I succeeded in chaining down the heads as well as the hearts of my readers."

"True, Scott, true," said Johnson, laconically; "but besides the excellent moral which is appended to all your tales, there is one thing for which I especially commend you, and that is, that you interest one most in your *best* characters and not in your *worst*. I particularly mention this because there are several highly endowed authors who are living whilst we hold this dialogue who interest one most in their greatest villains. All their talent seems to be devoted to the drawing of their portraits in the most alluring colours; so that when these villains fall into the difficulties which their crimes justly bring upon them, we have been so much won over to their side to sympathize with them, that we feel all sorts of hope that they may escape punishment, though we *know* they are guilty. This is a bad moral, to say the least of it, and every modern author would do well to avoid committing so pernicious an error."

"I could tell you," observed Scott, "the author's name you allude to."

"Hold your tongue!" said Johnson, bluntly. "There is another error," he proceeded, "into which not a single writer, but a large class of writers, has fallen of late years, and that is, the passion for quizzing and reviling all those members of society who are either above them in rank or riches. If one may believe this deluded class of writers one would arrive at the conclusion that all the vile passions, all the evil propensities, and all the criminal excesses into which it is possible for the most abandoned of human nature to run are to be found in the aristocracy, and in the aristocracy only. Wealth, titles, and power, with them, is the embodiment of imbecility and crime; but poverty, in their eyes, is ever associated with virtue. William Hazlitt is strongly to be reprehended for his unamiable malignity for those above him. The story of 'Fanny, the Little Milliner,' is spoilt by this rabies. Dickens has shown it in places, though not to a great degree. Mrs. Gore is to be censured for giving way to this illiberal blemish; but none perhaps now surpass Douglas Jerrold in his mistaken attempt at satire. Such short-sighted writers assume to themselves the idea that, by deriding the higher orders, and holding their foibles up to derision, they will thus succeed, by contrast, in exalting to admiration those of a lower grade."

"This is a mistake, Johnson."

"I know it is, and I was going to say so. But let me go on. They also think that by quizzing the aristocracy they set forth themselves as magnanimously despising such worldly distinction, and as fully content with the virtuous sphere of life which they, forsooth, adorn; but this is another mistake. Douglas Jerrold thinks there is no virtue in St. James's, but only in St. Giles's. I wish he would remember the wanton bouts of beastly drunkenness that are repeated day by day in the gorgeous gin-palaces of

this latter parish. It is true the peer of St. James's runs into excesses, but the very disbursement of his thousands does good to the poor who carp at him, by circulating his money amongst them. The pauper, however, of St. Giles's no sooner gets a few pence into his possession than away it goes to the beershop, although himself may be in rags, and his wife and children starving in their garret for the want of the loaf of bread which he might have brought them. I think the pauper, here, worse than the peer."

"You speak forcibly," rejoined the bust of Sir Walter, after having paid attention to Johnson's observations. "To say the truth, Johnson, a somewhat similar train of thought used at times to suggest itself to me when I was a man. If I were not a bust—but it is too late to talk now—however, if I were not a bust, I would sit down and write a new novel, in which I would show how much the poor are beholden to the rich, and how ungrateful they are to inveigh against them. I would ask who it is that encourage trade and industry, and I would show that it is the rich and not the poor. Who relieve the beggar? not the poor, but the rich. Who, in the case of fire, or famine, or shipwreck, come forward with their purses for the use of those who are rendered destitute by the calamity? not the poor, but the rich. Who, by building mansions and keeping carriages employ scores of workmen, and pay them those wages which support these men and their families? not the poor, but the rich. Who subscribe to the thousand benevolent societies and hospitals for the benefit of the needy? why, not the poor, again, but the rich."

"You might do more," added Johnson; "you might ask Douglas Jerrold, or one or two others tainted with the weakness, who it is he expects to buy his book; surely not the poor, but such as can afford it. But I can't help thinking that it is a shallow policy to abuse a man, and then ask him to buy one's book. It is not noble to revile those by whom we live. To scurrilize the great, so far from looking like independence of spirit, generally betrays the little passions of envy and jealousy. I wonder if these carpers would refuse peerages and ten-thousands-a-year if they could get them? And if they were suddenly peers with large fortunes, why should they be different from others in high places? This shows the nonsense of the practice. One thing puzzles me, and that is, to see the aristocracy malign their own order. Lady Emeline Wortley and others have done this."

"Oh!" said Scott, "they are privileged to say what they like. It cannot be set down as envy and jealousy in them."

"No," added Johnson, "but one would suppose they would stick up for their titled compeers. This style is very different from the good-humoured, quizzing, joking, and satirizing style originated by Dickens. This last is well enough, because there is no malignity in it. All Dickens's works, with the exception,

perhaps, of one or two of his Christmas stories, as the 'Carol' and the 'Chimes,' for the 'Cricket on the Hearth' is better, are to be praised for the good morals appended to them, and for the benevolent spirit in which they are written."

"Dickens is a lucky fellow," observed Scott's bust; "he made his money as fast as I made mine."

"True," continued Johnson, "he made it fast; but money that is quickly made often goes quickly. He has spent money as well as made it. His style of vulgar wit and easy pleasantry, which in him was original, and hence his rapid rise, has been copied by others with more or less success. Amongst the most palpable of his followers may be mentioned Albert Smith. Considering this, I wonder at the favour he has met with. His dramatic pieces, too, are not original; they are either taken from the French, or else they are adaptations from other sources. Reynolds is another. He has copied with extreme effrontery, and almost tried, by adopting nearly similar titles to his books, to pin his fame absolutely on the skirt of Charles Dickens's. He has not only done this in respect to an English author, but he has foraged similarly in France, and copied from Eugène Sue."

"Even Hewlett," rejoined the other speaker, "who, by the way, is capable of everything great and good, has here and there fallen into the Dickens style."

"It is difficult to avoid a popular writer," observed Johnson. "Dickens struck out something new; and though his scenes are always amongst the vulgar—yet at the same time without offending—and though he never could pourtray the polished manners of high rank in castles and mansions, still his originality was irresistible; and others, seeing he had made a hit, spontaneously resembled him, if they did not copy."

"You say well," added the Scotchman's effigies, approvingly.

"There is G. P. R. James," continued the hater of Scotchmen; "and though I did not say he has copied you, nevertheless, he has resembled you. Horace Smith ran hand in hand with you in a curious way, at all events in his 'Brambletye House.' Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, clashes with you in his 'Tales of the Wars of Montrose,' and unfavourably to himself, too, since the comparison reveals the want of vigour which your narratives possess."

"Ay, but," rejoined Scott, "if you say I had the advantage of these writers, I will tell you where I should have had a powerful rival—and that is in Bulwer Lytton."

"Do you think so?" inquired Johnson.

"Yes, I do," said the other.

"What do you admire him particularly for?" continued the former.

"Oh, fifty things!" cried Scott.

"So do I," returned Johnson; "but his morals are not always unimpeachable."

"That is just," was the reply; "but, if we take him for all in all, he is decidedly the first prose writer since I became a bust. His metaphysical vein, his logical power, and especially his glowing poetry of description, are such as few prose writers of fiction ever traced on their pages. His fire, his passion, and his intensity are irresistible. His capability of delineating the inmost workings of the soul are admirable; his language is polished, his style eminently imaginative, his subtlety of thought striking, his diction the strongest that could have been embodied to produce the effect intended, and consequently his vitriolic periods seem to canterise the paper!"

"That will do," said Johnson, coolly.

"I should like," proceeded Scott, "to say a word on Lockhart's novels."

"Hold your tongue about your son-in-law," observed the other, stopping him short.

"Well, then, there is D'Israeli," continued the foiled one; "he has been getting on well since Bulwer Lytton laid aside the pen. As for his Young-Englandism, he himself knows no more about it than his readers do. As a writer he wants to be natural to be powerful; he is often too wild, too exaggerated, and too overstrained for these days of truth, matter-of-fact, and rationale. Lord Mulgrave never aped at this; but unfortunately he has not the force to carry his readers onward by his correct naturalness and plain good sense."

"Your good sense, plain speakers," said Scott, "are the nautical novelists."

"And the sporting writers," added Johnson.

"Exactly," rejoined the other. "Marryat has enjoyed a higher fame in this agreeable species of writing than any other author in this country. His success, however, in respect to his different works varied very considerably; for though his share of the profits on 'Japhet in Search of a Father' was £600, his 'Sharleyow' was a dead failure."

"That showed discrimination," said Johnson, "on the part of of the public."

"Certainly it did so," was the reply; "and notwithstanding that the public is very capricious at times, it is generally just in the long run. It has fully acknowledged the pre-eminent talent of Cooper, whenever he lays his scenes either on the ocean or the prairie, despite the obstacles which beset his path to fame in the beginning of his career; and it has duly appreciated the excellencies of Chamier and Howard. The sporting novels are for sporting men; and though some of them contain a great deal of vulgar stable slang, still the admirers of Craven, Scrope, and John Mills are not few. Neither has public opinion been insensible to the sound genius of Washington Irving, the inane affectations of

Willis, the fashionable mawkishness of Lady Blessington, the vulgarities of Mrs. Trollope, the industry of Southey and Lord Brougham, the instructive travellers' stories by Sir C. Harris, by Hughes, Parrot, Waterton, Borrow, Stephens, Park, Franklin, Parry, or the amusing and perilous adventures by sea, in the voyages of Coulter, Wilkes, Ross, and the Chevalier Captain Dillon."

"To these," observed Johnson, gruffly, "one might add the geographical knowledge of Miss Costello, and the originality of Lord William Lennox."

"Ah, Johnson," returned Scott, "that sarcasm is so like you. Ainsworth," he added, "is an author that has had great success during the last ten years."

"Yes," muttered the statue of the great moralist, "but 'the Ainsworth school,' as it has been designated, is far from being such as any good man would be proud of having established. To teach people to love scenes of crime, to grovel in filth, rags, and slang, to get an intimate knowledge of the worst purlieus of the worst parts of London, to become familiarised with the swindling tricks of pickpockets and dog stealers, to introduce his readers to felons, drunkards, debauchees and murderers—to do these things is not the province of a writer, whose works may find their way to our drawing-room tables, where they are too likely to sully the pure and refined minds of our wives and daughters."

"There is something in that," said Scott.

"I think there is," added Johnson, with a sneer. "This pernicious style," he proceeded, "has been too much in vogue of late. One class of writers of the present day does nothing but carp at everything above them, another does nothing but fill their pages with all the imagined, and almost more than the imagined, varieties of beastiality and vice. Between these two, I think that the rising generation is unfortunate in the literary feast which the press now caters for its acceptance."

"And there is something in that," added the former speaker.

"Right again," repeated the other.

"But," said Scott's bust, "we must hope that the reign of vulgarity and frivolousness is over; that a new class of authors will arise who will amend these things; that people will write to do good, and not for the sake of flattering their vanity, or for the sake of venting their spleen or their jealousy against this or that order of society; that a profitable moral will be attached to each tale——"

"All which," observed Johnson, impatiently, "will be accomplished when the sky falls, or—Calder Campbell writes poetry."

"Another hit at the Scotch," rejoined Sir Walter.

"Ay," groaned Johnson in Poet's Corner, "but, Thomas, that lies on me, is having his revenge."

"The men would do well," said the author of Waverley, "to study some of the female writers of the present day; and they might learn much good from the chaste and classical talent to be found in the pages of 'Chances and Changes,' the power and skill of Miss Strickland——"

"Stop," cried Johnson; "I am no flatterer, but the women of England are too many and too good to be mentioned incidentally in this dialogue. They ought to have a dialogue to themselves."

"That is gallantly pronounced," rejoined Scott.

"These," proceeded the other, "have written to form a taste, but many write to accommodate themselves to the literary taste already existing. As it is difficult now-a-days for an author to mark out and form a certain taste, this plan of writing for that which exists is certainly the safer, and sometimes the more profitable, though it is not so honourable when that taste is said to be vitiated. Grant has written much for the prevailing taste; so has Mrs. S. C. Hall, so have Lever and Lover, and R. H. Horne tried it. Horne's 'New Spirit of the Age' was a compilation of personalities, put forth for the sake of attracting the attention of a literary body of contemporaries, but they thanked him very little for his pains. His farthing poem was a finesse hit upon to bring his name forward. I have read this performance, or, as he terms it, 'experiment,' twice; but on my life—or rather, on my death—Scott, I can make neither head nor tail of it. The novelty of the ruse got off a few editions, but if he was paying threepence a copy to his publisher for paper and printing, you will perceive that he made little by selling at a farthing."

"Why, even my incognito," observed Scott, "was one way of creating a curiosity towards me and my novels."

"Admitted," was the rejoinder; "and this practice of incognito has been tried by many others, for various reasons; but authorship, like murder, will out at last."

"Even," said Sir Walter, "in the case of Junius."

"How Junius?"

"The author has lately been discovered to have been a Scotchman."

"Pooh, Scotchman! everything is Scotchman!" cried Johnson, angrily. "Do you mean to insult me?"

"Certainly not," answered Sir Walter. "Some hug themselves and chuckle on their imagined incognito, as in the cases of the supposed unknown authors of 'Godolphin,' 'My Aunt Pontypool,' 'The New Timon,' and the 'Vestiges of Creation.' But some folks know more than some folks think."

"I care not the nip of a worm," said Johnson, carelessly, "about authors' names, so the books be but readable. A great variety is poured forth now-a-days, Heaven knows; and there are viands for all tastes, ranging amongst the jokes of Gilbert à

Beckett, the fire and passion of Lady Julianna Fullerton, the versatility of Professor Wilson, the heaviness of Chorley, the wit of Sidney Smith, the quizzing of Thackery, the twaddling of Leigh Hunt, the historic fancies of Smythe, the affected magniloquence of Carlyle, or the feebleness of Moncton Milnes."

"Your critiques," said Scott, "are short and concentrated."

WILD FLOWERS.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Flowers of the wild, around my way
How spring ye forth in rich profusion!
Clothing in blossoms fair and gay,
The dimmest paths of stern seclusion:
Ye cast upon the ruin'd pile
Fantastic wreaths of waving lightness,
And bid the barren woodland smile
With tints of variegated brightness.

Ye lack no trim and smooth parterre,
No shelter'd slope whereon to flourish,
Ye ask no practis'd florist's care,
Your strong and hardy growth to nourish;
Each dreary and deserted spot
Ye link with memories sweet and pleasant,
Freely ye bloom, and value not
If ye are pluck'd by peer or peasant.

Flowers of the wild, 'tis often held
That every bud a moral teaches,
And garden plants are far excell'd,
Methinks, by your untutor'd speeches;
Ye bid us deem of little worth
The gaudy toys of wealth and station,
While thus the lowliest spots of earth
Teem with the glories of creation.

And He who, o'er the lonely waste
Scatters this host of fairy treasures,
Bestows on man, however plac'd,
A meet supply of simple pleasures;
These in our daily walks abound,
Needing no pain and care to find them,
These raise no envy, cause no wound,
And leave no festering sting behind them.

When through ambition's maze we roam,
How oft, alas! we lose all traces
Of the exotic plants that bloom
Amid her high and palmy places;
But would we grasp fresh fragrant flowers,
And see no jealous hand detain them,
Let life's sequester'd path be ours,
And we shall seldom fail to gain them.

CARLYLE'S LETTERS AND SPEECHES OF OLIVER CROMWELL.*

American Emerson, in his own quaint and startling manner, in one of his essays, says, "Beware when the great God lets loose a thinker on this planet. Then all things are at risk. It is as when a conflagration has broken out in a great city, and no man knows what is safe, or where it will end. There is not a piece of science, but its flank may be turned to-morrow; there is not any literary reputation, not the so-called eternal names of fame, that may not be revised and condemned." If we also say and the *reviled* 'names of fame' *revised and justified*, we shall describe but truly what, in the work before us, one of the most earnest and original of living thinkers, has done for the greatest name in British history.

Hitherto the name of Cromwell has fared but ill in the story of our national annals, whether seen and recorded through the medium of Roman Catholic, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, or Free-thinking spectacles, from his own day to ours. From "Carrion Heath" and Clarendon, in the days of the "Merry Monarch of the Nell-Gwynn defender kind" down to the scoffing Humes of the last age, and the decorous, constitutional, historians of the pedant and the "Dryasdust" school of the present, his name has been villified and calumniated with every epithet of abuse and infamy. Writers of every grade and capacity, of all diversities and complexions of opinion, having nothing else in common, have yet been wonderfully unanimous in this, "hypocrite," "fanatic," and "usurper" being about the gentlest terms applied to him.

Yet, "if we had writ our annals true," it should indeed have been far otherwise. The lie, however, which has so long been current, passing from one age to another as if it had been an unchangeable truth, grows decadent—has, in fact, been detected, and is fast hastening to the grand receptacle of all lies, even to the father of them. And that man who may presume, in the face of the work before us, to write hereafter of Cromwell, in the spirit of our present stock of stereotyped histories and biographies of him, must prepare himself for the ugly alternative of being set down as either a quack or a fool.

Mr. Carlyle's remarkable book on the French Revolution has had the effect, if not of *revolutionizing*, at least of unhinging the commonly received notions of the use of history and the mode of

* Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches; with elucidations by Thomas Carlyle. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1845.

writing it. Amid all the rubbish in the shape of histories which that "world-wonder, world-terror," the French Revolution, has called forth it is almost the only book in which one can really attain anything like a true and genuine account of what the thing actually was. Not useless philosophising twaddle, *about* it, but the Revolution itself in very deed. That mad world, with all its hopes, fears, joys, terrors and crimes, is there laid bare to us, with a vividness and reality as if by the power of an enchanter. And now in these "Letters and Speeches of Cromwell," with their very extraordinary *setting*, in the shape of Mr. Carlyle's "Elucidations," the world is for the first time put in possession of a work that will afford to any reflective and impartial inquirer the materials for arriving at something like a true estimate of the work and character of the great Puritan hero.

From the special object of the book being primarily the exhibiting and illustrating the character of a particular person by his own account of his deeds, it has an appearance of onesidedness, too much of Cromwell, and too little of any of the other noted persons of that memorable time. And this has been urged against the book as a fault, but certainly with very little fairness; for it ought not to be forgotten that the book does not profess to be even a biography of Cromwell, far less a history of his era; not a biography, but a clearing the way for one, and a very notable clearing too, as every reader of it will acknowledge, whatever his individual opinions on the subjects of it may have hitherto been. In fact it is a protest against all that has been written upon Cromwell, and an appeal to an impartial posterity to reverse the unjust sentence pronounced against him by a bygone age, unworthy to have sat in judgment upon him. Few of that audience who had the privilege of hearing, five years ago, Carlyle's concluding lectures on heroes and hero-worship, will, we should suppose, readily forget the remarkable tone of mingled sadness and indignation, in which he alluded to the way in which the name of Cromwell has been gibbetted in history, when he said, "Here, this day, who knows if it is not rash in me to be among the first that ever ventured to pronounce him not a knave and a liar, but a genuinely honest man?" That lecture has done much to bring about a far different set of opinions on the subject, to those therein so eloquently and righteously denounced, and the book before us will do infinitely more.

The charge of *onesidedness*, brought against this book in particular, has also been echoed against Carlyle's writings in general, but surely against no living writer can such a charge be made with less of truth or justice. On the contrary, looking at the great dissimilarity in national character, the fundamental differences in culture and opinion, and the shades and varieties of worth and excellence among the many great men who have formed the sub-

jects of his study and writings, it may be safely affirmed that no writer of our time possesses more large-heartedness, more catholicity of sympathy, or more intense love of truth, wherever, or in whatever form it may be found.

He has discoursed at various times to large and admiring audiences on all the successive periods of human culture, from the remote dawnings of ancient civilization to the comparative enlightenment of our own times. And in rapid survey of this vast field, he has treated on languages and races, traditions and religions, with a grasp of intellect, force, and originality of thought, power and aptness of illustration, dashing off life-sketches of the great names, marking the various epochs of literature with a terse, sententious power and truthfulness, such as has rarely been equalled. On whatever subject he treats, he invariably displays a complete mastery of it; no superficiality, or half treatment, will satisfy this man; as he is always thoroughly in earnest, with whatever he undertakes, so does he never leave a subject till he has endeavoured to unfold its inmost meaning. And then with what variety of learning, extent of knowledge, and beauty of illustration does he adorn everything he touches! what expressive epithets he coins, and how full of meaning are his sentences! sometimes in a few lines conveying the substance of volumes. What a striking portrait gallery may be gleaned from the writings of Carlyle, and with what vivid, realizing power are the various subjects depicted! Luther with his divinely inspired, reforming energy; Diderot, the Coryphæus of the dark benighted Atheism of the last century; Knox, with heroic manfulness emancipating a nation and reforming its belief; Voltaire, the prince of mockers, with his "torch for burning but no hammer for building;" Dante, with his intense sorrowing and sufferings; Goethe, with his clear, calm depth and quiet strength, as of the "mild shining of the sun;" Mirabeau, with his Titan-like wrestlings with a mad democracy; Novalis, with his deep loving mysticism; Mahomet, and his stern battling with necessity, and death-struggle to attain a belief; Burns, with his passionate melody, melting pathos, and wild, boisterous mirth; and Johnson, with his reverence, his superstition, and his silent, untold suffering—all have been written on, and their work and characters estimated with a truth, and justice, and candour such as no writer of our day can equal.

It is not, however, our purpose at present to descant on what we conceive to be the worth and general characteristics of Mr. Carlyle's writings, but simply to give some indication to our readers of the nature of his labours in elucidation of the character of Cromwell, in the work now under consideration. The great Puritan contest of the seventeenth century, as it is doubtless the most memorable event in our national history, producing consequences reaching to our own times, and results, the end of which

no one may yet presume to characterize, so, as might be expected there is no period of our history that has been more prolific of authorship. And yet, for all the thousand and one histories and biographies that have been written of the time and the men, a work that would afford to any earnest, truthful inquirer a clear insight into the heart of the "grand Puritan business" is still a desideratum. Of the actual state of matters as regards a history of English Puritanism, "the last of all our heroisms," we have this significant account from our friend Anti Dryasdust, in the first chapter of Mr. Carlyle's work:—

"Few nobler heroisms, at bottom perhaps no nobler heroism ever transacted itself on this earth; and it lies as good as lost to us, overwhelmed under such an avalanche of human stupidities as no heroism before ever did. Intrinsically and extrinsically it may be considered inaccessible to these generations. Intrinsically, the spiritual purport of it has become inconceivable, incredible to the modern mind. Extrinsically, the documents and records of it, scattered waste as a shoreless chaos, are not legible. They lie there, printed, written, to the extent of tons and square miles, as shot rubbish; unedited, unsorted, not so much as indexed, full of every conceivable confusion—yielding light to very few, yielding darkness, in several sorts, to very many. Dull pedantry, conceited, idle Dilettantism—prurient stupidity in what shape soever, is darkness and not light. There are from fifty to sixty thousand unread pamphlets of the civil war in the British Museum alone; huge piles of mouldering wreck wherein, at the rate of perhaps one pennyweight per ton, lie things memorable. The Rushworths, Whitlockes, Nalsons, Thurloes—enormous piles; these and many others they have printed, and some of them again printed, but never yet edited—edited as you edit waggon loads of broken bricks and dry mortar, simply by tumbling up the waggon! Not one of those monstrous old volumes has so much as an available index. It is the general rule of editing on this matter. If your editor correct the press, it is an honourable distinction to him. . . This, then, is the Elysium we English have provided for our heroes! The Rushworthian Elysium. Dreariest continent of shot rubbish the eye ever saw. Confusion piled on confusion to your utmost horizon's edge; obscure, in lurid twilight as of the shadow of death: trackless, without index, without fingerpost, or mark of any human foregoer; where your human footstep, if you are still human, echoes bodeful through the gaunt solitude, peopled only by somnambulist pedants, Dillettantes, and doleful creatures, by phantasies, errors, inconceivabilities, by nightmares, pasteboard norroys, griffins, wivems, and chimeras dire! There, all vanquished overwhelmed under such waste lumber-mountains, the wreck and dead ashes of some six unbelieving generations, does the age of Cromwell and his Puritans lie hidden from us. This is what we, for our share, have been able to accomplish towards keeping our heroic ones in memory. By way of sacred poet they have found voluminous Dryasdust, and his collections and philosophical histories. To Dryasdust, who wishes merely to compile torpedo histories of the philosophical, or other sorts, and gain

immortal laurels for himself by writing about and about it, all this is sport; but to us who struggle piously, passionately, to behold, if but in glimpses, the faces of our vanished fathers, it is death!"

What kind of history is necessary to be extracted from the chaos and "confusion worse confounded," here so graphically described, and in what manner and spirit such history ought to be written, we have these wise and pregnant suggestions:—

"By very nature it is a labyrinth and chaos, this that we call human history, an *abatis* of trees and brushwood, a world-wide jungle, at once growing and dying. Under the green foliage and blossoming fruit-trees of to-day there lie, rotting slower or faster, the forests of all other years and days. Some have rotted fast, plants of annual growth, and are long since quite gone to inorganic mould; others are like the aloe, growths that last a thousand or three thousand years. You will find them in all stages of decay and preservation, down deep to the beginning of the history of man. Think where our alphabetic letters came from, where our speech itself came from, the cookeries we live by, the masonries we lodge under! You will find fibrous roots of this day's occurrences among the dust of Cadmus and Trismegistus, of Tubalcain and Triptolemus; the tap-roots of them are with father Adam himself and the cinders of Eve's first fire! At bottom there is no perfect history; there is none such conceivable. All past centuries have rotted down, and gone confusedly dumb and quiet, even as that seventeenth is now threatening to do. Histories are *as* perfect as the historian is wise, and is gifted with an eye and a soul! For the leafy-blossoming present time springs from the whole past, remembered and unrememberable, so confusedly as we say;—and truly the art of history, the grand difference between a Dryasdust and a sacred poet, is very much even this! To distinguish well what does still reach to the surface, and is alive and frondent for us, and what reaches no longer to the surface, but moulders safe underground, never to send forth leaves or fruit for mankind any more; of the former we shall rejoice to hear; to hear of the latter will be an affliction to us; of the latter only pedants and dullards, and disastrous *male*factors to the world, will find good to speak. By wise memory and by wise oblivion; it lies all there! Without oblivion there is no remembrance possible. When both oblivion and memory are wise, when the general soul of man is clear, melodious, true, there may come a modern *Iliad* as memorial of the past; when both are foolish, and the general soul is overclouded with confusion, with unveracities and discords, there is a 'Rushworthian chaos!'"

The object proposed and accomplished in these volumes, if we were to take Mr. Carlyle's own too modest and depreciatory account of them, might seem rather an humble one. "Ours," says he, "is a very small enterprise, but seemingly a useful one; preparatory, perhaps, to greater and more useful, on this matter, the collecting of the *Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell*, and presenting them in natural sequence, with the still possible

elucidation, to ingenious readers. This is a thing that can be done, and after some reflection it has appeared worth doing. No great thing; one other dull book added to the thousand, dull every one of them, which have been issued on this subject." So far, however, from the work being a dull one, or the object of it being a small thing, it teems with interest and vitality, from the beginning to the close, and it would be difficult to over-rate its importance. The manner in which the "Letters and Speeches" have been edited is worthy of all admiration. It is indeed the most industrious, pains-taking, and exact specimen of editorship that has ever come under our observation. The labour and pains it must have cost, it would be difficult to estimate. He has ransacked and gathered from every possible quarter all letters, speeches, and "authentic utterances" of Cromwell that could anywhere be found; and these he has corrected in the spelling, punctuated, and "divided them into paragraphs in the modern manner," here and there adding a word to bring out the "struggling sense" when necessary, indicating the same, however, by marking them with single commas, scrupulously avoiding, as was his "supreme duty," any approach to an alteration of the sense, or "feature, in the physiognomy of the original." Mr. Carlyle's "Elucidations" form fully two-thirds of the work, and are of a very remarkable character. They are every way worthy of his high reputation, containing passages which for power, truth, and beauty are not excelled by any of his previous writings, and affording truer insight into the real nature of the great Puritan struggle than any other work that has yet been produced on the subject. For clear, deep, penetrating insight through the mere dress, garniture, and formulas of things, and grappling with their reality; for loftiness of aim, and intense earnestness of purpose, Carlyle, as a writer, is strikingly distinguished. And these rare and valuable characteristics of his genius peculiarly fit him for exhibiting in its just and true light the history of the English civil war of the seventeenth century, with its causes and consequences, and the character of the chief actors in its events. The misfortune with all our histories on the subject hitherto has been, that those writers who might be supposed to understand its religious bearings, have generally been of the dull, dry, formal, Dryasdust species, that they could never reach to the 'height of this great argument,' but have been content to wrangle and dispute about its forms, discipline, and dress, while bound in sectarian fetters, and viewing it through the distracting medium of party. While again to Hume, a man it is true of astonishing acuteness and tability, but without a particle of faith or belief, the fact of men acting under the influence of Heaven-inspired convictions was a thing neither possible nor conceivable; hence all his shallow falsehoods about Cromwell's hypocrisy, knavery, fanatacism, and so forth; natural

enough in Hume, not so natural with generations who *profess* far differently, at least, and with whom his falsehoods have passed current as truths to our own day.

But to a writer profoundly penetrated with the great fact of an overruling, all-pervading Providence, realizing with intensity the mystery and significance of man's existence, the earnestness of life, the imperishable nature of man's work, the grandeur and infinitude of his destiny; the circumstance of men, filled with the same divine influences, seeking in their own way and in their own peculiar position to work out and establish, according to their light, and in conformity with their ideas of God's revealed will, justice, freedom, and free egress to the spread and reception of the truth with entire liberty of conscience, "that God's will be done on earth as in heaven;" is not only conceivable and possible, but perfectly natural; and so in this spirit has Carlyle conceived and written, in his "Elucidations" of the Puritan men and their great work. And then with what force and truth has he done this! By that wondrous quality of his genius, in which he transcends all living writers, his faculty of realizing and vivifying the forgotten past, and bringing it, with new life and freshness breathed into its inanimate forms, into contact with the living present.

The seventeenth century, in all its mighty significance, is here resuscitated from under the heap of "Dryasdust" rubbish, and brought vividly before the "mind's eye;" not the shadows and forms of the time, but its actors, made conceivably true as beings of flesh and blood, doing their great work in the midst of turmoil, debate, suffering, and battle, depicted with graphic eloquence, full of earnest admiring sympathy, pervaded by his exquisite and original humour, betimes grim, sardonic, mirthful, and joyous, and anon opening on us full of deep pathos, tenderness, and sensibility —no whining, mawkish sensibility, but a sensibility having its origin in truest sympathy with heroic, suffering humanity in its joys and sorrows.

The chapter entitled "Events in Oliver's Biography," in the introduction preceding the letters, speeches, and elucidations, contains several striking and significant sketches, in which Mr. Carlyle paints with ingenious and graphic power some of the leading events which occur in Cromwell's lifetime, prior to the date of the first letter, where the elucidations begin, and indicating, with great ingenuity, the probable effects of these occurrences on Cromwell's mind. From this chapter we select the following very remarkable passage, under the date of 1623, two years previous to the accession of Charles I., when Cromwell might be about twenty-four years of age, then residing at Huntingdon:—

"In October, 1623, there was an illumination of tallow-lights, a ringing of bells, and gratulation of human hearts in all towns in Eng-

land, and, doubtless, in Huntingdon too, on the safe return of Prince Charles from Spain *without* the Infanta—a matter of endless joy to all true Englishmen of that day, though no Englishman of this day feels any interest in it one way or the other. But Spain, even more than Rome, was the chosen throne of Popery, which in that time meant temporal and eternal damnability, falsity to God's gospel, love of prosperous darkness rather than of suffering light, infinite baseness rushing short-sighted upon infinite peril for this world and for all worlds. King James, with his worldly-wise endeavourings to marry his son into some first-rate family, never made a falser calculation than in this grand business of the Spanish match. The soul of England abhorred to have any concern with Spain or things Spanish. Spain was as a black Domdaniel, which, had the floors of it been paved with diamonds, had the Infanta of it come riding in such a gig of respectability as was never driven since Phæton's sun-chariot took the road, no honest English soul could wish to have concern with. Hence England illuminated itself. The articulate tendency of this Solomon king had unfortunately parted company altogether with the inarticulate or ineradicable tendency of the country he presided over. The Solomon king struggled one way, and the English nation with its very life-fibres was compelled to struggle another way. The rent by degrees became wide enough! For the present England is all illuminated, a new Parliament is summoned, which welcomes the breaking of the Spanish match as one might welcome the breaking of a Dr. Faustus' bargain, and a deliverance from the power of sorcerers. . . . . .

"In those years it must be that Dr. Simcott, physician in Huntingdon, had to do with Oliver's hypochondriac maladies. He told Sir Philip Warwick, unluckily specifying no date, or none that has survived, 'he had often been sent for at midnight;' 'Mr. Cromwell for many years was very "splenetic" (spleen-struck), often thought he was just about to die, and also had fancies about the Town Cross.' Brief intimation, of which the reflective reader may make a great deal. Samuel Johnson, too, had hypochondrias; all great souls are apt to have, and to be in thick darkness generally till the eternal ways and the celestial guiding-stars disclose themselves, and the vague abyss of life knit itself up into firmaments for them. Temptations in the wilderness, choices of Hercules, and the like, in succinct or loose form, are appointed for every man that will assert a soul in himself and be a man. Let Oliver take comfort in his dark sorrows and melancholies. The quantity of sorrow he has, does it not mean withal the quantity of *sympathy* he has, the quantity of sorrow and victory he shall yet have? Our sorrow is the inverted image of our nobleness. The depth of our despair measures what capability and light of claim we have to hope. Black smoke, as of Tophet, filling all your universe, it can yet, by true heart-energy, become *flame* and brilliancy of heaven. Courage!

"It is therefore in these years, undated by history, that we must place Oliver's clear recognition of Calvinistic Christianity; what he, with unspeakable joy, would name his conversion—his deliverance from the jaws of eternal death. Certainly a grand epoch for a man; properly the one epoch; the turning-point which guides upwards or guides

downwards him and his activity for evermore. Wilt thou join with the dragons? Wilt thou join with the gods? Of thee, too, the question is asked, whether by a man in Geneva gown, by a man in 'four surplices at Allhallowtide,' with words very imperfect, or by no man and no words, but only by the silences, by the eternities, by the life everlasting and the death everlasting. That the sense of difference between right and wrong had filled all time and all space for man, and bodied itself forth into a heaven and hell for him; this constitutes the grand feature of those Puritan old Christian ages; this is the element which stamps them as heroic, and has rendered their works great, manlike, fruitful to all generations. It is by far the memorablest achievement of our species: without that element, in some form or other, nothing of heroic had ever been among us.

"For many centuries catholic Christianity, a fit embodiment of that divine sense, had been current more or less, making the generations noble; and here in England, in the century called the seventeenth, we see the last aspect of it hitherto—not the last of all, it is to be hoped. Oliver was henceforth a Christian man; believed in God, not on Sundays only, but on all days, in all places, and in all cases."

As in harmonious and significant unison with the above extract, we must give the following letter, the second of the series, with the elucidator's earnest, searching commentary thereon, heartily commending both to the careful and reflective consideration of the reader. The date of the letter is two years previous to the meeting of the Long Parliament, when England was stirred to its depths with the memorable trial of Hampden for ship-money, the iniquitous proceedings of the Star Chamber, and the troubles long gathering, and now come to a crisis, in Scotland, by the people of that country's indignant repudiation of Laud's Episcopacy, and the swearing of their Solemn League and Covenant.*

"*To my beloved Cousin Mrs. St. John, at Sir William Masham his house, called Otes, in Essex, present these.*

"*Ely*, 13*th Oct.*, 1638.

"DEAR COUSIN,

"I thankfully acknowledge your love in your kind remembrance of me upon this opportunity. Alas! you do too highly prize my lines

* Carlyle has this quaint, humourous, but evidently correct account of the memorable Jenny Geddes' affair:—

"At Edinburgh, on Sunday, the 23rd of July following, Archbishop Laud having now, with great effort and much manipulation, got his Scotch Liturgy and Scotch pretended bishops ready, brought them fairly out to action;—and Jenny Geddes hurled her stool at their head. 'Let us read the Collect of the day,' said the pretended bishop from amid his tippets. 'De'il *colic* the wame o' thee!' answered Jenny, hurling her stool at his head; 'thou foul thief, wilt thou say *mass* at my lug? I thought we had got done with the mass some time ago, and here it is again!' 'A pape! a pape!' cried others; 'Stone him!' In fact the service could not go on at all. .... All Edinburgh, all Scotland, and behind that, all England and Ireland, rose into unappeasable commotion on the flight of this stool of Jenny's; and his Grace of Canterbury, and King Charles himself, and many others lost their heads before there could be peace again."

and my company. I may be ashamed to own your expressions, considering how unprofitable I am, and the mean improvement of my talent.

"Yet to honour my God by declaring what He hath done for my soul, in this I am confident, and will be so. Truly, then, this I find, that He giveth springs in a dry, barren wilderness, where no water is. I live, you know where—in Meshec, which they say signifies *prolonging;* in Kedar, which signifies *blackness;* yet the Lord forsaketh me not. Though He do prolong, yet He will, I trust, bring me to His tabernacle, to His resting-place. My soul is with the congregation of the first-born, my body rests in hope; and if here I may honour my God either by doing or suffering, I shall be most glad.

"Truly no poor creature hath more cause to put himself forth in the cause of his God than I. I have had plentiful wages before hand, and I am sure I shall never earn the least mite. The Lord accept me in his Son, and give me to walk in the light; and give us to walk in the light, as He is the light. He it is that enlighteneth our blackness, our darkness. I dare not say He hideth His face from me. He giveth me to see light in His light. One beam in a dark place hath exceeding much refreshment in it; blessed be His name for shining upon so dark a heart as mine! You know what my manner of life hath been. Oh! I have lived in and loved darkness and hated light; I was a chief, the chief of sinners. Oh, the riches of His mercy! Praise Him for me; pray for me, that He who hath begun a good work would perfect it in the day of Christ.

"Salute all my friends in that family whereof you are yet a member. I am much bound unto them for their love. I bless the Lord for them, and that my son, by their procurement, is so well. Let him have your prayers, your counsel; let me have them.

"Salute your husband and sister from me. He is not a man of his word! He promised to write about Mr. Wrath, of Epping, but as yet I receive no letters. Put him in mind to do what with conveniency may be done for the poor cousin I did solicit him about.

"Once more, farewell. The Lord be with you; and so prayeth

"Your truly loving cousin,

"Oliver Cromwell."

"There are two or perhaps three sons of Cromwell's at Felsted school by this time; a likely enough guess is that he might have been taking Dick over to Felsted on that occasion, when he came round by Otes, and gave such comfort by his speech to the pious Mashams and to the young cousin now on a summer visit at Otes. What glimpses of long gone summers, of long gone human beings in fringed trowser-breeches, in starched ruff, in hood and farltingale; alive, they, within their antiquarian costumes, living men and women; instructive, very interesting to one another! Mrs. St. John came down to breakfast every morning in that summer visit of the year 1638, and Sir William said grave grace, and they spake polite, devout things to one another; and they are vanished, they and their things and speeches—all silent like the echoes of the old nightingales that sang that season, like the blossoms of the old roses. O death! O time!

"For the soul's furniture of these brave people is grown not less unintelligible, antiquarian, than their Spanish boots and lappet-caps. Reverend Mark Noble, my reverend, imbecile friend, discovers in this letter clear evidence that Oliver was once a very dissolute man; that Carrion Heath spake truth in that *flagellum* balderdash of his. O my reverend friend, hadst thou thyself never any moral life, but only a sensitive and digestive? Thy soul never longed towards the serene heights all hidden from thee, and thirsted as the hart in dry places where no waters be? It was never a sorrow for thee that the eternal pole-star had gone out, veiled itself in dark clouds; a sorrow only that this or the other noble patron forgot thee when a living fell vacant. I have known Christians, Moslems, Methodists, and, alas! also reverend and irreverend apes by the Dead Sea!

"O modern reader! dark as this letter may seem, I will advise thee to make an attempt towards understanding it. There is in it a 'tradition of humanity' worth all the rest—indisputable certificate that man once had a soul; that man once walked with God, his life a sacred island girdled with eternities amd godhoods. Was it not a time for heroes? Heroes were then possible. I say, thou shalt understand that letter; thou also, looking out into a too brutish world, wilt then exclaim, with Oliver Cromwell, with Hebrew David, as old Mr. Rouse of Truro, and the Presbyterian populations, still sing him in the northern kirks—

> 'Woe's me that I in Meshec am
> A sojourner so long,
> Or that I in the tents do dwell,
> To Kedar that belong.'

Yes, there is a tone in the soul of this Oliver that holds of the perennial. With a noble sorrow, with a noble patience, he longs towards the mark of the prize of the high calling. He, I think, has chosen the better part. The world and its wild tumults—if they will but let him alone! Yet he too will venture, will do and suffer for God's cause, if the call come. What man with better reason? He hath had plentiful wages beforehand; snatched out of darkness into marvellous light; he will never earn the least mite. Annihilation of self; *selbsttödtung*, as Novalis calls it; casting yourself at the footstool of God's throne, 'to live or to die for ever; as thou wilt, not as I will.' Brother, hadst thou never, in any form, such moments in thy history? Thou knowest them not even by possible rumour? Well, thy earthly path was peaceabler, I suppose. But the Highest was never in thee, the Highest will never come out of thee. Thou shalt at best abide by the stuff; as cherished house dogs guard the stuff—perhaps with enormous gold collars and provender; but the battle, and the hero-death, and victory's fire chariot, carrying men to the immortals, shall never be thine. I pity thee; brag not, or I shall have to despise thee."

A great charm, to us, in these volumes, and in itself certainly no inconsiderable merit, is the clear, vivid, picturesquely-painted topographical sketches, with which they abound. Mr. Carlyle, in his singularly industrious and painstaking performance of the duties

of editor and elucidator seems to have traversed and personally inspected every locality, either noted as a scene of contest and battle in the civil war, or in any way connected with Cromwell. St. Ives, Huntingdon, Ely, the Lincoln fen county, Naseby, Dunbar, and Worcester—all have evidently in this way been visited, and are here sketched with such vigour and distinctness, as cannot fail to impress a clear view of the scenes described, on even the most careless observer. As a specimen let us take this description of the field of Naseby :—

"The old hamlet of Naseby stands yet, on its old hill-top, very much as it did in Saxon days, on the north-western border of Northamptonshire, some seven or eight miles from Market Harborough in Leicestershire, nearly on a line, and nearly midway between that town and Daventry. A peaceable old hamlet of perhaps five hundred souls; clay cottages for labourers, but neatly thatched and swept, smith's shop, saddler's shop, beer shop, all in order, forming a kind of square, which leads off, north and south, into two long streets; the old church, with its graves, stands in the centre, the truncated spire finishing itself with a strange old ball, held up by rods; a 'hollow copper ball which came from Boulogne in Henry the Eighth's time,' which has, like Hudibras's breeches, 'been at the siege of Bullen.' The ground is upland, moorland, though now growing corn, was not enclosed till the last generation, and is still somewhat bare of wood. It stands nearly in the heart of England; gentle dullness, taking a turn at etymology, sometimes derives it from *Navel;* 'Navesby, quasi *Navels*by, from being,' &c.; Avon Well, the distinct source of Shakspere's Avon, is on the western slope of the high grounds. Nen and Welland, streams leading towards Cromwell's fen-country, begin to gather themselves from boggy places on the eastern side. The grounds, as we say, lie high, and are still, in their new sub-divisions, known by the name of 'hills'—'Rultput Hill,' 'Mill Hill,' 'Dust Hill,' and the like, precisely as in Rushworth's time; but they are not properly hills at all; they are broad blunt clayey masses, swelling towards and from each other, like indolent waves of a sea, sometimes of miles in extent.

"It was on this high moor ground, in the centre of England, that King Charles, on the 14th June, 1645, fought his last battle, dashed fiercely against the new-model army, which he had despised till then, and saw himself shivered utterly to ruin thereby. 'Prince Rupert, on the king's right wing, charged *up* the hill, and carried all before him; but Lieutenant-general Cromwell charged downhill on the other wing, likewise carrying all before him, and did *not* gallop off the field to plunder. Cromwell, ordered thither by the Parliament, had arrived from the association ten days before, 'amid shouts from the whole army. He had the ordering of the horse this morning. Prince Rupert, on returning from his plunder, finds the king's infantry a ruin, prepares to charge again with the rallied cavalry, but the cavalry, too, when it came to the point, 'broke all asunder,' never to re-assemble more. The chase went through Harborough, where the king had already been that morning, when in an evil hour he turned back, to revenge some

'surprise of an outpost at Naseby the night before,' and give the Roundheads battle."

To the reader acquainted with Stanley's life of Dr. Arnold, the above quoted sketch may bring of his remembrance, not without emotion, the brief but interesting passage where mention is made of Carlyle's visit to Arnold in the beginning of the summer of 1842, and of which Arnold, in a letter to Dr. Hawkins, dated 19th May, 1842, speaks with evident pleasure. "Carlyle dined and slept here on Friday last, and on Saturday we went over with my wife and two of my boys to Naseby field, and explored the scene of the great battle very satisfactorily." And three weeks later, on the day before his sudden and mysterious death, his biographer tells us when "at dinner he was in high spirits, talking with his several guests on subjects of social and historical interest, and recurring with great pleasure to his early geological studies, and describing with much interest his recent visit to Naseby with Carlyle, 'its position on some of the highest table land in England, the streams falling on the one side into the Atlantic, on the other into the German Ocean, far away, too, from any town, Market Harborough the nearest, into which the cavaliers were chased late in the long summer evening—on the fourteenth of June, you know.'"

After the fight of Naseby the cause of Charles went rapidly to ruin, and, so far as he himself was personally concerned, *finished* on the thirtieth of January, 1649, at the front of Whitehall, in such a terrible manner as all the world knows, and is not likely readily to forget. Of this momentous transaction we have no special description and judgment thereon by Carlyle, as he tells us "it falls not to be described in this place, the deep meanings that lie in it cannot be so much as glanced at here." Nevertheless, there are a few reflections of so remarkable a character, in which his opinions are sufficiently indicated, that we cannot pass by without laying before the reader. We are not sure that by some persons, even of our own day, who still declare by the "inspired liturgy" of our National Church, where services for the "pious martyr," and "blessed restoration," full of the cant and blasphemy of man, are so strangely and lamentably mingled with the true and divine, may not regard them with feelings of pious horror; to us, however, they appear as substantially just as they are powerfully expressed. After the decision of the Parliament that Charles shall be tried, we have these words:—

"In the drama of modern history one knows not any graver, more noteworthy scene—earnest as very death and judgment. They have decided to have justice, these men; to see God's justice done, and his judgments executed on this earth. The abysses where the thunders and splendours are bred—the reader sees them again laid bare, and black madness lying close to the wisdom which is brightest and

highest; and owls and godless men, who hate the lightning and the light, and love the mephitic dusk and darkness, are no judges of the actions of heroes! 'Shedders of blood?' Yes, blood is occasionally shed. The healing surgeon, the sacrificial priest, the august judge pronounced of God's oracles to men, these and the atrocious murderer are alike shedders of blood; and it is an owl's eye that, except for the *dresses* they wear, discerns no difference in these! Let us leave the owl to his hootings; let us get on with our chronology and swift course of events."

And after transcribing in his "elucidations" the death-warrant for the execution of Charles, he proceeds—

"'*Ipsis molossis ferociores*—more savage than their own mastiffs!' shrieks Saumaise, shrieks all the world, in unmelodious soul-confusing diapason of distraction, happily at length grown very faint in our day. The truth is, no modern reader can conceive the then atrocity, ferocity, unspeakability of this fact. First, after long reading in the old dead pamphlets, does one see the magnitude of it. To be equalled—nay, to be preferred, think some, in point of horror, to 'the Crucifixion of Christ.' Alas! in these irreverent times of ours, if all the kings of Europe were to be cut in pieces at one swoop, and flung in heaps in St. Margaret's churchyard on the same day, the emotion would, in strict arithmetical truth, be small in comparison! We know it not, this atrocity of the English regicides; shall never know it. I reckon it perhaps the most daring action any body of men to be met with in history ever, with clear consciousness, deliberately set themselves to do. Dread phantoms, glaring supernal on you—when once they are quelled and their light snuffed out, none knows the terror of the phantom! The phantom is a poor paper lantern with a candle end in it, which any whipster dare now beard.

"A certain queen in some south-sea island, I have read in missionary books, had been converted to Christianity—did not any longer believe in the old gods. She assembled her people; said to them, 'My faithful people, the gods do *not* dwell in that burning mountain in the centre of our isle. That is not God; no, that is a common burning mountain, mere culinary fire, burning under peculiar circumstances. See I will walk before you to that burning mountain, will empty my washbowl into it, cast my slipper over it, defy it to the uttermost, and stand the consequences!' She walked accordingly, this south-sea heroine, nerved to the sticking place, her people following in pale horror and expectancy. She did her experiment, and I am told they have truer notions of the gods in that island ever since. Experiment which is now very easy to *repeat*, and very needless. Honour to the brave who deliver us from phantom dynasties, in south-sea islands and in north!

"This action of the English regicides did in effect strike a damp like death through the heart of flunkeyism universally in this world. Whereof flunkeyism, cant, cloth-worship, or whatever ugly name it have, has gone about incurably sick ever since, and is now at length, in these generations, very rapidly dying—the like of which action will

not be needed for a thousand years again. Needed, alas! not till a new genuine hero-worship has arisen, has perfected itself, and had time to degenerate into a flunkeyism and cloth-worship again! which I take to be a very long date indeed."

Perhaps no event in the life of Cromwell has been the theme of louder execration than his campaign in Ireland, when he undertook and thoroughly accomplished the Hercules' task of the pacification of that miserable, unfortunate, and then, as now, sadly distracted country. So many audacious lies, with every species of bluster, and shrieking of humanity in hysterics, have been circulated on the subject, and received with implicit faith, that it is a most difficult matter to arrive at any clear recognition of what the real truth of the case is! yet we do think that the first decided step to arrive at it, has been made by the publication of Cromwell's own genuine utterances on the subject, in the fifteen letters of his from that country, which Carlyle has here given—"a set of military despatches of the most unexampled nature! most rough, unkempt, shaggy as the Numidian lion. A style rugged as crags, coarse, drossy; yet with a meaning in it, an energy, a depth; pouring on like a fire torrent." The elucidations upon them appear to us fair, candid, and just, as they are energetic; they have already brought down no little odium on the author's head, but we believe with him that the "rose water plan of surgery" was in no way suited to the terrible exigency, and that the so-called "curse of Cromwell" was the only veracious "gospel one can yet discover to have been fairly afoot there."

In Scotland, where the revolt against Charles' tyrranies so auspiciously and nobly began first, affairs have taken a lamentable turn. The authorities there are now in arms against the Parliament, and striving to make Charles Second their "covenanted king." The Parliament resolved on sending the *queller* of the Irish rebellion down to adjust matters, Fairfax having refused on Presbyterian scruples to take the command; and so Cromwell goes and ultimately finishes that business as he did all others, to the hearty satisfaction of most true thinking men. Previous to Cromwell's taking his departure for Scotland, Ludlow (*wooden* Ludlow, as our elucidator calls him) reports a significant and singular conversation he had with him, with reference to Ludlow's proceeding to Ireland, to aid Ireton, who had been left in the command there. Ludlow says he spake to him "of the good that might be done by a good and brave man; spake of the great providence of God now abroad on the earth;" in particular, "talked for almost an hour upon the hundred and tenth Psalm; which to me, in my solid head, seemed extremely singular." On this Mr. Carlyle remarks,

"Modern readers, not in the case of Ludlow, will find this fact illustrative of Oliver. We will fancy in our minds, not without reflec-

tions and emotions, the largest soul in England looking at this God's world with prophet's earnestness through that Hebrew word—two divine phenomena accurately correspondent for Oliver; the one accurately the prophetic symbol, and articulate interpretation of the other; as if the silences had at length found utterance, and this was their voice from out of old eternity."

Here he quotes the hundred and tenth Psalm in full, but as we cannot afford space for it here, we must commend it to the reader's attention in connection with what follows.

"In such spirit goes Oliver Cromwell to the wars. . . . I have asked myself if anywhere in modern European history, or even in ancient Asiatic, there was found a man practising this mean world's affairs with a heart more filled by the idea of the highest? Bathed in the eternal splendours—it is so he walks our dim earth. This man is one of few; he is projected with a terrible force out of the eternities, and in the times and their arena there is nothing can withstand him. It is great—to us it is tragic, a thing that should strike us dumb! My brave one, thy old noble prophecy *is* divine; older than Hebrew David; old as the origin of man;—and shall, though in wider ways than thou supposest, be fulfilled!"

Gladly would we have quoted the account of Cromwell's great victory at Dunbar, the most vividly-*painted* battle-picture we ever read, but our space will not permit, nor can we at all now enter on the events of Oliver's protectorate; his speeches, despatches, and the elucidations thereon, so worthy of earnest study, we must entirely pass by, to give in the brief space that remains to us a few gleanings from the closing scene, which is most impressively and pathetically pourtrayed.

> Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
> Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
> Of all the unhealthy and o'er darkened ways
> Made for our searching.

It is truly refreshing and inspiriting to contemplate once more the noble ending of a manly and truly heroic life, as depicted in the conclusion of these volumes. The burden of empire, with its incessant toil, and care, and sorrow, had worn out the iron frame and indomitable energy of Cromwell, and now in the end of the summer months of the year 1658, we find him often sick and indisposed. In June "splendid nephews" of Cardinal Mazarine, with other dignified personages in their train, had crossed the channel to pay their congratulations to "the most invincible of sovereigns" on the taking of Dunkirk, and other victories over the Spanish, while still "interesting to the street populations and general public," and not yet withdrawn,

"At Hampton Court there had begun a private scene of much deeper, and quite opposite interest there. The Lady Claypole, Oliver's favourite daughter, a favourite with all the world, had fallen sick we

know not when, lay sick now—to death, as it proved. Her disease was of internal female nature, the painfullest and most harassing to mind and sense, it is understood, that falls to the lot of a human creature. Hampton Court we can fancy once more in those July days, a house of sorrow, pale death knocking there, as at the door of the meanest hut. 'She had great sufferings, great exercises of spirit.' Yes—and in the depths of the old centuries we see a pale anxious mother, anxious husband, anxious weeping sisters, a poor young Frances weeping anew in her weeds. 'For the last fourteen days' his highness has been by her bedside at Hampton Court, unable to attend to any public business whatever. Be still, my child; trust thou yet in God; in the waves of the dark river there too is he a God of help! On the sixth day of August she lay dead—at rest for ever. My young, my beautiful, my brave! She is taken from me; I am left bereaved of her. The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord!

"In the same dark days occurred George Fox's third and last interview with Oliver. 'The same day,' says George, 'taking boat I went down' (*up*) 'to Kingston, and from thence to Hampton Court, to speak with the protector about the sufferings of Friends. I met him riding into Hampton Court Park; and before I came to him, as he rode at the head of his life-guard, I saw and felt a waft' (*whiff*) 'of death go forth against him'—or in favour of him, George? His life, if thou knew it, has not been a merry thing for this man, now or heretofore! I fancy he has been looking, this long while, to give it up, whenever the Commander-in-Chief required; to quit his laborious sentry post, honourably lay up his arms, and he gone to his rest—all eternity to rest in, O George! Was thy own life merry, for example, in the hollow of the tree; clad permanently in leather? and does kingly purple, and governing refractory worlds, instead of stitching coarse shoes, make it merrier? The waft of death is not against *him*, I think—perhaps against thee, and me, and others, O George, when the Nell Gwynn defender and two centuries of all-victorious cant have come in upon us!" . . . . "Friday, the twentieth of August, 1658, was probably the day on which George Fox saw Oliver riding into Hampton Park with his guards, for the last time. That Friday, as we find, his highness seemed much better, but on the morrow a change for the worse had taken place—feverish symptoms, for which the doctors rigorously prescribed quiet. Saturday to Tuesday the symptoms continued ever worsening; a kind of tertian ague, for which it was ordered that his highness should return to Whitehall, as to a more favourable air in that complaint. On Tuesday, accordingly, he quitted Hampton Court—never to see it more." . . . . "Truly it is a great scene of world-history, this in old Whitehall. Oliver Cromwell drawing nigh to his end; the exit of Oliver Cromwell and of English Puritanism; a great light, one of our few authentic solar luminaries going down now amid the clouds of death. . . . . He died, this hero Oliver, in resignation to God, as the brave have all done." . . . . "Look at the following; dark hues and bright, immortal light-beams struggling amid the black vapours of death. Look, and conceive a great sacred scene, the sacredest this world sees; and think of it, do not speak of it, in these mean days

which have no sacred word. 'Is there none that say, who will deliver me from the peril?' moaned he once. Many hearts are praying, O wearied one! 'Man can do nothing,' rejoins he; 'God can do what he will.' Another time, again thinking of the Covenant, 'Is there none that will come and praise God, whose mercies endure for ever!'" . . . . "Here also are ejaculations caught up at intervals, undated, in those final days:—'Lord, thou knowest, if I do desire to live, it is to show forth thy praise and declare thy works.' Once he was heard saying, 'It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.' This was spoken three times, says Maidston, his repetitions usually being very weighty, and with great vehemency of spirit. Thrice over he said this, looking into the eternal kingdoms. But again, 'All promises of God are in *Him;* yes, and in him, amen; to the glory of God by us—by *us* in Jesus Christ.' 'The Lord hath filled me with as much assurance of his pardon, and his love, as my soul can hold.' 'I think I am the poorest wretch that lives; but I love God, or rather am beloved of God.' 'I am a conqueror, and more than a conqueror, through Christ that strengtheneth me.'" . . . . "Maidstone heard the wearied one, 'that very night before the Lord took him to his everlasting rest,' thus, with oppressed voice, speaking:—'Truly God is good; indeed he is; he will not——' then his speech failed him, but as I apprehended it was 'He will not leave me.' This saying—'God is good,' he frequently used all along, and would speak it with much cheerfulness and fervour of spirit, in the midst of his pains. Again he said, 'I would be willing to live to be farther serviceable to God and his people; but my work's done. Yet God will be with his people.' He was very restless most part of the night, speaking often to himself. And there being something to drink offered him, he was desired to take the same, and endeavour to sleep. Unto which he answered, 'It is not my design to drink or sleep, but my design is to make what haste I can to be gone.' Afterwards, towards morning, he used divers holy expressions, implying much inward consolation and peace; among the rest he spake some exceeding self-debasing words, *annihilating* and judging himself. And truly it was observed that a public spirit to God's cause did breathe in him; as in his lifetime, so now to his very last.

"When the morning sun arose Oliver was speechless; between three and four in the afternoon he lay dead. Friday, 3rd September, 1658. 'The consternation and astonishment of all people,' writes Fanconberg (to Henry Cromwell in Ireland) 'are inexpressible; their hearts seem as if sunk within them. My poor wife! I know not what on earth to do with her. When seemingly quieted she bursts out again into a passion that tears her very heart in pieces.' Hush! poor weeping Mary! Here is a life-battle right nobly done. . . . . 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord;' blessed are the valiant that have lived in the Lord. 'Amen, saith the Spirit.' Amen. 'They do rest from their labours and their works follow them.'

"'Their works follow them.' As I think this Oliver Cromwell's works have done and are still doing! We have had our 'Revolutions of Eighty-eight,' officially called 'glorious,' and other revolutions not

yet called glorious; and somewhat has been gained for poor mankind. Men's ears are not now slit off by rash officiality; officiality will, for long henceforth, be more cautious about men's ears. The tyrannous Star Chambers, branding-irons, chimerical kings, and surplices at All-hallowtide, they are gone, or with immense velocity going. Oliver's works do follow him! The works of a man, bury them under what guano-mountains and obscene owl-droppings you will, do not perish, cannot perish. What of heroism, what of eternal light was in a man and his life, is with very great exactness added to the eternities; remains for ever a new divine portion of the sum of things; and no owl's voice, this way or that, in the least avails in the matter."

We gather from sundry hints and allusions, and quotations from the "last commentator," yet unknown, however, to British readers, that Mr. Carlyle has made considerable progress with, or even prepared a work on Cromwell and the age of Puritanism, which, for prudent reasons, he has reserved for the present, sending forth these "Letters and Speeches," with his comments thereon, in the hope that they may prosper with a few earnest readers, and so pave the way for a future history by "my impatient friend or another." In the meantime cordially and most heartily do we commend this work to all readers who sincerely desire to attain a clear insight into these ever memorable transactions of the seventeenth century, anxiously awaiting the advent of the "history" by the "last commentator," which we make bold to say will be *the book* on this subject when it comes.

No portion of the history of our own country is so deserving of earnest study—few more so in the history of any country. Of all kinds of study, that of contemplating the work and actions of a great, heroic human life, is the most elevating and ennobling. The grand epoch of Puritanism was fertile in such, but even among the Puritan heroes, Cromwell was

"Our chief of men,"

And the more his character is earnestly and impartially examined the more evidently will it appear that his

"——— ——— great name alone
Is a full harvest whence to reap high feeling;
It comes upon us like the glorious pealing
Of the wide spheres—an everlasting tone."

THE BEAUTY OF DEATH.

BY MRS. G. G. RICHARDSON.

And this is death? How solemn and serene!
Who would have thought life's billows here had been!
That o'er that peaceful clay the tide had pass'd
Of care and sorrow—ebb'd away at last!
Not more unconscious lies the calm sea-sand,
Whitening and smiling on the surge-swept strand.
Fled are the rosy hues like Fancy's dream!
Immutable, like Truth, the features seem;
Distincter trac'd than when emotions warm
Threw lights and shadows on the sentient form:
On the smooth brow Thought's turbid workings cease,
And on the chisel'd lips is graven Peace,
And on the eye-lids "Rest," and seems to fall
Silence, like feather'd snows, to form the pall.
The life we miss, was but time's fitful sky,
The sight we see pourtrays Eternity!
Pure, fix'd, and passionless, proclaiming more
Than when the breathing dust its spirit bore,
That spirit's deathlessness that had such power
O'er this poor agent in its busy hour.
  Can this be he who will'd and it was done?
Can this be he who all beneath the sun
Could range in thought, and send inquiry far
Beyond the firmament's remotest star?
The wither'd chrysalis, the shell bereft
Of their once tenants, not more helpless left!
But here is beauty—awful beauty still!
Worthy such shrine th' immortal mind to fill!
All have gone forth—the serpent's rebel train!
And man's unruffl'd image beams again,
For one short hour are yielded to decay,
Such as in Eden sinless Adam lay.
  Died he in agony? no trace is here.
Was he wrench'd suddenly from ties most dear?
Or, with slow presage of the gloomy grave,
Clung he in vain to arms that could not save?
Fled life before him like a wither'd scroll,
Leaving its records on his parting soul
In fiery characters? or did they pour
The oil of peace on that conflicting hour?
None can reveal. The traveller went alone—
None could partake; brief pangs, brief fears are gone.
Was he a man of worth? a man of pride?
Life's reckless prodigal? or faithful guide?
Dread questions these! *He* knows their answer now,
Who lies before me with that placid brow!

JOURNAL OF A LONDON SCHOOLMASTER.[1]

CHAPTER IV.

DEC. 1, 1845.—It is no less strange than true, that the majority of parents know not so much about their children's teachers as they do about the characters of their maids of all work. In some instances the father has never even seen the man to whom he has entrusted the education of his son; in many other cases the parties have never exchanged a word. It is the duty of parents to make themselves acquainted with the character of those individuals who are to instruct their children; when satisfied as to the fitness of the teacher, let the parent back that functionary in all arrangements connected with the education of his son. In the successful education of children there must be a mutual understanding between parents and pupils. . . . .

I have indeed had an irksome day of it in my school. I have been out of tune all day long. . . . .

Of all professions or occupations I think a teacher of youth is the most harassing. But it may be said a schoolmaster's hours of business are short; true, they are so compared with some other occupations, but look at the results of his arduous duties on his constitution. A bull may be staked in a field to be baited for an hour or two a-day for a week. We may say, "Oh, his time is but short;" but look at the result on the animal's frame. How differently situated is the baited bull to the cattle browsing in the meadows or even to the oxen yoked to the plough.

The man who has no qualms of conscience about wielding his cane at every trifling offence committed by his pupils, may find teaching (!) a tolerably easy task.

But the man of sensitive and benevolent feelings, devoid of firmness of purpose, who is daily cooped up with a room full of boys, will have an arduous task to perform to act upon the moral persuasion system, particularly when his boys at home and in the streets are continually exposed to immoral influences.

My friends have long told me that I look very ill. I cannot disguise from myself the fact that my health is fast sinking. Twelve hours a-day is too long to be confined in a room with thirty or forty juveniles. Since I commenced my new occupation I find the little hair I have on my head is beginning to turn grey.

Those girls are a great trouble to me, much more than are all

[1] Continued from page 57.

my boys. I don't feel as if I am responsible for their moral training. I wish my pecuniary circumstances were such as to allow me to resign my evening school. But I cannot think of doing so, as the few shillings it realizes weekly are indispensable.

I am convinced nothing is more contagious than example; hence I keep a vigilant eye upon the doings of my pupils, and if I see aught amiss I check it *in the bud.* Not only am I vigilant over the doings of my pupils, but in school I am most guarded in my own every action, word, and look. It would be ridiculous, were I guilty of frowning myself on every slight occasion, to say to one of my boys, "Why do you frown?" or to another, were I to use harsh language, "Why do you speak cross?" or to reprimand a third for practising some gesticulations if I were guilty of the like myself.

It would be well if parents and guardians of youth were frequently to say to themselves, "Nothing is more contagious than example;" and if fully impressed with the importance of the fact how frequently would the scowl be avoided, the harsh word withered, and some ridiculous or pernicious habit be checked.

Little William Smith is dead. Poor little fellow! his mother told me he was always talking about his teacher, and wished much to see me. They sent for me, but immediately I entered the room I saw he was dying. When the poor child saw me he held out his hand to me and gently squeezed mine as he smiled in my face; in about a quarter of an hour after he died in my arms. . . . . .

A judicious teacher will be careful to restrain the too bold and forward and the over-impetuous, and will encourage and strengthen the timid and weak. . . . .

An expensive education is not always a good one.

Dec. 3. How delightful is it thus on "half-holidays" to retire to my study to enjoy a little quiet meditation or to employ myself about my favourite pursuit—literature. Last month I appeared in the —— Magazine in company with the celebrated Lady —— and Sir ——. We may well say the Republic of Letters! Although altered in temporals, my mental energies have sustained no loss; whilst I am to be found in such society as that of Lady —— and Sir ——, I may with truth be said to keep good company, although I am only a poor schoolmaster. But I find I am pluming myself too much on this real or presumed advantage.

I endeavour to be more neat in my dress and person, more regular in my habits, more even in my temper, than ever I was. It is important that teachers pay strict attention to these matters. What the teacher *is* is of more importance than what he *says.*

I have hitherto seen no cause to regret not introducing the system of places and prizes. I am thoroughly convinced these will hold no place in the plans of an impartial, independent, and en-

lightened teacher. The system is replete with partiality and injustice. Places and prizes are for the most part rewards for the *natural* abilities of some and a punishment for the *nature* deficiency of others. The lesson that is acquired with ease by one child is not mastered without the greatest labour by another. Where, then, is the justice of awarding prizes? They are a source of envy, hatred, and malice. They engender pride in the minds of the gifted, and depress the energies of the dull. The properly qualified teacher will call the faculties of all his pupils into healthy action without resorting to the almost worn-out system of places and prizes to encourage "emulation."

I have been sadly perplexed with that boy Randall, and with his parents too. His mother has been to me more than once to beg of me to excuse his lessons and be as indulgent to him as possible; the lad's father has also had several interviews with me. Mr. Randall declares I shall never make anything of his son unless I severely chastise him.

"Cane him well and shut him up in a dark cellar occasionally," said Mr. R., the last time he called on me.

"That will make him worse," I replied.

"If you are not severe with my son I shall remove him from your school."

"I shall be sorry for that," said I, "but I cannot comply with your request; besides, the boy is in my presence one of the most obedient and attentive of my pupils."

Mr. R. departed in anger and surprise. This lad Randall has certainly been a great trouble to me. I more than once thought I should have to dismiss him from my school, so incorrigible was he. Quarrelsome, idle, and depraved, the law of kindness and moral persuasion appeared not at first to meet his case. Many have been the lessons apparently thrown away by me on that boy. But I have conquered him at last with the all-powerful weapons of love and kindness. More than once he has shed tears of repentance and gratitude in my presence. I love the boy and he loves me. He now studies my every wish. But he is playing a a double part. He possesses a twofold character; at home, with his father's rope's-end and violent temper he is almost as bad as ever; in school he is as gentle as a lamb. His father keeps a public house, and the boy is much in the tap-room—a bad school that. I have ever found the law of kindness act favourably even with the most incorrigible; in fact, these should not see the least development of asperity in the behaviour of those who would reclaim them, lest it call evil passions so easily excited into operation.

I am frequently receiving little presents from the parents of my pupils; this is pleasing, and the attention I meet with at their houses is also gratifying.

Dec. 5. It is important that the moral training of children be commenced *early.*

The parents of my pupils appear much pleased with the conversational style of teaching adopted by me. If my boys become listless I can always arrest their attention by starting a conversation upon some interesting subject. I allow my pupils to ask me questions on the question under consideration. In this matter, however, I preserve the strictest order. The young inquirer who desires information stands up and puts his queries to me in a formal manner. I sometimes flatter myself that these school debates are as well conducted as are the discussions in the House of Commons. I, as "speaker" of the house, act with the utmost vigilance and impartiality, and it is very rare that two speakers are on their legs at the same time.

These conversations are sometimes very interesting, and I hesitate not to say is one of the best features of my system. The boys often observe how rapidly the time appears to pass during these debates.

It is obvious that a great amount of information must be imparted to the young mind by this means by a teacher who has the facility of communicating knowledge to the tender understanding; but it requires great care, patience, experience and tact in the teacher to accommodate his language and observations so that they shall be comprehended; for my own part, if I have any doubt upon my mind that I am not understood, I pause awhile and question my auditors. Repetition on these occasions is not a fault. Children require to be told over and over again that which is intended to be conveyed to them.

My wife is particularly well adapted to arrest the attention of youth by her facility in relating moral tales for the purpose of improving the heart. And my boys, I am happy to say, are particularly partial to Mrs. K——. This is as it ought to be. It is most desirable that a good understanding should exist between teachers and pupils.

Dec. 6. My altered means have taught me a useful lesson. I have abandoned many artificial wants. A pipe of tobaccco supplies the place of my Foreign Havannah cigar; my wine is exchanged for water or an occasional glass of beer; dainty dishes have given way to a healthy vegetable diet, sparingly mixed with animal food. One suit of plain clothes serves me a year, and my wife and children each make one dress last as long as three or four formerly did. After all I seriously question whether I am much the poorer as far as these matters relate.

Some illiterate parents judge of the educational progress made by their children by the number and extent of the lessons learned by rote. This is a mistake; the majority of teachers know it is false thus to judge, but they feel compelled to humour the caprice

of the ignorant parent in thus punishing children with long and numerous lessons, the which they in many instances know the meaning of as much as does a parrot or a monkey. It is better for a child to understand the meaning of one word or one line only, than to learn by rote fifty words, or as many lines, without knowing their import.

I frequently bid my little fellows not to despair of becoming good scholars. "The greatest geniuses," I say to them, "started from the same goal as yourselves; they learned their A B C and their figures; and possessing a knowledge of these, behold in the works of the mathematician, the historian, and the *literati* in general the wonderful use they have made of these tools for the acquisition of knowledge."

Christmas Day night. I have just returned from the residence of Robert, my elder brother. It is the pride of Robert to have all his relatives meet at his house on Christmas Day, and a delightful and harmonious day we have spent there. The juveniles had a room to themselves, where they enjoyed their games of blind man's buff, hunt the slipper, forfeits, snap-dragon, &c., &c. We brothers and sisters passed away the time in discussing the good things of this world, and talking over the incidents of bygone days. Oh! it is delightful thus to see brethren dwell together in unity. My mind, however, was more than once overshadowed with melancholy reflections on the death of my poor Sarah. Thoughts of the dead press most painfully on the mind at the festive season.

As I walked to my brother's, in company with my wife and children, I saw a man, his wife, and four little ones, all in rags, looking in at a cook-shop window. I felt convinced they were *hungry*. I put my hand in my pocket, stepped up to this sad party, and gave the man two shillings. With tears in his eyes he thanked me, and the blessings of his wife and children followed my steps. On looking back I saw them enter the house, where roast-beef and plum-pudding was to be procured for money.

"What have you been doing, father?" said my boy George to me, when I again joined my family.

"Giving that poor man and woman, and their children, a dinner," answered my wife for me.

"Good father! good father!" exclaimed each of my lads, as they kissed my hands.

I thought of the poor man and his family as I was seated at my brother's table, which was loaded with the good things of this world, and I am sure my dinner digested better on account of the little act of charity I had just performed.

Jan. 21. The Christmas vacation has expired, and I feel glad to resume my pleasing duties.

I have taken some little pains to prepare a lecture on education. I shall deliver it to-morrow night.

Jan. 22. My lecture was well received, and many applied for admission who could not find room.

How surprised was I this morning on perusing the following note addressed to me:—

"—— House, Tuesday Morning.

"Lord —— presents his compliments to Mr. K—— and would feel obliged if that gentleman would call as above to-morrow (Wednesday) afternoon, as Lord —— has something to communicate which he thinks will be to the advantage of Mr. K——."

Jan. 23. I have just returned from Lord ——'s. He received me in the most courteous manner, said my name had been favourably mentioned to him by a friend, and asked me if I would take the education of his two sons under my care. I thanked his lordship, said I would take time to consider his proposition, and retired, promising to write to him my determination on the subject in a few days.

Jan. 27. My wife and I have talked Lord ——'s proposal over, and have come to the conclusion of accepting it as soon as we can dispose of our school.

Feb. 9. I have disposed of my school. Mr. Bloom will take possession to-morrow. This afternoon I bade my pupils adieu. The boys came round me and my wife, shook us by the hands, shed tears, told us they were sorry we were going to leave them, and finally one of the head boys came forward and placed the following letters, one in the hand of my wife and one in my own.

"London, February 9th, 18—.

"To Mrs. George K——

"Dear Madam,

"We cannot allow this opportunity to pass without expressing our deep sorrow at the event which has just taken place in removing you from us. We deeply feel the obligation we are under to you for the part you have taken in the business of the school. You and your dear husband will ever be remembered by us with gratitude. You have been, if not the mover, at least the seconder, of those plans which made our duties agreeable, and learning, instead of being irksome, proved a pleasure.

"Yes, madam, we shall ever remember you, and as Providence has decreed that we shall part, many of us perhaps for ever, we take this opportunity of wishing that you and your dear family may enjoy good health, and that success may crown your future undertakings.

"We, the undersigned, beg to subscribe ourselves,

"Yours, affectionately,"

(Here follow the names of my pupils.)

"London, February 9th, 18—.

"To Mr. George K——

"Honoured and Dear Sir,

"We, the undersigned, beg leave to express our unfeigned regret at so (on our part) unexpected a separation from one we so much esteem, not only for your excellent advice and instruction, but for the disinterested kindness you have ever manifested towards us; and we sincerely trust that you may live to see many, and we hope all your pupils exhibit some proof that your labours have not been in vain. I hope, sir, that we shall never forget we possess hearts as well as heads. With a sincere desire that your undertaking may prove congenial to your mind, and that every success may attend you and yours,

"We remain, with great affection,

"Yours, sincerely,"

(Here follow the names of my pupils.)

Next week I shall be installed into my new situation of private tutor to my Lord ——'s, at a salary of £250 per annum.

DESERT FLOWERS.*

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

[In his "Travels into the Interior Parts of Africa," Le Valliant says, speaking of a wild, unfrequented scene by the river Kaussi, "Nowhere, during the whole course of my life, have I seen flowers so superb, from variety and brilliancy of colour, or so curious from singularity of form. At every step new ones presented themselves to my view, and I involuntarily stopped to admire their beauties. How many did I see, which, were they transplanted into the richest gardens of Europe would constitute their chief ornament."

What, 'mid the torrid wastes, unseen, alone,
Do ye, bright, nameless, unregarded flowers?
What, 'mid the hot breath of the heavy hours,
Find ye their stillness to atone?
Have ye a faith, a language of your own,
Hallowing your hermit bowers?

* Anaxagoras and Empedocles, Cardan and Spalanzi, were of opinion that, in common with insects and quadrupeds, trees and flowers had feelings, affections, and passions, upon the principle that life without sensation is an anomaly.

There dwell ye in unbroken sister-love,
Fair savages! unknowing other art?
Share ye alike, when storm and shade depart,
The fervid sunlight from above?
Do ye drink up, when evening dew-drops rove,
A glad pledge with *one* heart?

We have fair children of your lineage here,
Things spoilt by lovers' choice and poets' praise;
Have *ye* bloom'd on from the first shepherd days
In beauty chanted to no ear?
It should not be so! ye shall yet appear,
Crowning one poet's lays.

Do not the many-tinted clouds look down
On your unsullied beauty with delight?
Does the free earth, undimm'd by human blight,
There proudly wear you as a crown?
Have ye not won, from minstrel winds, renown
Haunting your dreams at night?

Do the young sunbeams woo ye, as of old
God's sons, enamour'd, sought an earthly love?
Or do ye lift a conscious praise above—
Know ye the stars as they unfold?
To your pure gaze are all the heaven's unroll'd,
The realms where angels move?

Beauty and love, twin-born, together share
The primal gladness with ye in those bowers,
Where no unholy influence darkly lowers,
Heedless God's choicest gifts to spare;—
Do ye with them His equal ways declare
To all the listening hours?

What are your shapes of beauty? what the bloom
That paints so gloriously the solemn day?
What is the order of your proud array?
Bear ye meet blossoms for the tomb?
Have ye e'er met, 'mid gathering storm and gloom,
Earth's mighty one—decay?

Do ye wake with the sun, and with him close
Glad eyes that shine not till he tinge the deep?
Have ye night-watchers, loving things that keep
In sanctity your soft repose,
Blending sweet odours with the breath that flows
From your untroubled sleep.

Hold ye a record of the ages past?
Did the first patriarch's meet your sunny gaze?
What was your lot in the world's infant days—
In Eden's * garden was it cast?
Are a relic of that bloom, the last
Left to earth's grave-ward ways?

Ye are all mute! ye send no answering voice
Back to the soul that thirsts for beauty still;
Happier with light your destined paths to fill,
Making the desert place rejoice!
Did nature leave ye to that better choice
With an unfetter'd will?

I may not taint ye with faint praise, sweet things!
I know ye not, one blossom from the rest;
And, all impartial as the genial breast
Of earth from whence it springs,
I hail your loveliness even where it clings,
Bidding it there be blest!

There where no jealous rivalry can mar
What nature meant in love to mingle free;
I would not tempt ye o'er the stranger sea,
All earth-unshadowed as ye are!
Prize your untrodden nestling nooks afar,
There may ye ever be!

There till the sun, and shower, and breeze be past,
Uncall'd to witness all the wrongs of earth,
Its strifes and follies, that still from their birth
Blight the lots darkly with them cast:—
Take a soul's thanks to which ye've given at last
One theme a soul-thought worth!

* Tertullian placed Eden under the Equinoctial; Postellus under the North Pole; others refer it to Susiana, Arabia Petræa, Persia, Syria, Tartary, Ethiopia, China, the Lake of Gennesaret, and a spot between the separation and confluences of the Tigris and Euphrates.

THE CAPTAIN'S WIFE.

BY MRS. GEORGE HOWES.

WHY is that young female so sad who is sitting in yon comfortable room, surrounded by the luxuries of life, protected from this cold and stormy night? What can make a heart like hers sorrowful? And see that beautiful child has climbed upon her knee, and is clasping her neck with her soft and delicate arms, as she exclaims,

"Kiss me, mamma; do kiss your little pet. Why are you so sad, dearest mother; has anything vexed you? you are not angry with me?"

"Hush, dearest," said the mother, drawing the child close to her bosom; "do you not hear the storm that rages without? Hark, how the wind howls! May God protect thy father, my child, through this stormy night! What may he not be suffering! what hardships has he not to undergo, that we may enjoy ourselves at home! Methinks I see him struggling with the unruly elements that are tossing his sturdy ship here and there upon the boisterous main, until it has become quite unmanageable. Ah! perhaps at this moment his vessel may have struck against a rock, and he be struggling with the waves. Oh! my heart will burst," she continued, as briny tears coursed each other down her pallid cheeks in quick succession. "Who would be a sailor's wife? Every little wind is felt and known by her; even on her bed she is not at rest. Her dreams are haunted with storms, shipwrecks, and drowning men baffling with the raging elements, and she wakes to weep, and fears that the being so dearly loved by her may perhaps be in the melancholy situation pourtrayed by her dreams."

As the winds continued to howl with increasing violence, the child nestled closer to her mother's breast, and with a heart ready to burst, she exclaimed,

"Mother, do not cry, for God and his holy angels will take care of my dear father, for you know the hymn says,

'He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.'

That means, mother dear, does it not, that God is in the storm to take care of his people? so I think he will take care of my poor father. Do you not recollect, mother dear, that father told us not

to be afraid for him when he was away, but that we must trust in God to take care of him?"

The mother kissed the damp cheek of her daughter, and said,

"Yes, my child, I will indeed trust in the Lord to take care of thy poor father."

The child now retired to its little bed and fell into a calm sleep, forgetting in delightful dreams the anguish of the past. But where is the mother? She is standing on the open balcony, listening to the roaring winds, her hands upraised to Heaven, to invoke its protection for the being so dear to her.

"O, God!" she exclaims, "preserve my beloved husband, and send him back in safety, for 'tis thou, O Lord! that can still the raging winds and calm the troubled sea, make his vessel ride in safety. To whom would I not surrender all the luxuries I enjoy to have him once more by my side? Is it not for me and my darling child that he risks his precious life on the troubled ocean, that we the objects of his love may enjoy all the comforts and pleasures of life? What would I not suffer to be with him? poverty would be to me a pleasure so that I had him, the object of my waking and sleeping thoughts, by me in safety."

The sailor's wife stood on that open balcony seemingly unconscious of being exposed to the contending elements, gazing on those dark clouds as if to pierce them through, that her eyes might reach to Heaven to know the destiny of her loved one. Her whole mind was taken up with one idea—the danger of that being who was as dear to her as the life blood that flowed through her own transparent veins, and there she would have stood, careless of the consequences, if she had not been aroused by one of her faithful domestics, who came to warn her of the danger to which she was exposing herself.

We now see her with the evening meal before her; but whilst the storm continues all enjoyments are lost to her, and it is dismissed untasted and untouched. Whilst all the inmates of that house are buried in slumber she is to be seen wandering from room to room, at times praying beside her sleeping child, and ever and anon vainly looking out at the darksome night to see if there is any sign of calm in those boiling clouds.

At last the storm ceases, the winds are hushed. A bright star is seen in the heavens as a harbinger of peace to the mind of the captain's wife. Now she seeks her bed, after again offering up a prayer for her partner's safety. But though to all appearance the body is asleep, the mind is not at rest, for ever and anon that slight frame starts as if disturbed by unpleasant dreams. What pleasure to the sailor's wife will to-morrow bring forth! what joy on waking to find a letter from the object of her ardent love; *that* letter tells her her husband will arrive home in a few days; that he is well, and longing to embrace his beloved wife and darling

child. How that letter was worshipped, how read and re-read, till at last it found a resting place in the elated bosom of the captain's wife.

What tongue can depict the happiness of these delighted beings! the many preparations that were found necessary to make on papa's return; the placing everything in the position he was known to admire. How many times the curtains of the windows were drawn aside to discern if possible the fine appearance of a mast in the horizon, and when one appeared never doubting in the least but that it must belong to the vessel that was to bear her loved one back again. But after all this ecstasy of delight, what misery may there not be in store for these fond and happy creatures! what vicissitudes are there in a sailor's life!

Alas! what melancholy news will reach that anxious female; news that will nearly freeze the blood in her veins, and almost stop the vital functions of life. How was it to be communicated to her?—who would undertake to tell her the sad tidings?

After all her watchings, her varied feelings from joy to sorrow and from sorrow to joy, was she doomed at last to hear that he was drowned on that stormy night! Where are all the gay trappings of that once cheerful room? why are they exchanged for solemn black? why are the inmates of this once happy abode attired in deep mourning? and they seem as if afraid to hear the sound of their own voices; and see, their eyes are damp with weeping.

I have seen no mute standing in mockery there; I have seen no sable hearse with heavy black plumes waving in the wind; I have beheld no coffin borne out of those doors; yet death has been there, for see that delicate female—the captain's widow, clothed in deep mourning, with that awful symbol—a widow's cap. And that child, whose head is buried in her lap, over whom the mother is weeping in the greatest anguish—she, too, has partaken of the same grief, and is also clothed in black!

Yes, grim death must have been busy with his icy fingers, but the object here mourned is buried deep in the sea; in its coral bed he found a coffin; fishes were his mutes and the wild winds of heaven rang his death-knell!

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

"Our house at home" was like a menagerie; my father had a favourite Newfoundland dog named Chance, who once saved my parent's life by dragging him to the shore when he was taken with the cramp whilst bathing; my mother kept fowls and a parrot; my brothers fed rabbits and guinea-pigs; my sisters had each a bird; and I was the happy possessor of a monkey named Jacko; and we also farmed two sleek cats of the feminine gender, that ever and anon furnished the house with tabby, tortoiseshell, and black kittens.

The best understanding, however, subsisted between these dumb animals. Chance scorned to ill-use his inferiors in point of size; he would even submit to be slapped on the face by the paw of the irritable Miss Blackee, and suffer the kittens unmolested to mount on his noble back or play with his tail; and it was no uncommon sight to see Master Jacko, the rabbits and guinea pigs, Chance, and the kittens all sporting together in our little back garden. Between these dumb animals and my youthful games I was tolerably happy, because agreeably amused. Old Chance was really a noble creature, and many were the rides I had around the kitchen and in the garden on the faithful creature's back.

An incident now happened that damped the spirits of all the family. This was the death of my sister Caroline, who was one year and two months my junior. All our play was for a time put a stop to, and the house was as quiet as if it did not contain a child within its walls; even the dumb creatures appeared sad, and for my part I recollect this mournful event as being my *first real trouble.* Caroline was only three years and a half old when she died. She was placed in a little white coffin, fancifully decorated with fringe; a pretty lace cap was on her head, and she looked lovely even in death. I could hardly persuade myself that she was in reality dead, that she wanted no more play with me and her brothers and sisters. She looked like a beautiful wax figure or a being belonging to another and a superior world; but when I pressed her stone-cold cheek to my lips I shuddered, for I felt that it was the *touch of death.*

I remember, young though I was, that at poor Caroline's funeral we all wept, but most poignant was our grief when the earth was thrown on the beautiful little coffin, as the clergyman, in a deep and solemn tone, pronounced the words, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

Soon after little Caroline's death my mother also died. I remember how slowly and quietly my brothers and sisters and myself crept about the house, as if terrified. I also remember that we dared not go up stairs alone, but this timidity is not uncommon under such circumstances, for on approaching the chamber of death a feeling of awe pervades even the stoutest heart, and the strongest minds.

This was indeed a time of weeping and wailing and lamentation with us all, for my father was an excellent husband and a kind parent; he was the idol of my mother, and the beloved of his children. Poor Chance, too, must not be forgotten in this melancholy scene; and I am confident that could my father arise from his grave he would be pleased to think that his name had been coupled with that of his devoted and faithful dog.

Chance, as the reader may easily conceive, was a great favourite with his master. During my father's last illness, Chance was almost always in my father's chamber. There sat the faithful creature on the floor beside my parent's bed, with his paws lying on the counterpane and extended towards his sick master.

When my father died Chance laid with his nose against the chamber door in which the corpse was placed. The faithful creature watched every opportunity of getting into the room, and then he would lie beneath the coffin, and seemed to be as much concerned at his master's death as was my mother and us little ones.

There were twelve mourners followed my lamented father to the grave, including his children, relatives, and friends; and the tears shed at his funeral was but a just tribute of affection paid to the memory of the deceased.

An interesting—I think I may term it an affecting—scene occurred at the funeral. Chance, who could not be induced to quit the coffin, although driven and incommoded by the undertaker's men, was taken away and shut up in the back kitchen whilst the corpse was being removed from the house. In this place of confinement the faithful animal howled and moaned in the most dismal manner possible. With his piteable cries he appeared to censure those persons who had caused him to be confined, and who were about to deprive him of the opportunity of seeing the last of his beloved master. The loud and bitter howlings of the dog even added to the great trouble of my mother and the company assembled on this melancholy occasion.

The funeral was now on its way to church, on foot. It had not proceeded far, however, when Chance, who had escaped from the house, was observed among the mourners. The poor animal first walked beside one of the followers, then beside another; sometimes he moved sorrowfully along immediately before the coffin, at other times behind it. He, however, placed himself

beneath the coffin just as the men bore my father into the churchyard, and in this manner did the poor dog proceed to the doors of the church. The parish beadle would not allow Chance to enter the church, and at length with some difficulty succeeded in shutting the doors upon the faithful creature; but so dismal were his howlings that the door-keeper was presently induced to admit the dog in order to obtain silence. Upon entering the church he immediately ran up the aisle and again placed himself beneath the coffin. In this manner did he proceed to the grave, amid the commendations of the lookers-on.

When the remains of my beloved parent were lowered into their mortal resting-place, Chance leaped upon the coffin, and would have suffered himself to be buried alive with the corpse. A man, however, descended into the grave and tied a piece of rope round the neck of Chance, when the grave-digger pulled him to the surface of the earth, and the poor dog was now led home, though reluctantly, by the sexton's son.

Although many tears were shed at my father's funeral, yet do I believe that there was not a more sincere mourner on that occasion than was that poor dumb animal, who was long after his master's death ere he regained his usual spirits and playfulness.

THE SWAN.

See how majestic o'er the lake
The kingly swan sails by!
Free as the soul arrayed in robes
Of spotless purity.

Thus freely, fearlessly he rides
Life's joyous hours along;
At evening dies, and his last breath
Is a triumphal song.

O thou whose power has made us both,
Let him my image be!
Thus may my soul be ever clad
In snow-white purity!

Oh! keep me pure till thou shalt end
These few and fleeting days;
Then may my last, faint, quivering tones
A hallelujah raise!

THE WATERS OF OBLIVION.

BY MRS. GORDON, AUTHOR OF THE "FORTUNES OF THE FALCONARS."

The keenest pang the wretched find,
Is rapture to the dreary void—
The leafless desert of the mind,
The waste of feelings unemployed.

Byron.

The idea of the following poem was partly suggested by an engraving in the "Keepsake" for 1828, from a design of Martin's, illustrative of a prose tale, entitled "Sadak in Search of the Waters of Oblivion," but differing, in so far as my recollection serves me, from the well-known eastern story of the same name. The scenery depicted in this fine plate is such as I have here attempted to describe. If the idea of the rejection of the waters of forgetfulness by their votary, in the annexed tale, is the same as my own, though the catastrophe is different, I think there exists no further resemblance, at least none with which my remembrance of the story supplies me. This juvenile production was written long before I had ever dreamt of any eye, save my own, dwelling upon it, either to applaud or to criticise. If, therefore, I have unwittingly been guilty of plagiarism, it was at the time a very venial sin. The notions which I have endeavoured to embody in this sketch certainly are the same with those apparently entertained by the unknown author of "Sadak"—namely, that however, in such a world as this, we may be tempted to long for the fabled Lethean draught, to charm to sleep pangs which too often seem beyond the endurance of humanity; yet, were this draught really offered to our lips, there scarce exists a human being who would consent to relinquish the treasures which must disappear with the agonies of memory; that there is not a living man or woman who has not the recollection of some one "green spot in the waste" of a miserable, or even of a guilty life, to the loss of which it is to be questioned whether continued endurance of the pangs surrounding its memory would not be preferred. The prayer for oblivion, if such a prayer were ever made, is one alike contrary to the natural dictates of the human heart and to the purposes of mercy, for whose fulfilment the darkest of our earthly afflictions—the heaviest chastenings of our Father's hand—are bestowed.

FAR in the deep and voiceless solitude—
The wilds where mortal step doth never tread—
The shadowy confines 'twixt the living world
And *that* whose tenants are not such as we—
The realm of mystery and of phantasm; there
Where sound of gladsome bird or insect tribe
Ne'er broke the brooding stillness—awful, vast,
Eternal; where the mountain's mist-wrapt side,
That, height on height impending, cleave the sky,
Bear not one leaf that owns the juice of life,
Or springs and blooms beneath the eye of Heaven;
Where the glad sunbeams, with reviving glance,
Can never penetrate; where, dark and sad,
Night's sombre mantle hangs at noon of day;
Where desolation spreads her heavy wings,
And glories in her undivided reign.

Deep in the hollow of that fearful vale,
The silent waters of oblivion sleep.
Dark, sullen waves, within whose cold abyss
No living thing can dwell; whose dead expanse
No rain may dimple and no winds upraise,
For Heaven's own wandering winds ne'er entered there!
Cold, fancied nectar of the desperate,
Long were they sought by many a weary heart
Of worn-out pilgrim in this earthly scene!
Sought in the lonely shade, the desert wild,
But oftener 'mid the roar of worldly din,
The pomp and pageant of the crowded stage
Where man performs his part—but sought in vain!
For still in far retreat, in crowded hall,
Undying memory stood, and barred the way.

Yet once did Heaven fulfil the prayers wrung
Forth from the lorn depths of the breaking heart;
And, thither goaded by a ghastly form,
The pale, sad spectre of departed joy,
And led by one whose still and sombre port,
And rayless eye, proclaimed his name Despair;
Some weary pilgrims crossed the cloud-hid bound
That parts the dark vale from the haunts of men,
And stood in silence by the silent lake
Where dwelt the power to bid their hearts be calm;
In silence stood, and grief-full, musing long,
Till in their ears a cold sepulchral voice,
The still air cleaving, spoke in solemn sound,
"Drink, and forget the past!"

Then forth came one—
A guilty, blood-stained, miserable man;
Yet one unhardened in the fearful school
Where he had cast his youth's bright hopes away.
Therefore his days and lonely nights were full
Of bitterness and anguish, till he prayed—
Prayed, but unhappy—for forgetfulness.
So his sad prayer was granted, and he stood
Gazing a little space, then stooped to lave,
When swift as storm-wrack on the face of heaven,
A host of buried thoughts o'erswept his soul,
Roused in that dark hour from their stern repose,
And starting back, "I cannot drink," he cried.

"I cannot drink! My heart's desire before me lies, and yet,
'Mid guilt and anguish, can I bear to feel that heart forget?
I've knelt and prayed this hour to see; the hour is come at last,
And *can* I bear to bury here the memory of the past?

Oh! dark and sad that guilty past, and fain would I dispel
The dream of early innocence, remembered all too well;
Of youth's fair promise blighted o'er, of hope's untimely grave—
If *these* were all, then welcome were Oblivion's tranquil wave!

I would forget the mother's voice mine infant years that bless'd;
The mother's prayer that sanctified my couch of infant rest;
The mother's love that vainly sought her guilty child to save;
The mother's heart that guilty child sent broken to the grave.

I would forget the tissue dark of folly, shame, and crime,
The tale of talent misapplied, of worse than wasted time;
But, 'mid remorse's retrospect, there dwells *one* sun-bright spot,
For its dear sake let memory live; it shall not be forgot.

Oh! thou, the one sweet ray from Heaven that lit mine outcast path,
The blessed spirit dwelling in the cells of guilt and wrath;
The true when all around are false, the moon when suns were set;
Though thou hast left me desolate, shall I, shall I forget?

Though thy departure seal'd the doom that drove me forth forlorn,
A friendless and unpitied one, in loneliness to mourn;
Though closed with thine the only eye that never turned from me;
Though ceased with thine the only voice that soothed my misery;

Though anguish in me aided so remorse's frenzied glow,
That I could deem Oblivion's self a refuge from such woe,
Now lies it in my grasp, and, oh! I never knew till now,
Than peace, than rest, how dearer far in thy cold grave art thou!

Though quenched beneath this silent wave remorse's fire be o'er,
Though here the heart that bleeds and throbs shall bleed and throb no more,
Yet if by it thy deathless love must be remembered not,
Then farewell peace, and welcome pain—thou shalt not be forgot.

Though grief and anguish cleave to it, thy name for me shall live;
Were *that* departed, what, oh! what, doth earth retain to give?
I turn me from Oblivion's wave, cold object of my prayer,
I will not part from memory's pangs, for thou, beloved, art there!"

He turned him from the brink, and back retraced
His footsteps. Mystery strange of earthly love!
Even in the depths of uttermost despair
Still clasping closer to the bleeding heart
The shaft that rends it, yet is dear the while.
He turned and drank not.
Then a softer form—
A pale, forsaken mourner, came and placed
Her faltering footstep on the dreary shore,
And gazed around her with a woful look

Of utter desolation. She was one
From whose lorn side the loved had passed away;
All whom her bosom most delighted in,
All in whose smiles her joy was imaged back,
All in whose love her sorrow found relief,
Were dead and vanished; she was all alone,
And her full heart, with love o'erflowing, found
The world a desert. Cold the blighting breath
Of unscathed poverty fell o'er her path;
Yet had she bowed her to the will of Heaven,
And striven to place her hopes, her treasure, there.
But memory, haunting memory, held a chain
That bound her soul to earth; by day, by night,
The loved, the lost, were with her, till her heart,
Her sickening heart, with doubt and anguish filled,
Prayed to forget its pangs, its wasted love,
That poured its warm abundance on the tomb.
And now before her eyes the wished-for draught,
The Lethean wave, expanded; fixed she stood,
Her clasp'd hands pressing down the throbbings wild
That shook her heaving bosom, till the tide,
The pent-up tide of anguish, forced its way,
And forth 'mid bursting sobs and burning tears
The smothered feelings of the mourner broke.

"Forget them? They have left my side,
Have vanished one by one;
And, drifting o'er a troubled tide,
My bark is all alone.
Where'er the weary eye can fall,
'Tis cloud, and gloom, and darkness all.

"Forget them? In the lonely spot
Where I am left to sigh,
One smile, one glance, remaineth not,
From lost affection's eye,
One voice of love's delicious tone—
Voice, glance, and smile, are fled and gone.

"Forget them? While the joyless years
Their weary length dragged o'er,
I've wept them till the fount of tears,
Exhausted, flowed no more;
Till, living but to ceaseless pain,
I prayed to die, and prayed in vain.

"I've knelt, and asked the power from Heaven,
To bear my misery;
But still their fanes, like clouds, were driven
Betwixt the skies and me;
I could not seek the Mightiest One,
To bend, and say, 'Thy will be done.'

"Then, wrung by dark and fierce distress,
I poured the frenzied prayer
To find in dull forgetfulness
A shelter from despair;
To bid, on calm Oblivion's shore,
The pining bosom pine no more.

"But can I bear to feel them pass
Like shadows from my breast,
To lose the thought of what *I was*,
In their affections blest?
Their gentle eyes no more to see
Rise from their graves to visit me?

"Avert it, Heaven! of hope bereft
I bow to meet my doom;
But, oh! be memory's watch-fire left
To light me to the tomb.
My prayer retracted, in the dust
I bend, and cry 'Thy will is just.'

"Yes! better far that boon to keep,
Though blent with bitter pain,
Than feel it sink to deadly sleep,
No more to wake again.
No future love can earth bestow,
No other ties this heart may know;
If *these* forgot be quiet's price,
Too costly were the sacrifice!"

And she, too, turned and drank not.
Next came one
Whom weariness of earth's pursuits had brought
To taste Oblivion's waters, and forget.
A man he was, of great, of lofty mind,
And life eventful. In the court, the camp,
The senate; in the gay and crowded hall,
And far retreat; in city and in shade,
His devious course had been; with daring flight
His winged soul had left earth's sphere behind,
Dived in the mysteries of the heart of man,
And brought home spoils from many a distant world.
He seek Oblivion—he? What madness led
His wishes thither? Yet 'twas all too true.
Deep had he drank of life in every form,
And found all forms alike—all vanity.
Sick of the world's most base ingratitude,
Of friendship's warm, abused confidence,
Still felt the soonest by the loftiest mind—
Of pleasure's dull satiety, of fame—
All—all unfit to fill the craving heart

That asks for higher joys and found them not;
For earthly mists had dimmed the only torch
That guides the loftiest mind to seek for them;
He came to bury here the haunting thought
How he had trusted, hoped, and been deceiv'd;
He came resolv'd, yet he, too, paus'd, and gaz'd
Irresolute at last, then sadly spoke:—

"Silent water! in thy breast
Must I seek my spirit's rest?
Long my devious step hath wander'd,
And my aching heart hath ponder'd,
Searching for the quiet deep
That might bid remembrance sleep;
Now my search is past and o'er,
Stand I on the lonely shore,
Whence its colours, all too bright,
Fading in Oblivion's night,
Pass and leave the bosom free
From its load of misery.

"By the spirit which hath gone,
Like the dove the dark waves on,
Seeking rest and finding none!
By the weight of weariness,
By the throbbing heart's distress,
Vainly bent on earth to find
Fellowship with kindred mind;
By the times that heart hath bled
For its pleasures vanished;
By all that from his withering wings
Haggard disappointment flings!
By pangs that tongue can never tell,
Haunting memory, fare thee well!

"Fare thee well! Yet must it be?
Memory, shall I part with thee?
Over time's eventful change
Shall my spirit cease to range?
Shall the past no more return
From Oblivion's funeral urn?
Yet awhile, my heart, delay,
Ere thou cast that boon away,
Ere thou drown each vivid sense
Deep in cold indifference;
Ere the mists of darkness roll
Thick and lasting o'er the soul.

"What, beneath that blackest night
Shall I quench the spirit's light?

And the care and pain forgot
That have been mine earthly lot;
Back return with feelings dead
Life's dull round again to tread?
No, with guilt and shame abas'd
Be my daring steps retrac'd.
Thou from whom the human heart
Even in anguish will not part,
Be thy better task at last
To paint the future from the past!
Memory, live, and teach the way,
Spurning earth's polluted clay,
To gain a world of purer day."

Lowly he bent him in the dust, adoring
The mighty Power that granted the request
To show its utter madness, and the need
Of other means than dull forgetfulness,
To bring a solace to the world-sick heart.
He raised it, that no more despairing heart,
To higher, holier hopes; then went his way,
Nor turned one look, one glance, one parting gaze
On the dark wave he once had prayed to see.

Last came a lovely form, a woman's form,
Where truth and innocence their seals had set;
That fair, that gentle girl, had *she*, too, come,
She, in the morning of her opening life,
In the young glow of her unsullied bloom,
To seek Oblivion? What has led her there?
Trod ever youth and hope a path like this?
Ay, *youth* too oft, but hope? no, never, never;
Her youth had lived to mourn o'er buried hope.
Pale was her cheek, as blanch'd by burning tears;
In the dimm'd radiance of those mournful eyes
What depths untold of passionate anguish lay!
How soon on that young heart the withering blight
Of ruin'd joy had fallen! And that pang
That last, worst anguish of the human heart,
Thy shaft, deceiv'd and disappointed Love!
The ice-bolt freezing o'er its glowing tides,
Leaving the snow without, the fire within!
Well might she seek Oblivion; nought remain'd
In memory but its anguish; yet she stood
Pale as a sculptur'd image of despair.
Alone she stood, for all save her were gone,
Her small hands clasp'd above her burning brow,
As wooing memory's power yet once, once more
To bring her back the days of early love

(The sunny days, too swiftly overcast)
Ere night and tempest wrapp'd them from her view.
Thus stood she silent, till the tear-drops made
Forth from her eyes' deep founts their bursting way,
Then faintly pierc'd the ear of solitude
The voice of mortal love, of mortal woe.

" Ye come, I hear ye, memories of the past,
Your low, soft voices whispering in my breast.
Speak, 'tis the last time, 'tis the last, the last,
Ere ye go hence and leave me to my rest ;
Dear to my heart ye were, but that is o'er,
Yet to that heart return but once, once more.

" Ye bring me back again the brief, blest hours,
When love and nature in their glorious spring,
Entranc'd we wander'd 'mid the garden bowers,
Where sprang the blossoms as our welcoming ;
Bright earth below, and brighter heaven above,
Breathing the burning tale of hope and love.

" Ye bring me back those eyes of living light,
That thrilling voice of softest harmony,
Clear as ere pain had flung her cruel blight,
Ere darkness gather'd 'twixt my hopes and me ;
Ere *he*—'tis past, and I am living yet !
He hath forgotten, but could *I* forget ?

" On him I pour'd the treasures of my heart,
To find that heart deceiv'd, those treasures flown ;
His hand—ay, *his*—could speed the poison'd dart,
To pierce the breast that liv'd for him alone ;
That lived and lives, from *his* the cord might sever,
That broken cord shall bind *my* heart for ever.

" For ever ? oh, thou cold and deadly wave,
Who drinks of thee shall know these words no more ;
And I have come to dig a peaceful grave
For haunting memory on thy dreary shore.
To bid a last, a sad, a long farewell
To all the tales her mournful records tell.

" Mournful ? alas ! that soft and pensive sound
Tells not the agony my bosom knows,
The icy chain that o'er it tightly bound,
Weighs down the spirit to that stern repose,
Despair's own moveless calm, most still and deep,
When hope, life's soul, hath slept her long, last sleep.

" I cannot look to heaven ; without *his* eye—
Oh, guilty thought!—e'en heaven a desert were ;
And if to earth's remotest bounds I fly,
His image follows in my footsteps there.
Can e'en Oblivion's fountain render dim
The memories bound to all that breathes of him ?

" His name is twin'd with all that move and live,
There's not a sunbeam in yon glorious heaven,
There's not a flower that summer's beauties give,
There's not a perfume in the train of even,
But speaks, in accents all too clear, to me
Of past delight, of present agony.

" Oh! had he left me for an early tomb,
With love's dear memory at my faithful breast,
My hand had bid its flowery emblems bloom,
My tears had nurs'd them o'er his bed of rest ;
My heart had rais'd on high its trusting prayer,
That, lost on earth, my soul might find him there.

" Now have I lost him, oh! for ever lost ;
To earth, to heaven I look, but all in vain :
Torn from its moorings, wreck'd, and tempest-toss'd,
The sinking vessel finds no port again.
Then, then, dark, lifeless wave—but no, but no!
My soul rejects thee 'mid its bitterest woe.

" *Then* leave me, memory! Till this heart shall break—
Oh, would it might!—it shall forsake thee never ;
Then the last hold that misery could not shake,
The one bright link that falsehood might not sever!
Mother of cold despair though now thou be,
Despair is welcome, so I lose not thee.

" I ask'd Oblivion, oh! I little knew
How thou hadst twined thee round my bleeding heart!
All else hath left me, thou art only true,
And shall I lose thee, changed as thou art ?
Life is a desert, but, if thou wert gone,
In that wide desert *I were all alone!* "

She turn'd, the desolate, the hopeless one,
The vainly true. Oh, wayward human heart!
Oblivion's waveless calm is not for thee ;
Sigh as thou wilt to reach that silent bourne,

Breathes not the man who, standing on its brink,
Would purchase rest by memory's sacrifice.
She whose dead hopes no second spring might know,
Whose wandering pathway own'd no beacon light,
Whose heart was pining for that long repose
Where memory's voice might vex her ear no more.
Living she would not, might not part with him.
She turn'd and went! And hers *was* wretchedness,
Where the lone eye beheld no light on earth,
And would not look to heaven and find it there.
All Merciful! and wilt thou suffer this?
Thou in whose love thy meanest creature lives,
Without whose word the sparrow falleth not,
Stretch forth thine hand, thine erring child to save!
Thou at whose voice the raging waters fell,
Bid the dark billows of despair be still!
Mighty is *God* to succour and redeem!
She pass'd alone, but o'er her desolate track
Forth from the darkness of impending clouds
A beam of more than earthly radiance fell,
And on her ear a voice of heavenly sound—
A still, small voice.
"Rise, mourner, rise!" it said;
"Thou who hast quaffed the fountains of the earth
And found them bitterness, yet shrunk away
In shuddering horror from Oblivion's wave;
Rise, seek another and a purer fount,
Which whoso drinks shall feel his thirst no more;
Rise, leave thy wither'd gourd, and cast thee down
Where life's own tree extend perennial shade.
Leave the crush'd idols of an earth-bound heart,
And seek the love which passeth not away.
Come, in the fount that flows for thee, for all,
A mightier power than cold Oblivion's lies!
That brought forgetfulness to charm despair,
This bids thee still remember, yet adore.
Lift up from earth a sad but trusting eye,
And find thy lot's dark mysteries solv'd in heaven."

THE SORTES SCOTTIANÆ; OR, TWO LEAP YEARS.

A TALE.—BY MRS. GORDON, AUTHORESS OF "THE FORTUNES OF THE FALCONARS," &c.

CHAPTER I.

MANY writers, ancient and modern, have held a theory concerning the natural tendency of human affairs to move in a circle; a revolving chain, as it were, whose latest links are frequently brought round to the very spot or period of time at which its earliest took their rise. And this not once only, but many times in the course of a life; so that one particular place, one particular epoch, would appear in some inscrutable manner connected with the most strongly marked events, the turning points in some one individual destiny.

This may appear to many no more than a vain and profitless fancy; but to others, the natural bent of whose minds inclines them towards the speculative and the visionary, and who delight in pondering over the inexplicable mysteries of our mental existence, it is one which unquestionably opens up a train of strange and peculiar meditation. We are even inclined to think that an inquiry into its consistency with human experience may be attended with effects highly beneficial to the mind; as tending in many ways to impress it with a deeper conviction, not of a blind and arbitrary fate, but of an all-pervading Providence directing and overruling human life and human action, and extending its beneficial care alike over the lowest as the loftiest occurrences of existence. It is not, however, our present intention to dive deeply into these mysteries; a simple tale of common events and every-day life, "a mortal story," will elucidate our meaning as well as the narrative of a monarch's destinies; for we have all more to do with every-day life than with any other, and there is, moreover, a far more profound mine of romance concealed beneath its beaten surface, than merely superficial observers would ever dream of finding anywhere. Strange tales might be told had we the art to draw them forth, by the walls of our chambers, by the trees which overhang our daily paths—nay, by the hard and prosaic-seeming pavement of our streets.—"So to our chronicle."

It was between four and five o'clock in the afternoon of a lovely

day in the "leafy month of June," 1824, that two elderly gentlemen were returning from a walk beyond the southern suburbs of Edinburgh. At this hour of the day in early summer, ere the rising of the Courts of Justice has taken place, and reduced that ancient metropolis to the condition of a deserted city, the roads that in all directions speedily afford an outlet from its burning streets into environs whose beauty is confessedly unrivalled, are generally thronged with pedestrians as well as with horsemen; all gasping for a mouthful of country air to dispel the legal dust which most of them have been inhaling during the day. Thus it was with the worthy seniors above mentioned, who were now slowly bending their steps towards the town, with appetites duly whetted for the good dinners there awaiting them; when just as they reached Bruntsfield Links, and paused to observe a match in process of being played there by the Foot-ball Club, one of them was accosted by a young man on horseback, who came up at the moment from the direction of Edinburgh.

"How are you, Mr. Crawford?" inquired the new comer. "Have you been taking a constitutional walk in this quarter? I thought Wardie had been your favourite direction."

"Ah, Forbes," returned the old gentleman, "how do you do? Why, Wardie is my usual mark in my afternoon's walks, for the sake of the sea-breeze, which is of some consequence to us old fellows, in preparing us for dinner. You youngsters know nothing of that yet. However, I have been as far as Braid this afternoon, and had a whiff of fine air from the hills. And whither are you bent, if I may ask?"

"To the Holms," replied the young man, whilst a vivid glow overspread his fine features. "Colonel Lindesay keeps early hours, and I am engaged to dine there."

"Ah! I didn't know the colonel saw any company at all," said Mr. Crawford.

"Not much *company*," returned Forbes; "indeed, I may say none. Only—only . . . ."

"Only staid, sober friends of the family like yourself, eh? Well, Forbes, I admire your taste, I assure you."

"Mr. Crawford!" said the young man, drawing up somewhat haughtily. "I . . . ."

"Pooh! pooh! my lad," returned his facetious friend; "I'll tell no tales upon you; 'Semel insanio imus omnes;' we've a' been daft in our day. And how was your father when you heard last? And where is Henry?"

"Henry is with his regiment in Ireland," replied Forbes, "and my father is tolerably well, thank you. And now I must say good morning, I fear, for I shall be late."

"Well, good day, my lad; remember me to your father when you write.'

"Who is that handsome young fellow, Crawford?" inquired the companion of the latter gentleman, as young Forbes gallopped off. "His face reminds me strongly of some one I have seen somewhere."

"I dare say it reminds you of his mother, who was one of the loveliest women in Scotland," replied Mr. Crawford. "He is very like her, this boy. Don't you recollect Lady Mary Nasmyth, who ran off with our old crony, Jack Forbes, of Saint Anne's?"

"Lady Mary Nasmyth? Perfectly, to be sure. Who does not? I dare say that is just the likeness that haunted me in this young man. And so this is her son; that wild dog Jack Forbes' son?"

"A wild dog he was, faith," returned Mr. Crawford; "and this is his second son, Grantley Forbes. There are only he and his elder brother Henry, who is in the —— Dragoons. Lady Mary has been dead these five or six years. She was much attached to Forbes; indeed her marriage proved that; for you know the old lord, her father, had such a bad opinion of him that he had put a stop to the affair, and so they took the law into their own hands, and ran away. Forbes made a very kind husband, though; and since her death he has shut himself entirely up from the world, lives at his fine old place in the north like a hermit."

"And leaves his sons to tread in his footsteps unmolested, I suppose?" said Mr. Johnstone, the former speaker.

"Indeed, you were never more mistaken. Jack Forbes has ended, as many people do, by being as rigid and censorious about his sons' conduct as he was careless of his own. He is a perfect despot; I believe these lads can hardly call their lives their own. Henry, the eldest, is very like himself in days of old, so how they rub on together is a mystery to me; for I remember the day when Jack would as little have brooked control as his son is likely to do now. Indeed, I believe they hardly ever meet without quarrelling. Grantley is his favourite, and a fine young fellow he is; very unlike Henry—full of talent and enthusiasm."

"And what is he doing here?" inquired Mr. Johnstone.

"What most of the young men in Scotland do," returned his friend; "studying law. I suppose he will pass Advocate next winter. He has found out another pretty little study for himself, too; but whether it would be quite as much to his papa's taste, I can't say."

"And what may that be?"

"The *ars amandi*, sir—love, man, love. The world says, and I suspect it says truly, that he has lost his heart to pretty Sybil Lindesay, Colonel Lindesay's daughter. A sweet soul she is; as fine a lassie as one would wish to see; but it will never do; it's perfect nonsense."

"Ah! that is where he said he was going to dine just now. But why shouldn't it do? There is something of an Indian fortune in that quarter, is there not?"

"No, oh, no! Very little fortune, I fancy. There is only one brother, besides herself, but I shouldn't think there was much fortune, at least nothing of any consequence. And Forbes is so monstrously proud and ambitious for his sons. The Lindesays are an old family, to be sure; but you may depend upon it he looks far higher; he will expect Grantley, being his pet, to do great things in the way of matrimony, not to mention that, large as the St. Anne's estate is, it is strictly entailed, so that there will not be much for a younger son, and people can't live upon love, sir—more's the pity. All I can say is, I wouldn't be in Master Grantley's shoes for a trifle, if any —— good-natured friend should have the officiousness to forward a report of his present proceedings to St. Anne's. I promise you that love and law would stand a poor chance. His studies would come to a speedy close, take my word for it."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Mr. Johnstone, in the plenitude of that benevolent sense of superiority which elderly gentlemen are wont to feel in discussing the follies of young ones. "Poor fellow! Well, good bye, Crawford;" as they had now reached Princes Street, and the "iron tongue" of St. Cuthbert's clock tolled five. "I suppose we shall meet at the Mowbrays? The dinner-hour is six, isn't it?"

The young man whose affairs had formed the subject of the previous conversation had in the meantime reached the Holms—a sweet, old-fashioned, and retired country house, within three miles of Edinburgh, yet looking as if the din of a great city had never penetrated within twenty of it, so perfect was the repose, so deep and green the shade of the wooded lawns around it. It was one of those places of which there are several in the vicinity of Edinburgh, such as one would least expect to find near a town—calm, silent, little indebted to the trim hand of cultivation, and seeming, in their stillness, to recall the images and the recollections of a bygone day, and to retain those unchanged in the midst of the ever-shifting present. Grantley Forbes alighted at the antique-looking porch, overhung with odoriferous creeping shrubs, and followed a servant, as old-fashioned and respectable in appearance as the mansion itself, along several matted passages where the window-seats were filled with greenhouse plants, and up and down two or three odd little flights of steps, apparently contrived for no other purpose than to endanger the necks and limbs of those unacquainted with the localities, till he reached the door of the long, low-roofed, but comfortable drawing-room, whose shady coolness, darkened as it was by the boughs of the acacias which grew on a terrace outside the windows, formed a delicious contrast

to the glare and dust of the highway along which he had so lately been riding.

Here the visitor received a warm and hospitable welcome from Colonel Lindesay, a tall, good-looking, elderly man, somewhat infirm in appearance, as one who had suffered from the vicissitudes of a foreign climate rather than from years. A shyer and more silent greeting, but one of infinitely deeper meaning, was exchanged between him and Sybil Lindesay, the young and lovely daughter of his host, who, in a simple white muslin dress, with no other ornament than a bouquet of myrtle and white roses—the earliest roses of June—laid down a book of which, in the eagerness with which she had been listening for the sound of the door-bell that should announce his approach, she had not read one line for the last half hour, and advanced from the recessed window where she had been sitting, with a smile and blush which conveyed far more to the heart of Forbes than the few words she uttered. There was no other guest present, and the small party shortly after proceeded to dinner.

Colonel Lindesay was the last descendant of an ancient but impoverished family, who had shared in the lot of worldly loss and decay to which all of that name, in a northern district of Scotland, were supposed to be doomed by a curse pronounced against them by Cardinal Beatoune. His patrimonial acres had long since passed into other hands, but many years of toil and warfare in India had enabled him to bring home competence, though not wealth, sufficient for all the comforts of life. To India his only son had been sent, as being, from his father's interest there, his surest road to the same consummation, some three years previous to the date of this narrative; and the colonel and his daughter had continued since that time the sole companions of each other. The death of a beloved wife, eight years before, had sunk deeply on his spirits, and caused him to withdraw himself, in a very great measure, from general society. He had sought to replace her superintending sway in the household by the presence of a maiden sister; but although Miss Margaret Lindesay remained an inmate of her brother's house until her removal by death some time before the departure of her nephew, theirs had never been more than "an union in partition." A harsh and pragmatical disposition rendered her anything but an agreeable companion, or one calculated to obliterate the recollection of all that he had lost in his wife; whilst to Sybil and her brother Charles, the period of Aunt Margaret's administration was one of nearly unmitigated misery, though now that the grave had come between them and the recollection of her severity, her gentle niece would have been slow to admit this fact to any one. Since her death, and the departure of Charles, Sybil had been a solitary and uncompanied girl. Her father, one of the kindest and most

affectionate of parents, was disqualified by natural indolence of temper, aggravated by depression of spirits, from taking any active charge of her, or exerting himself in any way for her advantage; so that he saw her light form flitting through his otherwise desolate house, listened to her sweet voice singing his favourite songs of an evening, and found her tender and thoughtful care always at hand to minister to his comforts, he took everything else for granted, and left her to occupy herself as she chose. Every afternoon at one o'clock the colonel's britzka stood at the door to convey him into Edinburgh, there to pass a couple of hours at the United Service Club, whence, punctual to a minute, the same conveyance set him down again at his own porch at half-past four. Whilst Sybil had masters to attend in Edinburgh she generally accompanied him on this daily excursion; but after that ceased to be the case she remained at home, save when the necessities of shopping and paying morning visits called her to the town. And at home, save for an occasional visitor dropping in, she was completely alone.

To many young and beautiful girls this species of independence might have been fraught with peril, and even with impropriety, but with our heroine it was otherwise. Too completely pure in heart, and lofty in disposition and tastes, to indulge in levity of thought or conduct, Sybil's great danger, on the contrary, lay in the risk she ran of becoming too much addicted to dreaming and romantic reverie for the purposes of every-day existence. Ignorant of what is called "the world" to a degree which many girls four or five years her juniors might have pronounced incredible, she dwelt in a world of her own—in "cloud land—gorgeous land!" She revelled in poetry and romance, in music, and all things beautiful, till amidst the visions her fancy conjured up to brighten her solitude she scarce felt the want of a companion, Her out-of-door occupations, of cultivating her flowers, rambling alone amongst the woods, or paying kindly visits to the neighbouring cottages, were all equally brightened by the presence of her beautiful dreams. And beautiful they are, those bright young dreams of a warm and enthusiastic heart! We look coldly, perhasp even sneeringly, back upon them in after life, but does after life, with its dull realities, its nipping cares, its encroaching worldlinesses, offer anything one hundredth part so fair, perhaps so true—true to the loftier and better impulses of our being—as the too-rashly contemned dreams of our youth?

The acquaintance of Grantley Forbes with Miss Lindesay had now been of some two years' standing; but during the previous winter and spring, the most sedulous attention of the young man had been directed to ripening it into the degree of intimacy he had now attained. He had lost no opportunity of recommending himself to the good graces of the colonel, who, quiet and retiring

as were his habits, had a liking for young people of an ardent and open-hearted cast, such as Forbes, and felt their society an agreeable, and not too powerful excitement.

Accidental circumstances had favoured the lover's views, till he found himself what he now was—the most constant visitor in that little-frequented house. Sybil and he had likewise enjoyed several opportunities of meeting in Edinburgh, during the bygone season of gaiety there. Her first initiation into society, a moderate one, for her acquaintance was not extensive, but rendered delightful by its contrast to her previous solitary life, and beautiful by the sunshine of a just awakening heart, had taken place during this season, under the chaperonage of Mrs. Maitland, an old friend of her mother's. This lady had, during the last eight months, had as an inmate in her house a cousin of Sybil's, three months her senior, whose participation in these gaities, as well as her occasional visits for a few days at a time to the Holms, had added a new feature to her enjoyment, in affording her what she had never before known—the pleasure of a companion. Miss Morton, an orphan, and the former ward of Mr. Maitland, had been her cousin's playfellow and friend in childhood, but distance of residence had rendered them nearly strangers to each other as they grew older. All these causes combined had rendered the past season the very happiest of Sybil's life, and the increasing intimacy of Grantley Forbes with her father, the added delight which every day's farther knowledge of him gave her in his society, lent a charm to her existence at this time, whose extent was unsuspected even by herself. To most fathers it could not have remained a secret, and probably did not altogether do so to Colonel Lindesay, but here again his constitutional indolence rendered him unwilling to trouble the agreeable tenor of the present by cogitations on the future; besides which, he was by nature a very unworldly man, and at all events would not have felt much alarm at the prospect of an attachment between his daughter, to whom he expected to be able to bequeath a moderate independence, and a young man of family and high connections, remarkable for talent which promised to distinguish him in the profession he had chosen. The colonel had no ambition to see Sybil greatly or wealthily married, provided only he could see her happy with the man she loved, and who should deserve her affection; and thus he went quietly on, inviting Grantley Forbes to his house, and lending every tacit encouragement possible to an attachment which required very little to add to its growing intensity.

"The colonel tells me, Miss Lindesay," said Forbes, joining Sybil in her favourite window on the entrance of the gentlemen to the drawing-room after dinner, "that you and he both propose going to Edinburgh to-night."

"Yes," she replied, "papa means to sleep at the club, as he

goes off by the —— mail early to-morrow for a few days' absence on business, and I am to be left with Mrs. Maitland till his return."

"I am delighted to hear it," returned Forbes, in a low voice. "I hope we shall often meet in Edinburgh."

"I hope so too," answered Sybil with innocent frankness; "but do you know, I feel sorry to leave the country even for a few days, just at this lovely season. I have such a beautiful bed of pansies to show you in the garden, Mr. Forbes; you know my pansies were not blown when you were last here."

"Well, Sybil, my darling," quoth the colonel, from the arm-chair in which he had ensconced himself, armed with a paper-knife and a new book, "I've just rung for coffee, and when we've had it you may put on your bonnet, if you like, and show Mr. Forbes the pansies. I dare say both you and he would like a walk; as for me, I'm too old and stiff, Mr. Forbes; and as you have Sybil for my substitute, you'll excuse me very willingly, I am sure! Only, my pet, you must come in at nine o'clock to make tea, you know, and sing me some of your songs. I can't do without my little girl's music of an evening, Mr. Forbes."

"You shan't be asked to do without it, dearest papa," said Sybil. And coffee over, she and Grantley Forbes were in a very few minutes after on their way to the old-fashioned garden, which, laid out in terrace walks, sheltered by high beech hedges, with all the usual quaint accompaniments of stone vases, shady bowers, seats more open to the sun, and shrubs once trimly cut into all manner of monstrous shapes, and still retaining traces of their former glory, extended along a warm southern slope, at a short distance from the house, overhanging the steep banks of a brawling streamlet, from which it was separated by two rows of fine old trees forming an avenue at its lower extremity.

The pansies were visited and admired, and the youthful lovers —*friends*, as they would have called themselves if interrogated as to the feeling existing between them—sauntered slowly round the garden, in all the calm enjoyment suited to such a scene, at such an hour; and at length, approaching a rustic sofa, placed beneath a thicket of flowering shrubs, in front of which stood an antique sun-dial, seated themselves there in order more fully to enjoy the tranquil stillness around, a stillness unbroken by any sound save the evening song of the blackbird in the bowery shrubs behind them. The day had been a bright and burning one, and the sun was now setting in an almost cloudless sky, flooded all over towards the west with his crimson glory. Not a breath of wind was stirring, but the soft and scarce-perceptible dews of evening had summoned forth the richest fragrance of every flower, and the air was filled with odours. It was an evening on which the heart loves to linger, with whose rich softness and beauty no thoughts seem

consonant but those of peace and love. And there were no other thoughts in the young hearts of the pair who now sat there, unconscious in a great measure of the nature of their own feelings, aware only that they were happier in each other's company than in that of any person. Whilst sitting thus, a painter would have selected them as a study, and the heart of an observer experienced in the dark lessons which existence never fails to teach, would at once have swelled with admiration and with sorrow to look upon them.

The face and form of the young lover of Sybil Lindesay were cast in the most perfect mould, and still further embellished by the nameless grace which marks high descent and lofty breeding. The fire of genius and intelligence brightened the large dark eyes which were now bent upon the face of his companion; the stamp of a mind of no common order was impressed upon every feature of his noble countenance, whose expression varied with every new sentiment to which he gave utterance. And "the purple light of youth," in its glorious prime, the unhacknied fervour of a fresh spirit, not polluted by too early a contact with the cold and ensnaring world, were diffused with their bright lustre over all that he said and did, and lent an additional charm to all. He appeared to be somewhere between one and two-and-twenty; his companion might have completed her nineteenth year, but a girlish softness of outline in her countenance, and a girlish innocence and confiding simplicity of manner, gave her the appearance of being considerably younger. Her face, like his, beamed with intelligence and continually-varying expression; but while the general impression which he conveyed was that of a disposition somewhat grave and thoughtful, she, on the contrary, looked radiant with young life and gladness. It was, indeed, this character of lovely youth, this bright, unclouded, joyousness of soul, manifesting itself in every lineament of a countenance whose transparent fairness, tinged by a soft and variable bloom, seemed the very mirror of her innocent heart, that gave its peculiar charm to Sybil's beauty at this period of her life. Yet there was that in her face when silent, more especially in the dark recesses of her clear grey eyes, veiled by their long black lashes, which told that she could think, and think intensely; which told, moreover, that she could *feel* to a degree as yet unsuspected even by herself.

And thus these two sat together, in the sweet smumer evening light, and they talked as we never talk but to *one* person in this world, pouring forth all their thoughts and ideas with a perfect certainty of being understood and sympathised in. But it was not of love they were talking. Their conversation turned towards the bright realms of imagination, the tales of visionary superstition, the glorious dreams of poetry—all the things, in short, whereon the rare happiness of meeting with one of kindred

thoughts is so great to an enthusiastic mind. In such discourse they could have lingered for hours.

"And so," said Sybil at length, with something like a sigh, "I shall not pass another evening in this dear old garden till next week."

"You love this garden very dearly," observed Forbes.

"Yes, I do indeed; I could not love it more were it really my own—indeed I feel as if it were, for it belongs to the only home I have ever known in Scotland. Papa took this place on a lease, you know, twelve years ago, when he and my dear mamma came home from India, bringing me with them. If you will not call me superstitious, Mr. Forbes," she added with a smile, "I shall tell you some fancies of mine about this place."

"Perhaps I may tell you some too, if you won't call *me* superstitious?" said Forbes, returning her smile. "Are you so much afraid of my terrible common sense, Miss Lindesay? I thought we had agreed a few minutes ago that there were some things in this world not to be reduced to the iron rules of common sense, or measured by its standard alone?"

"Well, upon that encouragement I shall tell you," returned Sybil. "Indeed, I am not afraid of *you*, though I should blush to confess such visions to many people. Do you know then that this is leap year, Mr. Forbes?"

"Yes, I believe it is," he replied; "and what of that?"

"Why, you must know that I have an idea—an impression—I don't exactly know what to call it, that my destiny is in some inscrutable way connected with leap year. I see what you mean, Mr. Forbes, you are going to object to the word destiny; but I do not use it in a heathenish sense, believe me."

"Indeed, I did not suspect you," he earnestly replied; "it was quite another thought that struck me when you said that. It is a singular idea."

"By destiny, you know," resumed Sybil, "I only meant to imply the chain of events beginning with the cradle and ending with the grave, which Providence has appointed as the lot of every one; and throughout which it has often struck me that certain epochs of life seem connected with certain periods quite as much as particular people seem destined to exercise influence over each other's fate. Surely there is nothing inimical to the doctrine of free-will in that idea; it rather seems to make us feel that not the most insignificant action of our lives stands isolated from the rest—that they all form parts of one great whole."

"And you imagine," said Forbes, looking with admiration at the lovely speaker, "that this particular period, leap year, has some connection with *your* fate, and with this particular spot as connected with you?"

"I have often fancied so," replied Sybil. "All the changes—

the principal events of my life—have occurred in leap year. In leap year we returned from India and settled at this place. In the next leap year my dearest mamma died here; and it was finally settled that poor dear Charles should go to India. All these events involved total changes in my life; and singularly enough, it was in that leap year I have mentioned last, that papa thought of leaving this place, which so many things had combined to render mournful to him, and where he fancied it would not do for him to remain alone with me, a mere girl as I then was. He had even given it up, happening to have a break in his lease just then; but afterwards altered his plans. Oh, I was so glad; it would have nearly broken my heart to leave the Holms. But I think I have a presentiment that if we ever do quit it, it will be in leap year."

"There is a singular coincidence," said Forbes in a low voice, and gazing intently at her as he spoke, "between what you say and a peculiar reminiscence of my own belonging to leap year. It would be the height of presumption in me to suppose that *you* recollected it; but, Miss Lindesay, the first time I ever had the happiness of seeing you, was in that very leap year you allude to, and in this very garden, about three months before this time of the year."

"Oh, do you remember that?" involuntarily exclaimed Sybil; a deep blush overspreading her ingenuous countenance.

"*Remember it*," he replied. "I—I—it would be very strange if—. I have known you ever since by sight, Miss Lindesay."

"I recollect it quite well," said Sybil, blushing still more deeply.

"I came hither with my father," pursued Forbes; "who, by the way, has never visited Edinburgh since that time. He had heard that his place was to be let, and came to look at it on the part of a friend who had begged him to do so. We met you, Miss Lindesay, in the upper terrace walk, with, as I supposed, your brother."

"Yes—with Charles," she replied; "poor Charles, and I always took refuge in the garden when anything happened to vex us. We were both so distressed at the idea of leaving the Holms; indeed I believe I had just been crying, because I heard that some one had come to look at the place. This garden has always been my retreat; and"—she paused a moment—"don't you think these coincidences are very strange, Mr. Forbes?"

"They are, undoubtedly," he replied. "I should be tempted to say that you—may I venture to add that I—may perhaps find this garden interwoven with some events in our after life yet undiscerned. Happen what may, Miss Lindesay, one of us at all events is not likely to forget this leap year."

Sybil made no reply, nor did she venture to raise her eyes to

those of her companion. A few minutes pause ensued—filled, need we add, with what vaguely delicious thoughts? when the soft sound of the nine o'clock bugles from Edinburgh Castle, stealing upon the silent air, dispelled their mutual reverie.

"Nine o'clock," said Sybil, rising from her seat; papa must be expecting us."

Grantley Forbes arose, and silently drew her arm within his. They passed along the upper walk of the garden, and stood still one moment to gaze at the moon, which was now visible in the blue sky over the tops of the lofty old trees beneath them. Nothing on earth could be more still, nothing more beautiful than the scene—it fell on the heart like balm. It would have done so on the saddest and most solitary heart; how much more when viewed in the light of that blessedness which has power to turn a desert into paradise.

As they turned to leave the garden, the eye of Forbes was caught by a bush of the rose de meaux, covered with buds and opening blossoms. Plucking one of its most richly-laden little branches, he presented it to Sybil, who placed it in her bosom as they closed the heavy, iron-studded garden door, and took their way towards the house.

CHAPTER II.

I do refer me to the oracle.

Winter's Tale.

"Our late conversation, Miss Lindesay," said Forbes, in a tone half sportive, half serious, "has made me feel very superstitious. Did you ever try the *Sortes Virgilianæ?* I have a great mind to do so."

"Do not, Mr. Forbes; I beseech of you do not," exclaimed Sybil very earnestly, looking round from her seat at the tea-table. "I have a horror of the *Sortes Virgilianæ;* no one who ever yet tried them found any good result from it. Remember Charles the First and Lord Falkland; and there are other well known cases."

"Come, come," said the colonel, smiling, "I'll have no witchcraft in my house. You are not to frighten my little Sybil, Mr. Forbes. Lay down that book, sir."

"This is a very innocent book," replied Forbes, smiling. "It is not Virgil—it is Rokeby. Surely I may try the *Sortes Scottianæ,* Miss Lindesay?"

He opened the book at random as he spoke; and his eye fell on these lines—

"The morn is merry June, I trow,
The rose is budding fain;
But she shall bloom in winter snow,
Ere we two meet again."

"Well, what does Sir Walter say?" inquired Sybil. "Let me see?"

"No, no, Miss Lindesay," replied Forbes, hastily closing the book. "It is nothing at all. No Sortes are of any use, you know, except those from Virgil." He laid the volume aside, and strove, but not with much success, to dismiss the incident from his mind. Repeatedly, in the course of the evening, did the ominous words recur to him with startling, almost painful distinctness; and this was not the last occasion on which they did so.

Sybil, meanwhile, had taken up her guitar, and seated on a stool at her father's feet, began singing to him some of those beautiful little Italian serenades, "Buona notte, buona notte, amata bene," "Tu se' lieta, tu se' lieta, Nina mia," &c., which are so peculiarly adapted for that instrument. Various others followed, till at last the colonel declared that there was time only for one more.

"Let it be a Scotch song, Sybil," said he, "one of those you arranged yourself for the guitar. Give us 'Somebody.' That is a great favourite of mine, Mr. Forbes.

'My heart is sair, I daurna' tell,
My heart is sair for somebody.'

The time will come, my young sir, when you will look back to the songs of your youth, as I do now, perhaps even more for the sake of the memories they awaken, than the music itself."

"Somebody" accordingly was sung, with a feeling and simple pathos that did ample justice to the melody. "Will the time ever come," thought Grantley Forbes, as its last notes died upon the silence of the twilight-drawing-room, "when I shall cease to look back upon *these* songs?"

About half-past ten o'clock the colonel's britzka set Sybil down at the door of Mr. Maitland's house in Queen Street. Grantley Forbes, who had requested permission to give his horse to the servant who accompanied them, in order that he might occupy the vacant place in the carriage during the drive, here bade his friends farewell. The pressure of his hand was yet tingling through every nerve of Sybil's as she entered the drawing-room, where she was affectionately greeted by Mr. and Mrs. Maitland and by her cousin, Juliet Morton.

"Well, Sybil, dearest," said the latter, as she entered her cousin's apartment along with her, on their retiring, not long after, for the night, "so you have had your usual visitor, Mr. Forbes, dining at the Holms to-day?"

"Yes, Juliet," replied Sybil, blushing deeply. "Papa likes Mr. Forbes so much—he—"

"And papa's daughter does not *very* much dislike him, does she, Sybil?"

"No, indeed, Juliet, I don't see why I should not like Mr. Forbes."

"Neither do I, Sybil; but I wonder what the world thinks of all this?"

"What should the world think?" exclaimed Sybil, a little indignantly; "I don't know anything about the world's thoughts, and I didn't expect to hear you talk so foolishly, Juliet. What business has the world to think?"

"I did not say it had any, I am sure," replied Juliet, laughing; "but still, Sybil, it does think, whether we see cause or not. I dare say Grantley Forbes is a very charming companion, but . . . ."

"And where can be the wonder, Juliet, that two people whose tastes and opinions suit so exactly as his and mine do, should like each other's society? And I could not prevent Mr. Forbes coming to the house even if—even if . . . ."

"Even if you wished to do so, Sybil—is that it?"

"I dare say it is," replied Sybil, ingenuously. "I don't see how I *could* wish it. You don't know what it is—you who have always lived so much in the world—to lead so solitary a life as I have done, Juliet. Since poor Charles went away I have had no companion, you know—not the sort of companion, I mean; and I have had no mother since I began to know what it was to feel the want of one. *That* want I feel more and more every day of my life. Where is there love like a mother's love? And poor Aunt Margaret, she meant well, no doubt, but you know I was very miserable under her care. This last winter and spring I look back to as the happiest period of my life. I had *you* here, and . . . ."

"And—shall I finish the sentence, Sybil?"

"If you please, you may, Juliet. I am sure there can be no harm in confessing that it is having become intimate with Mr. Forbes that has made me so happy. He is the first person I ever met with to whom I could talk of every thing I thought and felt, and find that he understood it all. His conversation gave me new ideas. And he is so full of talent, so original, so unlike every one else! Only meeting him in society, Juliet, you have no idea what he is when one is alone with him."

"I fancy not," replied Juliet, smiling; "for though I liked him well enough when we met, I generally thought him reserved, almost haughty, and not a little sarcastic."

"But that is not the case in reality. You find out people's real characters when you are alone with them. And Mr. Forbes'

pursuits are so intellectual, compared with those of other young men! He does not care for balls or trifling amusements."

"Except when *you* are there, Sybil."

"Well, Juliet," said Sybil, blushing deeply, "you know it is quite possible to have a great deal of delightful conversation at a ball. But I own I prefer meeting those I really like in less crowded scenes, and, above all, in the open air, as Mr. Forbes and I have so often done lately. I have a favourite theory, that people understand each other much more thoroughly when they do. With those who really love nature it is impossible but that an immediate contact with her must bring out all their best and most unsophisticated feelings. And she affords the best touchstone whereby to try what is artificial—having nothing in herself to assimilate with it. What happy hours we have lately passed in that dear old garden!"

"You were always full of theories and fancies, Sybil," said with a smile her attached but unimaginative friend. "I dare say, dearest, you have been and are very happy in Mr. Forbes' society, and I have no doubt he is all you represent him; but still, my own little coz., I have seen more of the world than you, and I know how common a thing it is for a *fascinating* man to devote himself to a young girl, and entangle her affections irretrievably, merely for his own amusement. Now don't interrupt me with that indignant face! I didn't say that Grantley Forbes had done so, or even that he was a man likely to do so; but I do assure you that I wonder very much why my uncle never seems to feel in the least anxious on the subject, seeing how constantly you are together; or even why he does not look at the thing in a prudential point of view. Grantley Forbes has never proposed for you, Sybil?"

"Proposed, Juliet?" (Sybil's cheeks were dyed in blushes); "I—I never heard of such a thing. I know nothing about proposals. How *can* you be so worldly-minded, dearest Juliet?"

"Ah! there it is, Sybil. I don't wonder that you should call me so. But now, why did it never occur to my uncle that Grantley Forbes' constant attentions to you might be the means of preventing some one else from doing so?"

"Juliet, Juliet, I never heard you talk in such a way before," exclaimed Sybil. "Why. if—if—supposing that were the case, it would be the best thing that could happen. You don't imagine that I want proposals merely for the pleasure of refusing them? But do let us talk no more on such a subject. It feels like absolute pollution of one's mind. Let me be happy in my own way, dear, kind Juliet."

"Well, dear Sybil," returned Juliet, "I shall say no more. May you always be as happy! I am sure no one wishes it more than I do. And now, good night, and pleasant dreams."

Sybil lingered long after her cousin had left her at the window of the apartment assigned her, which looked out to the street. The heat of the night, doubly oppressive to one who had just left the purer air of the country, had induced her to open this window, and partially to withdraw the curtain which hung before it, and while in the act of doing so, her eye was caught by the figure of a gentleman who was slowly walking up and down on the opposite side of the street beneath the railings of the gardens, and who repeatedly paused and looked towards the house. The moonlight enabled her to observe him with tolerable accuracy, and she could not help imagining that she recognised something in his air resembling Grantley Forbes. There was no mistaking that distinguished form. With a beating heart Sybil withdrew from the window, for she fancied from a sudden halt he made, that he had perceived her, as the light of her candle must have made her visible when she drew back the curtain. Removing it to the other window, she could not resist the temptation of peeping forth at intervals from behind the half-drawn drapery, and still the same figure caught her eye. In a little while a band of musicians with wind instruments, who often perambulate the streets and suburbs of Edinburgh at night, came to the opposite side, and began to play. The gentleman approached and spoke to them, when after a few moments' conference together, they crossed the street, and placed themselves beneath the windows of Mr. Maitland's house. He followed, and spoke to them again, then turning, walked away and came back no more. But in that nearer approach, Sybil was convinced that it was indeed Grantley Forbes whom she had seen. Nor did a doubt upon the subject remain, when the soft swelling harmony of the wind-instruments stole upon her ear, breathing forth the air of "Somebody!" Her heart swelled with a sensation which she had never known before; and tears of delicious joy trembled in her eyes. Such moments form an era in existence; and, dearly bought as they have often been by years of after sorrow, surely there is not a heart which would willingly purchase oblivion of that sorrow, by sacrificing its recollection of them.

Poor Sybil! The time was now approaching when such recollections were to be all that should be left for her. When in the innocent fulness of her young and untutored heart she leant forward to catch the last glimpse of him in whom all its warm affections were formed, "Ah! little thought she *'twas* the last;" that for her there were no more sweet evening walks, no more unrestrained communings with that gifted mind which had become the load-star of her own! She little dreamt that for her the bright romance of young love was over; the heart's first spring-time ended for ever. But so it was.

The next day, and the next, and the next passed laggingly

away, and she saw nothing, heard nothing of Grantley Forbes. They met not as they had anticipated, no one mentioned him; and had her life depended on it Sybil could not have pronounced his name to any mutual acquaintance in order to inquire about him. At last Colonel Lindesay returned, and conveyed his daughter back to the Holms, pale, spiritless, and altogether unlike the joyous being who had quitted it five days before; and there, amongst other notes and letters, lay upon her father's writing-table a parcel, addressed in the well-known hand of Forbes. The colonel opened, read a note contained in it, and handed it to Sybil, with an expression of some surprise. It was merely a few hurried and scarce-legible lines, apparently written in great haste or violent agitation, returning a book which Colonel Lindesay had lent him, and expressing the deepest regret that a hasty summons to his father's seat in the north, which brooked no delay, must prevent his paying his respects to the colonel and Miss Lindesay ere he left Edinburgh. This was all; and from that day forward they never saw or heard of Grantley Forbes again.

CLASSIC HAUNTS AND RUINS.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL, AUTHOR OF "THE TRADUCED."

No. VI.

THE GREEK ISLES.

FAIR isles! that still your ancient beauty keep,
Gems dropped from Heaven, bright Edens of the deep!
Where ice-breath'd winter withers not the bowers,
And spring and summer reign, all beams and flowers.
Well gods might quit for you their starry skies;
Well on your shores might sea-born Venus rise.
What though entombed in ages' silent grave,
The pomp of power, the trophies of the brave,
Memory and genius hallow mount and shore,
And wisdom's sons to fancy live once more.
Where round white Samos ocean foams and swells,
Her deathless sage the soul's migration tells.*
At Cos Apelles bids the canvass glow,
With colours rivalling Heaven's prismatic bow;
Chares at Rhodes again his statue rears,
'Neath which his bark the wondering pilot steers.†

* Pythagoras. This doctrine, as regards the transmigration of souls, is too well known to need a comment.

† The great statue of Apollo, commonly called the Colossus of Rhodes, was

Hark! from the rocks of Chios music rings,
Down by his cave blind Homer strikes the strings;
While sounds more sweet from Lesbos cross the main,
Where Sappho sighs in song and loves in vain.

But boast the isles no relic of past days,
To wake our reverence or command our praise?
Oh, yes! on marble height, in leafy dell,
Beauty o'er many a ruin flings her spell.
Round fluted columns pale grey lichens twine;
Through thorns and gnarl'd oaks stately temples shine;
But these, as furrowed brows and locks of snow,
Honour and dignity on age bestow;
A nameless interest lend each mouldering pile,
That awes yet charms, that mourns yet seems to smile.

Gazing at Sunium's white and pillared crest,
And Argos' hills that fringe the distant west,
Ægina's temple stands; trees skirt the glade,
And o'er the ruin throw a solemn shade.
What scenes of grandeur in this spot have pass'd!
What sounds of fear have swelled the midnight blast!
The hymn, the horn's loud trump, as victims bled;
Now cooes the dove, the violet lifts its head;
O'er prostrate shafts the harmless lizard crawls,
And roses breathe perfume from crumbling walls;
Thy memory, God of Thunder, wakes no fear!
But love and quiet reign, twin sisters, here.*

Delos, that wandered floating on the waves,
Her mountains trembling, vocal all her caves;
Where sprang a god to birth, and blazed a shrine
Heaped with earth's wealth, and worshipped as divine;
Whose hallowed shores th' invading Persian saw,
Checked his vast fleet, and fled in fear and awe.†
Alas! what see we now? no gorgeous fane,
No votive bark that ploughs the Ægean main;

erected by Chares 300 years before Christ; its feet stood on the two moles at the entrance of the harbour, and its height exceeded one hundred feet. Being thrown down by an earthquake, it remained in ruins above eight centuries; and when at last it was sold by the Saracens to a Jewish merchant of Edessa, the brass is said to have loaded 900 camels.

* The fine remains of the Doric Temple of Jupiter in the island of Ægina, continue to excite the admiration of all travellers. The lofty pillars rise among plane trees on the north-east shore. The style of architecture is similar to that of the Parthenon at Athens, but the Æginean temple is older than that renowned building, having been erected about 600 years before Christ.

† The Persians, says Herodotus, during their hostile expedition to Eubœa, feared to land at the sacred island of Delos, but turned back without offering any injury to its inhabitants. The Athenians sent annually a galley, called the *Theoris*, with costly offerings to the Delian Apollo; and the festival held in the island, every fifth year, was one of the most celebrated in all Greece.

The sacred groves, the incense-breathing bowers,
The golden altars decked with fruits and flowers—
All, all are gone; a pillar crushed and lone,
A few stained porphyry steps with weeds o'ergrown,
Like some lorn remnant 'scaped from battle's hour,
Alone remain to speak her pomp and power;
'Gainst the bare rocks the foaming billows beat,
Each lonely cave the robbers dark retreat;
While o'er the hills, like some god's parting sigh,
Is heard the sea-bird's shrill and plaintive cry.

Yet mourn not Delos and her perished god;
Dark was the creed, and harsh the bigot's rod.
Religion kindles now her sacred fire
On holier altars—may it ne'er expire!
May no black errors, like hell-flags unfurled,
Shade with primeval gloom our western world;
On Europe still may shine truth's radiant star,
Fixed as that sphere in arctic skies afar
Which pilots gaze on, blessing the pure ray
That gilds the wave and lights their midnight way.

But Paros wooes us to her shores, where gleam
The marble hills that drink the solar beam.
Exhaustless caves! whence Egypt hewed her blocks
That Lab'rinth vast to raise by Mœris' rocks;
Greece drew her stores her gorgeous shrines to grace,
Her sculptors moulding breathing form and face.
Oh! lives no Phidias now in all those isles,
To trace again her daughter's sunny smiles?
Wake into life Marpesus' matchless stone,*
Bind the fine form with beauty's mystic zone,
And make immortal all that else will fly,
Like rainbow-dreams, or mists from morning's sky?

* The mountain of Marpesus in Paros contains the celebrated quarries of marble, and there, at this day, are to be seen huge blocks half cut and abandoned by the ancient workmen. The four kinds of marble most esteemed by the old sculptors appear to have been those of Paros, Mount Pentelicus, near Athens, Naxos, and Luna in the neighbourhood of Carrara, in Italy. The Pentelic marble was the whitest; the Parian possessed the finest texture, and was susceptible of the highest polish; hence the Medicean Venus, the Belvidere Apollo, the Antinous, and other famous statues, were all of Parian stone.

THE PACHA'S DAUGHTER.

Within that meek, fair form were feelings high,
That deem'd not, till they found their energy.
Byron.

CANTO I.

Most beautiful, most happy! must there be
Clouds on thy sky, and thorns upon thy path?
L. E. L.

THERE is beauty in heaven, and silence on earth,
And hush'd are the accents of sorrow and mirth;
The hopes of ambition have sunk to repose,
And the breaking heart rests from the thought of its woes.
'Tis the hour when remembrance and fancy arise,
And scenes of the past meet our slumbering eyes;
When friends who have altered, and joys which have fled,
And many once loved who now sleep with the dead,
For whom we have wept with our bitterest tears,
Stand round us as once in our happier years;
'Tis the hour when night stoops in her loveliness o'er
Mosque, palace, and tomb, on the Bosphorus' shore;
When calm the deep waters in silence are lying,
And softly the wind o'er their bosom is sighing.

II.

In light and in glory was noon-day array'd,
When sunbeams on dome and on minaret play'd;
When gardens and fountains were glowing beneath,
Like roses and gems in a festival wreath,
And the tall cypress waved in the breeze's low breath
O'er marble and gold in the city of Death!
And fair as the visions which hover around,
When sleep's welcome chain hath our intellects bound;
As the dream of the painter—the fancies which throng
To the mind of the weaver of story and song—
Was the beauty of Stamboul, when moonlight reveal'd
Scarce more of her splendour than darkness conceal'd;
When the vales slept in shadow, the hills glitter'd bright,
And the waves of the current were glancing in light,
While a spell of enchantment seem'd cast o'er each spot—
Oh! ne'er could that hour or that scene be forgot!
But lovelier far is this moment to those
In whose bosoms affection's first brilliancy glows;
To them there's a charm in its shadowy gloom,
In the nightingale's song, and the rose's perfume,

Borne o'er the hush'd city on pinions that hover
Around it like hope in the heart of a lover;
Which seem in their sweetness to breathe of a shore,
Where doubt cannot harbour, and sorrow is o'er.

III.

Xarifa at her lattice stood,
While slumber dwelt on every eye
Save hers, which in their brightness could
The power of weariness defy.
Long—earnestly—her gaze was bent
On the dark waters gliding by,
And view'd in the wild element
Each starry form that shone on high.
One brilliant sky above her glow'd—
One, scarce less bright, beneath her flow'd—
And in its mirror'd loveliness
She read the emblem of her heart,
Where all of light or happiness
With love must come, with love depart.
Sweet was the stillness of the night
Unto her ardent soul, and bright
The thoughts and hopes which flitted through
Her mind as midnight nearer grew;
One hand press'd tightly on her vest,
Ev'n her low breathing was repress'd,
That she might listen if the breeze
Bore in its wand'ring course along,
Aught save the rustling of the trees,
And the far bulbal's mournful song.

IV.

Now, hark! the sound she loves to hear
Steals o'er the waters from afar,
And now!—a low, faint rippling near
Ruffles the mirror of a star.
"'Tis he, 'tis he!" Who doth not know
What joy the whisper'd word express'd,
What gave her cheek the deepening glow,
Like the bright glory of the west,
When other lands, and other waves,
Call the red sun afar, to smile—
As here he smiled—on bowers and graves,
On man's deceit, and woman's guile?
But there are hearts in every clime,
And have been hearts in every time,
In every rank, in every race,
That makes on earth its dwelling-place,
In which hath dwelt love—changeless—pure—
As ev'n the light from heaven—

A love which calmly, bravely knows
All things to dare, all things endure,
Save coldness or contempt from those
To whom that love is given.
Such love was his by whose command
That bark shot o'er the starry tide,
And near'd its Asiatic side;
Such love was hers whose trembling hand
Ev'n at the moment that her cheek
Flush'd bright at sight of the caïque—
Drew her long veil more closely o'er
The face which none could see before.

V.

A moment's silence—then a sound
That sweetly fill'd the air around—
Rose, sank, then rose again—
'Twas the soft sighing of a lute,
And even the nightingales were mute,
And listened to the strain;
When, mingling with its plaintive tone,
One which they might have thought their own,
Murmured, in accents sad and clear,
These words unto Xarifa's ear:—
"Rose of the East! thy bird is sighing—
Many a flower is round him lying,
Twined in varied beauty wreathing,
Odours on the night-wind breathing,
Yet the flower he loves is shaded—
Veiled from him—and all seem faded;
Vainly does the zephyr's wing
Sighs from distant flowrets bring;
Vainly beauty round him glows,
He only seeks the absent rose.
Rose of my heart! Oh, let me see
Life's garden bloom again for me!
Star of the East! my thoughts arise
To thee, as eagles seek the skies;
Yet as the heavens within his sight
But mock the eagle's wildest flight,
So still those thoughts in brightest dreams
Have only caught thy distant beams,
And now that ray from me is hidden,
To gaze upon it is forbidden;
The star which was my guide hath fled,
The lamp within my heart is dead.
Star of my life! Oh, let thy ray
Smile on thine own adorer's way!"

VI.

The song hath ceased; her hands unclose
The gilded lattice, and a rose
Floats on the waters near; 'tis now
Press'd to his heart, his lips, his brow.
"Thanks, thanks," he whispered: "they are all
I now can give, or mine can call;
The heart whose homage could alone
Repay this bright gift is thine own;
Yet in the place where once it slept
Till waked by thee this shall be kept.
Farewell, farewell, my Peri! blest
By Allah's angels be thy rest!"

VII.

His voice was hushed—and silently
The light bark pass'd away,
And stars once more gleamed tremblingly
On where but now it lay.
Noiseless and swift it glided by;
Xarifa watched it, and her eye
Mark'd 'mid the night's dim, distant shade,
Its form to indistinctness fade.
It disappeared. Oh! wherefore now
Vanish'd the brightness from her brow?
And wherefore did her bosom heave
A sigh—as she had cause to grieve?
Hath she not ofttimes seen his boat
Calmly on the blue current float,
And heard his voice at midnight breathe
Such soft, such winning strains beneath
Her casement? And they ne'er have been
Less tender—more, 'twas not in tones to be.
And that caïque—hath she not seen
O'er the deep straits that lead from sea to sea,
It glide into the far obscurity?
But never yet until this night
Hath with it also fled the light
Of those soft eyes; nor round her head,
Like mists which make the evening dark,
When sunrays from the sky depart,
Had closed such shadow, dimming now
The brightness of its recent glow,
Quickly as from her gaze had pass'd
The graceful form and silent bark
Which gladness o'er her spirit cast.

VIII.

Oh! what had she to doubt or dread—
The daughter, and the favour'd child

Of one who never softer smiled
Than when her fairy form appeared
Unto the eye which many fear'd?
His frown might fall on others, not
On her; it seem'd as he forgot
His sterner nature when the light
O'er her young joyous spirit shed,
Made by reflection his more bright
With beauty not its own; was not
She also doomed by his command
To give to Hamet Bey her hand?
And could she wish a brighter lot?
No, Hamet's love to her was more
Than all she ever prized before;
Her childish years had pass'd away
Like one unending holiday;
Yet did their light, their gladness seem
As scenes we look on in a dream—
Like unreal feelings, only felt
While in that fancied world we dwelt—
Compared with what had been her own
Since in her heart had made its throne,
A wanderer from another sphere,
A passion from above,
A thing to worship, court, and fear—
It was the power of love.

IX.

Scarce could Xarifa's infant tongue
Utter the language of her race
In lisping tones, ere one as young,
As soft of heart, as fair of face,
As now *she* is, had ceas'd to cast
The sunshine of her smile around
The harem, and from life had pass'd
As though the spell which long had bound
A starry spirit to the earth
Were brokén, and 'twere free again
To soar from whence its mortal birth
Had been its fettering chain.
Dear was she to Mustapha's heart,
And with her it was hard to part,
Yet with true Moslem calmness he
Submitted to the stern decree.
"'Tis Allah's will, and Allah's great!"
He said, and bowed him unto fate.
But when above her marble tomb
Wav'd the dark cypress' funereal gloom,
The love which had been hers, ere yet
That sun of his Seraï had set,

Dwelt still within his heart, although
Upon another fell its glow;
That other, when on her he gaz'd,
When to his own fond glance were rais'd
Those eyes of light—his lov'd, lost flower
Seem'd haunting still her mortal bower.
He was not of her quite bereft
While yet Xarifa's voice was left
To greet him with its silvery tone
The echo of Zorayda's own.
While yet Zorayda's spirit beam'd
On those young features when they smil'd,
Of other days the pacha dream'd
And lov'd the mother in her child.

X.

Strange seem'd it to Xarifa's ear
When, half in wonder, half in fear,
With changing cheek and starting tear,
She silent stood, while kindly cold
The pacha first his purpose told—
First told that she must quit his side,
The dwelling of her infancy;
That she must be a stranger's bride—
He ruler of her destiny.
Then died away Mustapha's tone,
One brief embrace, and he was gone,
And she was left to muse alone
O'er every unexpected word
She mute and statue-like had heard.
Oh! could it be those words were true?
Heard she her sire aright?
Was one whose name she scarcely knew,
Who ne'er had met her sight,
Was he henceforth her fate? Was she
In hand or thought no longer free?
Such questions darted through her mind,
One only answer all could find—
"Yes, yes, great Allah! it must be,
Since such appears my sire's decree."

XI.

These words of resignation told,
Yet her young heart felt sad and cold;
And in her snowy cheek, and eye
Unseeing and unconsciously
Fix'd on the spot whence pass'd so late
He whose caprice to her was fate,
A feeling spoke, not grief, not pain,
But that strange chill which in the heart

Once felt is never felt again,
Which bids from out the breast depart,
The gladdening light of childhood's joy
Which never knew nor fear'd alloy;
And which, although perchance its rays
Flash not as those of after days—
Glows calmly, purely bright, without
One fleeting shade of dread or doubt,
For the first shade is that which breaks
Young life's gay charm, the power which wakes
Us to a knowledge of the earth
Is not made all for thoughtless mirth;
That life hath trials, griefs, that we
'Mong those who feel their pangs must be,
That thenceforth it is ours to share
The load of sorrow, fear, and care,
Which all of mortal birth must bear.

XII.

It needs not years to work that change—
Oft is it in a moment wrought;
Nor is it all as sad, as strange,
With nought save pain and evil fraught.
No, no, that chill at first may bring
Unto the heart a shuddering,
A dread of much, a deep regret,
For what? we scarcely know as yet,
Save that we are not what we were,
And that the world appears less fair.
But though it be so, though the ray,
Once changeless, beameth now
More fitfully, though by our way
Far fewer blossoms glow—
How far more gloriously bright
Is that less constant sunbeam's light;
How far more beautiful the bloom
Which those more scanty flowers assume;
And who would give one bud or beam
Of after years for all that gleam
On childhood's path? Nay, in the power
Of braving sorrow, in the hour
Of fiercest wrath, the haughty mind
A kind of happiness can find.
There is a pleasure in the pride
Of struggling with misfortune's tide,
Of battling with the storms and strife,
And wild anxieties of life;
Pleasure, as does a soldier feel
When cannon's flash and gleam of steel
Are round him, with the echoing tread
Of thousands who will join the dead

Ere set of sun, while banners wave
O'er many a proud heart's destined grave;
When other eyes would turn away,
And other lips for peace would pray;
His eyes flash proudly at the sight,
His heart beats with a wild delight;
Spur on, spur on to join the fray!
What though life closes with the day?
What though that young ambitious breast
Finds on yon field its dreamless nest?
What though that charger only bears
His master on to die—
And that the earth beneath him wears
The last flowers that his eye
Shall gaze upon—that ere the glow
Of daylight fades, that form laid low
May sleep by his who dealt the blow?
It is enough that he shall yield
His spirit on the battle-field;
It is enough he shall be there
Daring all that the brave can dare,
And smiling in death's face: the thought
Is with a wild excitement fraught;
He seeks no more, the peril run
Its own high recompense hath won.

XIII.

Alas! such pride years might impart
Ev'n unto Xarifa's heart;
Despair and anguish have been known
To turn the softest heart to stone;
Yet no, oh, no! forbid the thought!
That head in deepest grief might bow—
Years write themselves upon that brow
In lines that tell of agony,
That glance be dimm'd by woes whose dread
Might make an envy of the dead
And lure the shuddering breast to sigh
For the grave's deep repose; yet nought
Of icy sternness could be taught
Her gentle spirit by whate'er
It might be doom'd to meet and bear;
And ah! of grief they know not less
Who yield not to its bitterness!
But yet not then of grief she thought,
She only felt a change was wrought
By the few words her sire had breath'd;
She only knew the mist which wreath'd
In dim but pleasant guise before
Life's threshold, veil'd the gate no more;

And now that haze had pass'd away,
A varied scene before her lay—
Rocks, thorns, and gulphs, and gleaming streams,
And flowery plains that caught the beams
Of summer's noon—yes, life was there
In all its features, stern, and fair;
A hundred paths, in light and gloom,
Each telling of a different doom,
Would 'neath her glance, but still unknown
Which 'mid them all might be her own.
She feared to think, she sighed to feel
Whate'er it was time should reveal;
No power was hers to choose or shun,
Her fate was seal'd, the deed was done;
No prayer of hers could rend in twain,
No wish of hers had forg'd the chain
Which through the future's vale of years
Must bind her unto smiles or tears.

XIV.

So evening pass'd and morning brought
But little change in mood or thought;
But when again the sunbeams rest
At noontide on Marmora's breast,
A brighter light than ever dwelt
Before upon Xarifa's brow
Beams on it, and a brighter glow
Than ere that hour her bosom felt,
Bears back the shadows from her soul
As mists before the sunshine roll;
And on the cushions at her side
Lies that which hath her musings dyed
With hues of hope, where eastern skill,
Obedient to a lover's will,
To speak his thoughts hath taught the flowers
Cull'd from Istamboul's fairest bowers.
And well that floral billet spoke
Of love a fleeting glance had woke
In Hamet's heart to linger there
Through hope and gladness, or despair:
A love as generous, as bright,
As e'er flash'd sunshine on the night
Of earthly pilgrimage, or gave
Its all of happiness to save
The being loved from sorrow's sway,
Or scatter blossoms on her way.
Not his from a reluctant heart
A powerless hand to claim,
And give unto a tyrant's part
Affection's injured name.

(To be continued.)

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Lectures delivered at Broad-Mead Chapel, Bristol. By John Foster. Second Edition. London: Jackson and Walford.

Some lectures are better heard than read. This is ascribable to the charm of oratory, and not to the mighty spell of thinking. More than twenty years have elapsed since these lectures were delivered by the living voice of the author, yet this work has been read with the greatest eagerness by those who heard them. And they have been read with greater advantage than they were heard. Never was there an instance in which a public speaker was so destitute of the ornaments of the orator, and yet had at full command all the solid essentials of an efficient public teacher. His *forte* was vigorous, original thinking. He put important and known truths in new and impressive forms. Alive to the value of true religion himself, he brought the powers of his mind to the task of using every legitimate mode of reasoning, if by any means he might convince and save some. These lectures fully exhibit the prevailing characteristics of the author's mind. The subjects are well chosen and most ably discussed. Like the celebrated Dr. Barrow, Mr. Foster has left nothing more to be said that is either novel or forcible on the topics which have employed his thoughts and his pen.

The volume consists of twenty-seven lectures—viz., "The New Year," "The Supreme Attachment due to Spiritual Objects," "The Self-discipline suitable to Certain Mental States," "The Right Mode of Giving and Receiving Reproof," "On combining Watchfulness and Prayer," "Characteristics of Vain Thoughts," "Correctives to Vain Thoughts," "Spiritual Freedom produced by Knowledge of the Truth," "On Formality and Remissness in Prayer," "The Spring and its Moral Analogies," "The Destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah," "On Sobermindedness," "False Grounds of Superiority in Holiness," "Fallacies operating against Earnestness in Religion," "Earnestness in Religion Enforced," "The Uses and Provisions of Conscience," "The Autumn and its Moral Analogies," "Elijah's Sacrifice," "The Winter and its Moral Analogies," "The End of the Year," "On Negro Slavery," "The Comprehensive of the Divine Law," "The Necessity and Right Method of Self-examination," "Christ, though invisible, the Object of Devout Affection," "Noah and the Deluge," "Our

Ignorance of our Future mode of Existence," "The Christian Idea of the Perfectibility of Man." In such a splendid galaxy of intellectual and spiritual truths it is difficult to fix the attention on any particular clusters as remarkable for their greater brightness and beauty. But if a distinction can be made where all are great in excellence, we are disposed to give that distinction to the sixth and seventh lectures, "The Characteristics of Vain Thoughts," and "The Correctives to Vain Thoughts." Had these been published without the author's name, their internal evidence would be conclusive that they were the productions of the same mind as that which conceived "The Essays on Decision of Character," &c., a work which has long maintained a merited preeminence in the highest class of English literature. In the two lectures to which we have referred the problem is demonstrated, what is the greatest amount of sound philosophy and scriptural truth can be compressed in the smallest compass? We cordially recommend this volume to our intellectual readers as admirably calculated to delight the mind and improve the heart.

The Christian Commonwealth. Chapman and Hall. A new Edition.

THE expensive form in which this work was brought out rendered it inaccessible to the general reader, and as the subject is one of universal interest, we think that the small edition now published will obtain a much wider circulation. The present edition, we observe, was printed in Paris, where the author had an opportunity of submitting his plan to Monsieur Guizot, who acknowledged that he had looked over it with great interest. Mr. Morgan appears to be altogether opposed to competition, the favourite principle of the political economists. With regard to his theory he shall speak for himself.

"The true theory of society includes the sciences of political economy and of moral philosophy, and may be illustrated as follows:—

"We will suppose fifty families of children taken to a remote part of the world, or away from general society, by parents anxious to train them in the spirit and practice of Christianity; some are afflicted with partial blindness, with deformity, or weakness, others are distinguished by superior talents; trained in the love of God and man, one directs his attention to the study of optics, another to anatomy, in the hope of assisting their afflicted brothers; they are more or less successful, but even their endeavours have given strength, by exercise, to the higher motives, and endeared them more to the afflicted; those born with any infirmity of temper would be watched with like solicitude—the brothers and sisters actuated by the same spirit, the strong assisting the weak in body and mind, all become more closely united in the bonds of Christian love—thus far the rudiments of moral philosophy.

"Now it is evident that with this promptitude of mutual assistance, the blind restored to sight, the crooked made straight, the weak strengthened, and moral evil checked the bud, those who before were consumers only would become more efficient bodily and mentally, and there would be a larger produce; those of the greatest ability, relieved more or less from the care and attention before required by the weak, would have more time for the pursuits of science, and for promoting the general good. Here the rudiments of political economy are in harmony with those of moral philosophy."

Mr. Morgan observes that, however true and beautiful a theory may be, its prompt realization is impossible, and he says,

"To attempt to amalgamate the different classes of society, with their uncongenial feelings and habits, their conflicting interests and varied pursuits would be altogether chimerical; we must therefore adopt some modified arrangements for one class only—the unemployed of the working class—and, avoiding those obstructions that have hitherto impeded the progress of moral improvement, endeavour to build up by degrees a more Christian community."

A reference is made to some other societies long established in support of the proposed plan.

"The benefits in the Moravian settlements resulting from a more intimate connection between secular and religious affairs, and the rapid accumulation of wealth in some religious societies constituted upon a similar principle in America, encourage a well-grounded hope that associations of the unemployed poor, under the direction of intelligent members of our own pure and reformed church, with all the facilities and scientific appliances this country affords, would realize advantages still more important.

"The sanguinary horrors of the French Revolution of the last century should warn us of the dangers attending any premature disturbance of the complicated interests of a great empire; but they should also admonish us of the necessity for those timely and salutary reforms, in all human institutions, which the spread of knowledge and the progress of science demand."

The immediate necessity for some plan of the kind is set forth in the following propositions:—

"That the proportion which the people obtain of those things which they themselves produce, depends not upon the quantity produced, but upon the *market* value of their labour.

"That the market value of labour has been materially reduced, and labour itself often superseded, by that very power through which wealth has been immensely increased.

"That scientific power is at present almost exclusively devoted to the creation of wealth, and not only without a due regard to the welfare and improvement of the people, but to their positive injury and demoralization.

"That a remedy for this evil can be alone found in arrangements which will no longer expose the working classes to the contingencies

of a market demand for their labour, but which will, with regular employment, secure to them food, clothing, convenient dwellings, moral and religious training and education for their children.

"That machinery, under such direction, would prove invariably beneficial, and far more wealth would be created than when it is made an exclusive object."

The work contains a prospectus drawn up at Exeter Hall by a committee, of which the Rev. Thomas Dale, the Rev. James Hough, and other clergymen and practical laymen were members.

Letters to Young Ladies. By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. A new Edition; with two additional Letters never before published. London: Jackson and Walford.

Much credit is due to Mrs. Sigourney for the spirited efforts she has made to improve the intellectual and moral character of her own sex. It is now many years since the first edition of the Letters appeared in this country; and some who read and admired them then are now imitating the author by instructing the public through the medium of the press. The value of a volume like that before us is invaluable. It will be productive of benefits to society incorporated in the character of future generations. The position of woman may be comparatively retired, but she is powerful in the influence she exerts. Her place is amid the quiet shades, to watch the little fountain ere it has breathed a murmur, and there as the presiding genius to mark every channel and guide every rill. A nation owes its intellectual and moral character to the influence of woman. As the sister, the wife, the mother, so will be the brothers, the husbands, and the children. Mrs. Sigourney seems to be impressed with the responsible influence woman is called to wield. And that it may be wielded to the advantage and not to the damage of the social weal, she urges the necessity of greater attention to a solid scriptural education.

"And now, guardians of education, whether parents, preceptors, or legislators, you who have so generously lavished on woman the means of knowledge, complete your bounty by urging her to gather its treasures with a tireless hand. Demand of her, as a debt, the highest excellence she is capable of attaining; summon her to abandon selfish motives and inglorious ease; invite her to those virtues which promote the permanence and health of nations; make her accountable for the character of the next generation; give her solemn charge in the presence of men and of angels; gird her with the whole armour of education and piety, and see if she be not faithful to her children, to her country, and to her God."

The writings of Mrs. Sigourney are so well known as to have obtained a distinguished eminence among the beautiful in poetry

and the instructive in prose, that commendation is unnecessary. We heartily wish this volume would be carefully read by every young lady in the kingdom. It is an admirable book for a present, and would be regarded as a precious treasure by all who can appreciate its real merits.

Sermons on the Apostolic Churches, Illustrative of Saint Paul's Epistles. By JOHN FAGG, M.A., and J. B. ANSTED, B.A., Curates of Whitechapel. London: Gladding.

THIS little volume is a very opportune publication. It comes forth when many efforts are vigorously made to mystify the writings and doings of the apostles. Between the dogmas of the Popery of Rome and the Puseyism of Oxford, it is no wonder if the unlearned are bewildered, and the unprincipled confirmed in their wickedness. These sermons are distinguished for their clear truthful statements, and their simple but forcible style. They are calculated to accomplish the design of all public discourses, to instruct and enlighten. The parish is highly favoured which has *two* such curates as the authors of this volume. They are evidently men richly embued with the apostolic spirit, and like Paul and Barnabas they labour for the salvation ef the souls committed to their care. The sphere of their operation is extensive and and depraved. We heartily hope that all their exertions by the pulpit and by the press may be crowned with great success.

Green's Writing Made Easy. London: Darton and Clark.

IT is a happy thought of Mr. Green's to make writing easy by making the pupil familiar with reading manuscript. The difficulty in teaching writing has chiefly arisen from this cause, that the mechanical operation has been required while the intelligible result has been comparatively unknown. Now, to obviate this difficulty, this little book is printed in a manuscript type, so that the pupil becoming well acquainted with the *written* character of his language, he may feel an interest in the study of writing. We agree with the author when he says, "he believes the work will be eminently useful as an auxiliary to the art of writing; but to ensure its greater success he has endeavoured to make it additionally useful as a work of instruction and entertainment."

We recommend this little book to all parents, teachers, and others who are concerned to impart the knowledge of writing.

The Pryings of a Postman. London: Smith and Elder.

HUMAN nature is a mysterious compound. The very consciousness of insincerity induces the maintenance of a specious and imposing appearance. Frequent intercourse will not penetrate the mask, nor the continuance of frank, undissembled kindness produce a *denouement*. The subtlety and insincerity of the heart baffle all human power. The study of character may help us to become acquainted with certain indices of the mind, and guard us against the danger of a complete delusion. But before any progress has been made in this study, the young, frank, generous, and unsuspecting are often entrapped, made the dupes of the designing, and are instructed by painful experience. An intercepted or a *dropped* letter sometimes makes a sad disclosure, and the man who before thought he had the sincere affection of his friend discovers, for the first time, that he is a *tool* for his purpose, or a dupe of his malicious design. A letter is not always a true transcript of the heart. Some minds can play the hypocrite on paper as well as on the carpet.

Whether these "Pryings" were obtained by *clairvoyance*, or by any extraordinary process not revealed to the public our author does not tell us, and we do not venture to conjecture. None but a mind familiar with the workings of mind could have prepared such a volume. It is a very deep insight into the secrets of the heart. The subjects are various—grave, gay, and sometimes facetious. It is a book which deserves an attentive reading, by persons of all ages. But we specially recommend it to young persons, that they may acquire that knowledge which their seniors have had to purchase at the price of their health and peace of mind.

Elements of the Christian Religion; being Sketches of Sermons preached at St. John's, Brighton. By the REV. SPENCER RODNEY DRUMMOND, M.A., Perpetual Curate, Chaplain to Lord Viscount Melville. London: Hatchard and Son.

THE name of Mr. Drummond is known and respected by a large circle of the religious world. But we live in the day when the literary merits of an author secure for his productions an attention and honour more lasting than the attractions of a name. When the *object* at which a writer aims, the *mental competency* he displays to achieve that object, and the *style* of execution commend themselves to the common sense and judgment of man, he cannot fail to succeed as a useful author. And usefulness is the professed object of the volume before us.

"The object aimed at, in the presentation of these subjects to the public eye, is the same in their *present* form of sketches as in their former more enlarged composition for the flock over which I am placed —viz., to *express* the ideas in clear and distinct language, *to give*, as much as possible, both the letter and the spirit of the Holy Bible, and of the Book of Common Prayer, and *to endeavour to avoid* the use of difficult words whenever the force of that which I wished to convey would not be weakened; so that, BY THE TEACHING OF GOD THE HOLY GHOST, *the attention* might be awakened, *the understanding* enlightened, *the affections* drawn heavenwards, and *the character* improved."

Thus the author expresses his views of the object at which he aims. We do not think he has so well accomplished that object as he might have done had he looked only to the THE BIBLE as his guide in the important questions he has introduced.

Mutual Christianity; or, the Duties of Christians "One to Another." By the REV. J. DE KEWER WILLIAMS, of Limerick. London: Snow.

THIS is an admirable little volume, containing seven treatises on the duties which Christians owe to each other. It is written in a clear style, is marked throughout by deep-toned piety, and is redolent with Scripture-truth. We welcome the youthful author in this his first contribution to sacred literature, and wish him all the success his heart can desire. To the spiritual interests of Ireland have his energies been devoted. And we venture to think that efforts made in the spirit which pervades this volume, for the welfare of our sister country, are those which are most calculated to result in the renovation and happiness of that land. And that extensive good for Ireland is the object at which our author aims, we gather from his preface:—

"For Ireland's sake he puts forth this book, with the hope and the prayer that it may diffuse more widely and more deeply scriptural views of the constitution of Christian churches and the obligations of their members. May the Head bless it to some of his members, and soon make the Church in Ireland flourish abundantly, and be absolutely free to obey every dictate of our Lord."

This little volume well deserves an extensive circulation in this as well as in the sister island.

THE DEATH OF CORREGIO.*

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—Antonio da Allegri, the painter; Guido, his son, a youth of 19; Friar; Doctor; Magdalena, wife of Allegri; Beatrice, her sister.

SCENE I.

Morning of the first day. An Apartment in Allegri's House at Corregio. Magdalena and Beatrice.

BEATRICE.—Returned? say you, Antonio returned?
Nay, then, the saints be blessed! for though I bear
Himself small love, yet would I gladly own
Some weightier proof of his so vaunted skill
Than pride and empty boast. See you there now!
Our lady shield us! a brave wife you are
That will not bear the truth, because 'tis stern,

* It has been stated by some writers that Corregio was of noble origin, but the account given us by others of the obscurity of his birth and the straitness of his circumstances, which prevented his improving his talent by education, is better borne out by the few facts that have come down to us. Corregio is said to have risen, through the force of his own genius alone, at once to the first rank as an artist; but that his performances were greatly underrated during his lifetime, we have sufficient proof in the treatment he received after the execution of his last and greatest work. Was it not most probably whilst writhing under such neglect, that on hearing some one express admiration of a work of Titian, he broke into the passionate exclamation, "And I too am a painter!" Certain it is, that this neglect and poverty combined were ultimately the occasion of his premature death. Having finished his greatest work—"The Assumption of the Virgin Mary"—which embellishes the interior of the dome of the cathedral at Parma, so unduly was this astonishing effort of genius appreciated by the ignorant ecclesiastics who employed him, that not only was the performance treated with contempt, but the artist himself with contumely. Not content with verbally depreciating his work, they refused him the stipulated price, and compelled him to accept the paltry sum of five hundred crowns, which, the more to hurt his feelings, was paid in copper. Returning with this sum to his starving family, the heat of the weather and the weight of his load conspired to overcome the unfortunate artist, who imprudently slaking his thirst at a spring of cold water on the road, a pleurisy was the consequence, which carried him off in the fortieth year of his age.—*Gorton's Biog. Dic.*

Antonio da Allegri is commonly called Corregio from a small town in the duchy of Modena, where he was born, and which his name has immortalized. Corregio's wife was the favourite model for his Madonnas. He is described as having been passionately attached to his art; he is also said to have been "gentle and tender, of a sensitive modesty, and a sweet, loving, retiring disposition." The life of Allegri has already afforded a theme to many poets; the best known work on the subject is perhaps the "Corregio" of Oehlenschläger.

Spoken of your own husband! Well, I'm mute;
So, now his labour ended, he hath brought
Its recompense. I'll wager a rare one.
MAGDALENA.—I cannot give the answer you desire,
Nor know I of the matter more than you;
No, not if the task be finished.
BEAT.—Not you,
I'll warrant! Oh, you are the rarest wife!
Here hath your husband been a day and night
Under the same roof, yet not one word
Have you presumed to question him on that
Lay nearest to your heart! A pest upon
Such husbands, wrapped up in their self-conceit
Till their own flesh doth fear them! Would that I
Had but the taming of him! I would bring
His pride down to the dust till he should fain
Crawl at my feet! What is it thou dost know?
MAG.—Patience, good sister; thou dost harshly judge,
After thine own imaginings, this matter;
Trust me, Antonio is not the churl
Thy thoughts shape him.
BEAT. *(Not heeding her).*—What is it thou dost know?
Knowest not that lean-faced poverty hath stalked
Like a gaunt spectre through thy home for years?
Know'st not that brawling creditors assail
Thy door from morn to night, despite that thou
Hast spent thy prime of life in drudging toil
To keep pale want aloof? Know'st not thy son,
My nephew, Guido, drags a wasting life,
Made aimless by base circumstance, and vile
By vain and ragged ostentation? No!
I'll answer for thee thou know'st not of this,
And that thou only knowest thou'rt the wife
Of Italy's best painter! Faugh! I'm sick;
If pride would answer but the stead of wealth,
Thou wert the richest matron in Corregio.
MAG.—Hast done?
BEAT.—Done! not I. Why now my nephew there,
There was some sense in his ambition; he
Sought preference in the church. Oh! I'm mad
When I but think on what he might have been,
Had not the false pride of this man stepped in,
A blight upon his path. What! don't I know
Antonio Allegri hath refused
To exercise his art, because, forsooth,
Men would not bow before him as a god?
That therefore poverty with all its ills,
A goodly train, filled his neglected home,
Withering its fairest hopes? Let me but
Get speech of him, and since the tongue

Should do that office, must perforce be dumb,
I'll tell him some stern truths.
MAG.—I pray thee, peace!
Thou'rt too ungentle, Beatrice; enough
Of cold unfriendliness, of angry strife,
Doth my poor husband meet with in the world;
Mar not his household quiet! See, he comes;
If thou wouldst keep our bond of love unbroken,
Bridle thy tongue now!

(Enter Allegri.)

BEAT.—I promise nothing;
Fair words and smooth are well enough for them
That have nought else to give; that never deem
There doth exist occasion to pay off
Their debts with worthier coin. Bridle my tongue
Forsooth! I came here willed to speak my mind,
And I will do it.

(Magdalena places a chair for Allegri, who looks pale and feeble.)

ALLEGRI.—Thanks, ever sweetest!
What would thy gentle and unwearying love
Have been to one on whom the world had smiled,
Since it hath thrown o'er such a path as mine
A life-enduring sunshine! By thy side
I can awhile shut out the darkening view
That stretches round me, and with thankfulness
Own I am blessed in thee!
BEAT.—Fine words, i'faith!
Pity they are so unsubstantial; that
They satisfy not hunger, quench not thirst,
Avail not to arrest the headlong clamour
Of hungry creditors; to lighten one
Of the heart-crushing and o'ermastering cares
Of squalid wretchedness! Were I your wife,
You should forget, before another sun,
To make trim speeches; they would not suit me.
MAG. *(Beseechingly.)*—Wilt thou have done?
ALL.—Interrupt her not:
I do believe thee, Beatrice, and give thee
Full credit for good meaning in thy words,
Rough though they be; but, as thou knowest well,
I cannot answer thee; our arguments
Would ever end as they began; therefore
Let us not waste more words in idle speech,
For truth, good sister, I am very weary,
Even with heaviness of soul; leave us
A little while alone.
BEAT.—This is the way
Ever with your true genius; no bringing
Him to the point! Heaviness of soul! Faugh!

Methinks you owe my husband twenty crowns—
What then? poor clod! with his plain, common sense,
He may toil on for more; he hath no soul
To brag of heavinesses; he must bend
His neck to the world's drudgery, nor lift
Even a wish beyond it; 'tis your man
Of genius, only, may not soil his hand
With common labour, 'cause he has a soul
Above it. Plague upon such souls!

ALL.—I know
What thou dost mean; the old tale, Beatrice;
I did refuse, some years back, to resign
My soul's ambition, my young glowing dreams
Of a renown that should o'erwalk the earth;
And with the pride of conscious power did spurn
The counsellors that strove to tie me down
To the ignoblest efforts of mine art—
Me—fitted for the highest! Thou dost think
I chose unwisely; that a humbler path
Had led to wealth—that mine own stubborn will
Endeth alike in ruin and dishonour.

MAG.—Oh, no, no, no! not in dishonour, no!
Thou hast achieved proud triumphs in thine art
That shall outlive and put to future shame
The jealous ignorance, the sordid pride,
The dust-born littleness that hath decried thee!
Forgive me, sister, if my words are strong,
I would not that Antonio yield his glory
For all the wealth of Rome.

ALL.—My noble wife!
Praise ever came most welcome from thy lips,
Now doubly welcome!

BEAT.—Out upon you both!
Glory call you it? fine glory, truly,
To render such rare fruits! Thou hast finished
Thy task at Parma! pity if its price
Be paid with viler coin.

(Enter Doctor.)

(Aside). A creditor!
They're in good company, and so I take
More willing leave. [*Exit Beatrice.*]

Doc.—Good morrow, Allegri; and thou, fair dame,
How fares it with thee, ha? How is thy son,
My patient, Guido? Still in the same way?
I guessed as much, body and mind alike
Unmanageable. *(To Allegri)*—Thou art lately from
Parma?

ALL.—I am. *(To Magdalena)*—Leave us awhile, dearest.
Now thy business. [*Exit Magdalena.*]

Doc.—Brief and sharp; I dare swear
Thou art too keen of wit to need more words
Wasting about the matter.
All.—I can tell
Far better what thy business here is not
Than what it is. It is not to devote
Thy niggard time, to tax thy sordid skill,
In efforts to prolong a precious life,
Death-doomed for lack of counsel and of aid!
It is not to breathe words of hopefulness
Unto two broken hearts! such luxuries
As sympathy and attendance (alas!
That so much on them should depend!) are not
For us; the poor are earth's inheritors
Of ills that her rich children dream not of.
Doc.—Why thou art keen-witted with a vengeance
Thus to get start of my more just complaints!
Hast ever paid one copper for the pains,
The time, the medicine bestowed upon
Thy son? And yet thou hast the face to talk
About neglect, forsooth! Thou dost forget
Thyself.
All.—I am a man whom fate hath marred
At every turn; I pray thee to forbear.
My son, my boy, it is some weeks since thou
Hast seen him; is there then indeed no hope?
I'd fain believe that thou art merciful;
And I—I wi'l reward thee richly, so
Thou try thy skill once more.
Doc.—Art thou so rich
Thou must needs pay for superfluities?
Thy son hath not a chance.
All.—His life upon
Thy head! Some time back, with like confidence,
Thou didst assert there was no need for fear,
That his young blood would bear him bravely through;
And so it might have done, but poverty
Was the boy's birthright; honour were it none,
Nor profit, to preserve so mean a life;
Thou didst neglect him through long months, until
All chance was past. O man! I tell thee not,
Nor couldst thou comprehend, what noble hopes,
What sanctified ambition, what deep love
Will be thrown down into the dust with him
Whose life thou triflest with so lightly!
Doc.—So!
A preconcerted scene; a host of words,
Set up in battle order to await
And pounce upon my own! Sir Orator,
My time is my sole wealth, that I must hoard
As misers do their gold. I would remind thee,

Simply, thou owest me an hundred crowns—
I wait for a plain answer.
ALL.—Hadst thou done
Thy duty, the world holdeth not a price
Could have repaid thee; as it is, thou hast
Already received recompense enough
To pay thee twice o'er.
DOC.—A paltry picture!*
Think'st thou to make such market of thy trash?
A hundred crowns! Thou'rt mad! Dost take me for
A fool? 'Tis true I took the thing; what then?
I knew its value; I should like to learn
By what human or superhuman right
Thou call'st thyself a painter; thy vile daubs,
Scorned by the meanest tricksters of the art,
Have brought thee neither profit nor renown;
Go, try some honest labour and earn bread!
ALL.—Did I understand thee that the painting
Is useless to thee?
DOC.—Just so.
ALL.—Then keep it
A century; 'twill then rate high enough
To buy thy soul. [*Exit Allegri.*]
DOC.—We'll try this cause elsewhere. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Evening of the first day. A Cell in a Monastery at Corregio. Allegri and Friar entering.

FRIAR.—Rest here awhile; thou hast o'ertasked thyself,
And need'st repose; a glorious victory
At length is thine, and now thou mayst uplift
Thine head 'mid Italy's proudest; trust me,
Our Parma henceforth will draw worshippers
Like to a second Rome.
ALL.—Ay, thus I dreamed
Through the long weeks that scarcely saw mine eyes
Sealed in the sleep that yet was wakefulness,
So crowded was it with the images
That compassed me by day. My glorious art!
What proud, bright glimpses of all beautiful,
All grandly gorgeous, and all noble things,
Do I not owe to thee! What buoyant hopes,
What radiant revelations of deep joy,
What holy impulses of purest love—

* It is recorded that Corregio was on one occasion compelled to pay for medical attendance with his pictures; and considering the obscurity in which he lived and died, it requires no great stretch of fancy to suppose that such a mode of payment would give little satisfaction.

Twin-born with love of thee—have kept my soul
Still above earth's dark waters! All in vain!
O God! is that which seemeth most of Thee,
The wildest mockery of our being, sent
To lure us on awhile; and that but real
Which still would bear us dustward, and crush down
The heart's thick beatings? Father, is it so?

FRIAR.—Thy spirit is disturbed; there spake not out
Antonio Allegri! Bear up still!
Thou art the prince of painters, and the world
Should never know thou didst lose confidence
In thine own powers; ah! that is well! those eyes
Kindle with wonted fire; come, let us speak
Of Parma, and thy wondrous work; what say
The canons now? Pleased are they—pleased and proud?
I knew it would be so.

ALL.—I'll tell thee all.
Thou knowest how for months past I have taxed
My soul's and body's strength to bring that work
Unto perfection; how my struggling hopes—
Those unquiet spirits sepulchred in vain—
Did once more rise, and with bold confidence
Look forward to reward, in spite of all
The cold, detracting looks, the railing scorn,
The rude dissatisfaction that spake out
Daily amid my toil—its hardly earned
And most humiliating recompense!
And as the glowing shapes grew out beneath
My unwavering touch, mine old, proud dreams
Of wealth and glory brake upon my soul,
From whose stirred depths there came one cheering voice,
Bidding me still press on! Then I heard not
The angry clamour of those captious men;
Praise, not like detraction, many-voiced,
Came pealing upward to my grateful ear,
In one loud, clear, acclaim! I saw—O God,
The thrilling rapture of the thought!—I saw
The satisfied smile of triumph on *her* face,
The proud flash of her eye, th' exulting swell
Of a highminded woman's loving heart,
To see her idol worshipped by the crowd!
All evil was o'ermastered in those hours;
I saw the flush of health and joy once more
Glow on my Guido's cheek; fame had brought wealth,
And wealth had worked with talismanic power;
At last! at last! I looked in my boy's eyes,
And mine recoiled not from their searching light;
I read there his young hopes, and dreaded not
To question whither they were tending! Fame
And power, those master destinies, were mine!

Mine! to be lavished on my loved ones! Then
I felt myself a god!
FRIAR.—Thou wert too bold,
With a dream's promise so to thrall thy heart;
Mine trembles as I hear thee.
ALL.—Ay, I fell
From those proud heights where mortal never climbed
Long to keep footing. Thou wilt scarce believe
With what disdain, what stinging contumely,
I have been driven forth by those rude men;
Thou knowest what paltry price I had agreed
To look for at their hands, trusting, meanwhile,
The painting's merit would at length speak out,
Even to their dull souls, and win at least
Their meed of approbation; but not so!
The canons have declared it void of life,
A vile defeature that their outraged walls
Shall shortly see effaced;* and have refused
To give more than five hundred crowns, and this,
A further mark of their contempt, was paid
In copper, which, with most insulting speech,
They bade me convey homeward; but my heart
Swell'd to my throat; I gave its rushing scorn
Full vent at last, and left them.
FRIAR.—Thou didst well!
All Italy shall soon espouse thy cause,
And shame them into justice. Said they so!
Erase the painting! 'Tis impossible;
Is it not open to all Parma? Wait
For the outbursting of the general voice,
And fear not but it will avenge thee.
ALL.—No! that solemn-faced fool, the multitude,
Ne'er judgeth but through others; already
Hath it confirmed that sentence, and, well pleased
To exercise its wisdom, hath discovered
More imperfections in my luckless work
Than it, in truth, hath beauties to redeem.
What part is left *me* here? *I* have no voice
To lift against this clamour; I must bow
Submission to my judges, and crush out
My heart's proud trust, and yield my mockëd hope,
As the sea doth its spray, to the wild winds:
I must do all this freely, or at once
Give up life's game; these odds are fearful, father.
FRIAR.—Let them not cast thee down; thou art as yet
But in thy prime; the prize is worth the race,

* Some time after the death of Corregio the canons were only prevented from erasing the painting by the interference of Titian, who said, parodying the words of Alexander, that had he not been Titian he would wish to have been Corregio.

Long though it be, and toilsome. Come, thou hast
Held bravely on through unrewarding years,
Let not thy soul yield up its conscious right
At the blind summons of leagued ignorance;
Once more I recognise thee not in this;
Be but thyself again!
ALL.—I had no pride,
No pleasure, no ambition, that owned not
My wife and child as their supremest end.
Long years past, when the world lay all untried,
And full of hope before me; when my boy
Was yet a child, a glorious child! Thou knewest him;
While yet on Magdalena's cheek there dwelt
The glow of youth and health; I did not deem
That the world held a power could so beat down
My soul's high, onward confidence. Those days
Were all unshadowed by misgiving; then
I feared not for the future; then my dreams
Gorgeous, and full of hopefulness, burst forth
In the fresh glory of heart-uttered words;
And as their promise made my Guido's eyes
Flash with unwonted light, or to his brow
Bade the proud blood mount up, I hailed with joy
Each eloquent evidence of the kindred mind
I had upraised—another, yet mine own!
No prophet-fear came o'er me in those hours;
I dreaded not to rouse the slumbering might
Of a young, fiery spirit; to direct
Its lightning thought amid the eternal heights,
Whereon, unconscious of the mortal grave
Yawning beneath them, there sat, star-enthron'd,
The world's intelligences! To spread out,
With lavish hand, the God-inherited,
And boundless wealth of the ideal world
Before the thrilling gaze of my pure child,
Glorying in his rapt ecstasy! Thou,
Loving the son even for the father's sake,
Didst to the unfailing store-house of thy mind
Give him free access; thence he shortly drew
The sterner knowledge of the schools, the lore,
Exhaustless, of past time; and I, well pleased
To mark his progress, took no note, alas!
Of the fast coming morrow, of the time
Wherein this seed must spring up into fruit
Destined to good or evil. Years passed on
With their unnumbered changes, but no change
Came to the fortunes of that boy's doomed home!
There evermore dishonoured poverty
Slept, waked, dwelt with him, grew into a part
Of his life's being, stalked with him abroad,

Turning his gold to dross; bared to his view,
Loathly and timelessly, the moving springs
Of the world's festering heart, its selfishness,
Its rankling jealousies, its mean distrust,
Its gross ambition, and unworthy pride;
Where'er he turned the same dull shadow lay
Like night upon his path. The boy was now
Fast merging into manhood, and there yawned,
Even day by day, a gulf betwixt our hearts
Outraging nature's holiness! We grew
Estranged—the father and the child! No more
I dared to whisper in his ear the hopes
He had seen shivered round him; I held not
The one sole power that could have called to life
His wasting energies, have lighted up
With joyful triumph his dull, downcast eye,
That now whene'er it looked into mine own
Shot forth reproachful glances! I had led
Him onward by a bright and flowery track,
Whose mocking light at length perforce revealed
The sterile waste around us; and we knew
There lay but one path thence—not that by which
We entered!—O, great God! how many hopes
Are wrecked, searching for some fair opening
To the world's favour. I, amid many more,
Lie down at last o'erwearied; my long search
Endeth even here; and now the feverish dreams
Of a thought-bowed spirit may disperse,
And, vapour-like, resolve into the void
Whereon their trust was founded.

FRIAR.—I may not
Hear thee speak thus unchidden. He whose trust
Still resteth with his God need never fear
Achieving that was worthiest his desire;
Let the world do its worst.

ALL.—Spare thy rebuke;
Affliction hath not changed my nature so,
That it may feel not but in bitterness;
The mortal agony that even in him,
The God-sent man upon the cross, spake out,
Will have its vent in me; and now strive not
To turn my spirit from its fixed belief;
A chastening hand is on me—let it work,
Unquestioned, its behest. Never again—
So speaks a prophet voice within my heart—
Never again shall I wage stormy war
With the decrees of time; they were against me,
So let us part. One task remains to me—
I know not why it is I do believe
'Twill be my last on earth! The poor may not

Choose their own course; and I, who lately flung
Back with indignant scorn the niggard price
Proffered me by the canons, feel I must
Beat down my stubborn pride and meet their terms.
'Tis of this journey I would speak to thee.
Should I return no more, I know thou wilt
See justice done to my poor wife; thou hast
Been my tried friend from boyhood; thou wilt live
To see us all placed in one common grave—
Husband, and wife, and child. Thou think'st me mad.
Well, I have yet to give a solemn mission
Into thy hands; say for me to my boy,
When I shall be no more—that never sire
Empowered to lavish on an idolized
And only child the riches of a world,
Felt such fond pride as I have felt in him,
Hoarded such love for, could so have striven,
So long and against hope, to win for him
The sight to shape out his own destiny.
Tell him I died with a strong, peace-fraught hope
That he'd do justice to my memory,
Believing all these things. My gentle wife;
There are no parting words worthy our love;
We have had but one heart between us; care,
That severest other destinies, hath linked
Ours but the closer; I have never wronged
Thy faithfulness, save that at times my lip
Hath worn a hopeful smile, whilst in my heart
Despair sank down unuttered; thou wilt know
That even as through life, thy place in death
Was in this bruised heart. And now, good father,
Tried, kindest friend of many years, I quit
Thy presence with a solemn sorrow; go
Thou to my wife; tell her what takes me hence;
Cheerily, for I would not have her know
What scoffs, what insults, drove me from the walls
I needs must seek again. My dying boy;
Blighted before his prime! See, I am changed—
Changed wondrously; never before could I
Give such calm utterance to those words; bear
With his waywardness; be to him indeed
A Christian friend, for such he needeth now;
One that will guide him safely to the shores
Of the eternal sea—we shall meet there! [*Rushes out.*]

FRIAR.—Stay; yet another word. Well, be it so.
He's gone; how strange his speech; and yet his eye
Was calm, and his lip quivered not. A weight
Lies on my spirit; I will even forth
At once, and do his bidding. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

Morning of the second day. The Country a short distance from Corregio. Guido reclined listlessly upon the ground.

(*Enter Friar.*)

FRIAR.—He should be near; this is his favourite haunt.
Ah, he is there! how earnestly his gaze
Is fixed upon the æther-floated clouds,
As though he looked beyond them with vague hope
Of finding peace, and feeling it indeed
The substance of the shadow that on earth
Hath ever mocked his grasping. How the light
Shines through that wasted and uplifted hand!
Now his eyes rest upon it; does he feel
The mockery to him of nature's joyousness?
I must arouse him. Good morrow, Guido.

GUIDO *(Starting).*—Why will ye seek me? is no place to be
Sacred from this intrusion?

FRIAR.—Hast forgot
Thy days of childhood, when this face was still
The most familiar and welcome to thee?
Hast no remembrance of the convent cell,
Where, seated by my side, hour after hour
Passed all unnoted, while I did consign
The thrilling chronicles of bygone time
To thy devouring ear? Hast thou forgot
The old cathedral aisle, with its lone tomb,
And the wild legend thou didst never tire
To listen to thrice told, while I, like to
A foolish, fond old man, did humour thee,
Till the place grew to both a charmed spot?
Hast thou forgotten this, that thou dost ask
Why I do seek thee?

GUIDO.—Times are changed, old man;
Mine ear no longer thirsts for idle tales;
And for the past, I thank not him that drags
Its spectral shapes before me.

FRIAR.—Changed indeed!
And thou most changed of all. Guido, thou wert
A noble child, full of warm sympathies,
Of fervent piety, and high desires;
Of the true dignity earth cannot give,
Nor take away, nor cast contempt upon;
The nature whereof is not to exhale
And vanish into nothingness, nor yet
To eat like rust into the spirit's core,

But to eschew corruption, to assert,
Boldly and vigorously, its proud right
To o'erlook the worshipped mockeries of the world,
Keeping true course above them. When I think
On what thou hast been, I can scarce believe
Thy being other than a twofold dream,
Teeming with fevered incongruities
Too monstrous for reality.

GUIDO.—I am
What time and circumstance have made me; wait
Yet a little longer, thou wilt see
Another change—the best, because the last.
Thou dost me wrong; I quarrel not with life;
The burden was well borne if but to feel
The heart-enthroned joy with which a length
We lay it down, and with a quiet trust
In the unfailing promise of its close,
Yield us to peaceful dreams. Have I not known
Enough of the wild world that thou must break
Thus rudely through the gathering clouds of death,
To drag me forth again?

FRIAR.—Thou hast not read
Thine own deep heart aright, if thou dost take
This apathy for resignation. Life—
If healthful life yieldeth not tamely up
Its thousand interests at the gates of time,
That may not shut them out. What baffled hope,
What vague, immortal longing of thy soul
Might not in such an hour as this take wing,
O'ertop the stars, and with a livelier trust
Pursue its onward destinies? Oh, speak!
And with another voice; my spirit yearns
To find the echo of its faith in thine;
Leave us not with one desolating thought
Of sorrow and regret for all the past.
I speak not to thee now of earth but Heaven;—
Hast thou found peace there?

GUIDO.—Step not thou betwixt
The spirit and its God; is it His will,
Or man's, that I at length find peace—deep peace?
What matter whence, or wherefore?

FRIAR.—Dost thou owe
No debt to bygone years, to faithful friends?
Nothing to memory or affection?
Hast thou no gratitude for all the care
Still lavished on thee by untiring hands?
No sympathy with them whose star of hope
Rose and went down with thine; whose hearts are left
Void, that thou mayst most selfishly indulge
Thy hoarded griefs alone? Was it for this

Thy mind was trained so tenderly, was stored
So lavishly with intellectual wealth?
For this that thou wert made the one, sole, shrined
And worshipped idol of two doating hearts?
For this! Alas! men need not sow the wind
To reap the whirlwind; even the goodliest seed
Yieldeth as profitlessly. Thou wouldst speak?

GUIDO (*Who has shown signs of impatience*).—Yes; from the threshold of a blighted life
I will at length speak out. All thou hast said,
And more, was woven with my opening dreams;
My tastes were formed, my feelings first aroused,
My pride uplifted, in a gorgeous world;
There shapes of grace and beauty ever walked
Familiar at my side; all noble deeds,
All generous impulses, all glorious
And worthiest ambitions, were the food
That fed my heart's emotions, my soul's hope;
My converse was with God's nobility,
With men whose mighty intellect had wrought
A new creation, and breathed harmony
Throughout the moral chaos of the world.
All grand, all noble, and all lovely things
Thronged round me, grew with me, until I deemed
Life held but such. Ah, me! it was a dream
Soon broken. [*Pauses in exhaustion.*]

FRIAR.—Rest awhile; how pale thou art!
Lean on my arm; an old man's arm may now
Exalt its strength o'er thine—alas!

GUIDO (*With sudden energy*).—Ye left
Me with this knowledge; with it I went forth,
Boldly, and trustfully, and with proud step,
Into the busy world; no friendly voice
Had ever warned me of the quicksands there;
I knew not its distinctions; I had learned
To bow before the majesty of mind;
But the world told me I must bow the knee,
And bend the neck before *its* mighty ones;
Its ermined dullness, its besotted pride,
Its tinselled masses of corruption! Lord,
How the scene was changed! how little recked of
Were mine old idols in that iron throng!
The veriest dullard that could boast descent
Through a long line of musty ancestors,
Received more worship, held him of more worth!
What a cold, tame, conventional mockery
Had grown religion! how its ministers
Elbowed and jostled with each other, not
For God's glory, but their own! How bravely
The proud man bore him in his glittering dross!

How his admiring fellows trampled down
Each others' rights, that he might catch their breath—
Half abjectness, half envy! What a farce
Was now the game of life; with what a weight
Did the material lie, still crushing down
The immaterial! Was I in a dream,
Or then but waking? My disappointment
Sought not to vent itself in words; I saw
That my past life had been a cheat; that now
I had to unlearn that which I had learned;
And as in bygone years each day brought forth
Some noble thought, some hidden brightness,
Some lovely shape ne'er lighted on before,
So now, with every hour, there crowded on
Fresh revelations of the sterile truth,
Till I grew perfect in realities.
Strange, I had never seen the nakedness,
Ne'er felt the rude discomforts of my home!
That I had looked within my mother's eyes,
Through those long years, and noted not till now
What a heart-breaking history of deep grief
Spoke in the patient sweetness of their glance!
That I had been so blind to the reproach
Of my low birth and humble fortunes; that
Countless circumstances, dwelt on now
With bitterness, had failed to rouse me! Peace;
I know what thou wouldst say;—the noble mind
Shrinketh not back from peril, but doth still
Glory in striving, overcoming. Did
I sit down in tame affright, nor struggle
Against the evils of my destiny?
Thou dost remember when the Pope's nuncio
Visited our canons; I, through thy means,
Had gained some office in the Church, and there,
With others of my class, I was called forth
For the great man's observance. In some speech
He did misquote, and villanously mar
A glorious sentence, a mind-mighty thought,
Breathed in past time by the still greater dead,
Which I, chafed by his bold ignorance,
As boldly did correct; then burst the storm.
Gods, how the nuncio chafed! what wild, pale looks
Passed o'er the faces of the affrighted priests!
How eloquently they descanted on
My name's obscurity, when, thundering forth
His rage, the great man questioned them! How each,
In his hot eagerness to shift reproach
From his own shoulders, heaped it upon mine!
What an inexpiable crime I had
Unwittingly committed! I grew old

From that day in experience; cast off
With pious horror by the Church—for such,
Thou knowest, was the meed of my offence—
I looked abroad o'er the wide world's expanse,
As might some mariner wrecked on lonely seas,
Where sail but rarely ventured, look, and lift
An unheard voice from his frail plank, the last
Remaining of the noble bark that tracked
So late, and statelily, the bosomed deep.
My crime—it *was* a crime; so said the world—
Had its long train of consequences; pride,
And palsied bigotry, and wide-mouthed slander,
Pointed me out, and shunned me; the tale reached
A monstrous growth, till men at length believed
I was a scoffer of all sacred things,
A mocking unbeliever of God's laws;
I, in whose glowing soul—that primitive
And better temple—His unchanging word
Held the first place; and this because I chanced
To wound the self love of one mortal man,
Chance raised above his fellows! What if then
I recognized the omnipotence of chance?
Spare me thy homilies; a mighty stream,
Placed in some Eden, through whose verdant glades
It flows on evenly, clear, deep, and full,
May keep its course in harmony; but let
Its bed give way beneath, huge, frowning rocks
Rise in its midst—and, lo! how the chafed waves
Will dash along, now boiling up in rage,
Now blindly eddying round, now hiding
Within some slimy crypt, and then anon
Taking bold leap into the final gulf;
It were as easy to restore that stream
To its first state, as force my mind again
Back to its old illusions.

FRIAR.—Earth, all earth!
A better seed was sown within thy heart,
And did attain some growth; a stunted growth,
I fear me—soon blighted and choked up
By these o'ertopping weeds;—is't not even so?

GUIDO.—No; and therefore 'tis that thou dost find me
Shunning all human converse, and alone
With nature and with God; these never change,
Never deceive nor satiate; and to these,
When all around me would still speak of time,
Its wild, deluding hopes and graveward cares,
I have fled forth, and found sure refuge,
And a soul-breathing calm, most like to sleep
When its dreams are all peacefulness. Come, then,
Talk to me of these glories yet again,

And I will be once more a trustful child.
Here there is nothing to dissolve the charm;
Heaven's azure canopy is arched above;
God's breath is floating round us: speak, oh, speak!
As thou wert wont to do in days of old,
When we forgot the world—I shall not tire.

FRIAR.—Why, this is well; now dost thou make mine heart
Tremble with joy. Yes, I will talk to thee
As I was wont, but with far better hope.
A blessed hour! We'll speak of blessedness!

(Scene closes.)

SCENE IV.

Evening of the second day. An Apartment in Allegri's House; Magdalena kneeling beside a couch on which is laid the dead body of Guido. Beatrice and Friar bending over her.

BEAT.—I pray thee speak to me, if but to say
Thou dost forgive my harshness in past time.
Plague on my tongue's clamour; it never had
Heart in it till this hour; for Jesus' love,
Look up and answer us; pour out thy grief,
Or, thinking of my rude unfriendliness
To thee and thine, heap me with just reproach.
No sound could be more welcome. Oh! thou art
Too gentle for this world; even despair
Findeth no voice in thee. Father, once more
Try thine old influence, that never failed
Till now. Speak to her.

FRIAR.—Daughter, I pray thee
Look up, if but to mark the sunny smile
Stamped on that quiet lip and painless brow—
Sure pledge of the soul's peacefulness. No word
Of vain regret, or of impatience, passed
That lip with its last breath; but low, sweet sounds
Came murmuringly forth, speaking of love,
And child-like trust, and tranquil confidence
In the redeeming promise of our God.
'Tis long since thou hast looked upon that face
And felt thine heart grow lighter in the gaze!
Oh, look upon it here, and feel with me,
That never in the glow of life and health
Did it possess such power to bid our souls
Rejoice, as now.

BEAT.—By the remembered love
Of our young lives; by our mother's blessing;

By all that is most sacred in this world,
Most hopeful in the next, I do beseech
Thee answer me. Alas! she hears me not.
FRIAR.—Think of thine other ties; of him whose heart
Hath through all trials past still looked to thine
For strength and consolation. What if now
That trust forsake him at his utmost need?
List! there's a step. God be amongst us here!
This is a trying hour. Lo! thy husband.

(Allegri appears at the door with the load of copper, which dropping, he staggers forward, and looking around utters a wild cry, and falls heavily.)

MAGDALENA *(Starts to her feet and rushes to her husband).*—Leave him, leave him; other lips than mine may not
Speak comfort to his soul. Why, how is this?
How ghastly pale thou art! What burden's that?
Whence hast thou borne it? This is not *all* grief.
Thou dost remind me there are direr evils
Than death in this bad world. Rest thy head here.
FRIAR *(Aside).*—Poor, patient heart! o'ertasked with pain at length,
Now comes thy sternest trial; he is doomed!
How lab'ringly his spent breath comes and goes!
How eloquently the mortal struggle
Speaks from those glazed eyes! his death be on you,
Remorseless men.
ALL. *(Speaking with effort).*—Too late! too late! as I
Have ever been; and now it is as well
It should be so. Wild dreamer that I am,
Even to the last! The thousand pent-up thoughts,
Struggling within my heart for utterance,
Might not have found a voice had he been here,
Within whose bosom I did yearn to pour
And evermore enshrine them. My poor wife!
Thou wilt not tarry long. Sister, thy hand;
We part *(Pauses in a paroxysm of pain).*
MAG. *(With a faint, wild laugh).*—This is a frightful dream; I know
That when in such night visions men do reach
The last point of endurance, they awake,
And wonder they had deemed such awful things
Realities;—this sleep will break soon.
BEAT. (*Passively resigns Allegri to the Friar, and sits apart*).—Oh,
Let me fly for help; these crowding horrors
Will madden her.
FRIAR (*Detaining her*).—There is no further need
For man's churlish aid; look to thy sister,
And let the lesson of this trying scene
Sink deeply in thy soul. How fares my son?

Alas! speech fails him; but those earnest eyes
Breathe forth a language I can well translate.
Thy Guido's end was peaceful; full of hope,
And humble thankfulness to him that stilled
A wilder tempest than did ever night,
Or wave, or whirlwind foster; not a trace
Of past regret marred his soul's quietness;
But, meekly as a sin-disowned child,
He laid him down, and so his spirit slept,
To wake, I trust, with God. That smile is worth
More than fame ever promised, or wealth bought;
It speaks thee satisfied in death. Speak on,
I understand these signs.

(*Allegri points to Magdalena, who, sitting mutely, with clasped hands, gazes alternately on him and Guido.*)

All things that faith,
That heartfelt sympathy, and Christian love
Can do to soothe that mourner shall be tried,
Fear it not. I *feel* thy soul's last blessing
In that kind pressure. Take mine with thee there
Where I do trust to meet thee yet again,
Never to part. God look upon us all,
And with his might uphold us! What a pang
Was that! The spirit has passed with it; passed
And left hope for our own last hours. Poor heap
Of careworn dust; how little recked of now
By him thou didst enthrall, are the vain pomps,
The life-o'ermastering griefs of this dull world.
Look to thy charge; she sinks.

(*Magdalena, after looking at Allegri for some seconds, utters a deep gro. and falls senseless in the arms of Beatrice.*)

Bear her gently
From this sad scene, and lavish all thy care
And love on that bruised heart; it will not need
Such ministering long. This duty over
We may prepare to follow; pray our God,
We find one haven at last, as these one grave.

(*Scene closes.*)

FANNY LAWSON'S NEW BONNET.

BY E. LYNN.

PRETTY Fanny Lawson—our blessings on thy bright head!—our blessings on thy merry eyes, and rosy lips which almost tempt us, old man as we are, to snatch a blushing kiss from their storehouse of sweets! Many a sorrow hast thou lightened, dear one, and many a sad thought hast thou put to flight, as thy bounding footsteps crossed our humble threshold. For who could resist such sweet influence as thy bright presence sheds? As soon may men deny that the violet scatters perfume on the air, or that the lark outpours glad melody through the sky, as deny that thy voice and laugh diffuse harmony and beauty over the soul. The sturdiest beggar in all pale sorrow's train must yield before thy way; and pain, like a wearied child soothed by its gentle mother, would fall asleep at the first glance of thy beaming smile. Our blessings on thee, bonnie bird! May grief never dull those bright brown tresses that float so free and wild around thy fair brow, nor dim the lustre of those large blue eyes that look out from their long dark lashes like the seraphs' eyes, which men see shining through the clouds of night, and name stars. We would not wish to look on thee, Fanny Lawson, with thy light elastic step trailing in the heaviness of age—as ours trails now; nor mark thy graceful form with all its rounded limbs shrunk and withered, stooping wearily—bowed nigh to the earth with years and pain together. Nay, nay, Fanny! we would rather that the "cauld mools" entombed us whilst thou wert yet in all the bloom of thy sunny springtide, than ourselves quaff the golden drink of immortal youth, and mark thee slowly, sadly, painfully, dropping to thy grave! And yet thy grave would not be so fearful to our sad eyes as the living death, the hourly decay, of benumbing age. We could sit on the mossy knoll which marked thy resting place, and scatter flowers upon its green, and rid it of each unsightly weed, and each hurtful or unclean reptile; but no! we could not watch thee fade, and wither, and waste in beauty, youth, and freshness. We would rather see thee die, Fanny, whilst thy heart was warm and thy soul pure, and death was only the kind angel who came to bear thee earlier to thy GOD.

And here she comes. Ah! ah! we surely know that step; we could swear to it amongst a thousand! That merry laugh, too; whose voice but hers can give out such sweet music? And to whom but the darling of the vale, does our surly old watch-dog,

Timon, laying aside his surliness, run up, barking for dear joy, as he gambols round the fairy-footed visitor? We know Timon's barks—from the petulant snap at the flaxen-haired beggar child, to the condensed growl at the dear young pastor. We chide him when he snaps, and snarls, and growls—though he is a kind brute in the main, and means only to be vigilant and not malicious, for he never bites! We all have bad habits, and we must all have kindly consideration for each others' failings—even for our dogs'! But dearly do we love our faithful friend, and well do we reward him, when he gives out this honest, joyous bark, which speaks a welcome as well as finest words!

And sure enough our heart's treasure skips blithely into the poor hut we call our home, and flinging off her hat, offers us her pretty store of delicacies to please the old man. Darling! she little knows that the pleasure which her society gives us is far more exquisite than any which the most costly jewel could bestow. Ay, we would rather have a smile from her than the richest stone of the diamond mine! For are not health, and joy, and love, and purity, and gentleness, and kindly sympathy, and unselfish sacrifice brighter graces than any gem of earth contains or can give? And are not all these expressed in one smile from those pouting lips, and one glance from those dove's eyes? Yes, Fanny! we had rather see thy dear face, and hear thy gentle words, than be the master of Indian wealth.

And what hast thou got to-day, darling, that has made thy cheeks burn with such a deepened flush, and thine eyes gleam so wildly bright, though we see a shade of melancholy lurking underneath all their glee? Why dost thou sit at the old man's feet, and take his hand half mournfully, half coaxingly, as thou wouldst ask a favour whilst giving pain? Tears? Sweet child! let us wipe them off with thy silky hair. Thou needst not mind us, Fanny; we are old, and can touch even such hair as thine, and love thee as our daughter the while. The tears have fled, and glad smiles are bursting forth—ay, and laughter—bird-like laughter—is floating like elfin music round us. Why, darling, art thou bewitched? And sure thou art indeed mad, as laying thy lips close to our ear, and taking our shrivelled hand within both thine own, thou whisperest thy news—thou art going to London!

Alas! our bird, our lamb, our pet child, our darling—plaything—angel—she so pure and good, so innocent, so unsullied, over whose bright brow the blush of shame has never passed, in whose clear eyes the flash of indignation at coarse boldness has never gleamed—and she is going to that fearful spot—London, the centre-place of sin! Alas! alas!

We have never lived beyond our own green hills, Fanny, but we have heard sad and frightful tales of all that passes in that

npress-city. Thou wilt be subjected to the insolent gaze of bertine idlers, who know nothing of the holiness, scarce of the xistence, of virtue; who will think that thy rare beauty, which ie GOD of Nature hath formed and hallowed, that it was made for iem to pollute with their foul breath. Fanny, Fanny, we fear r thee, fair bird! Think not that we fear for thy conduct; nay, iou art one who might pass unscathed through sights and scenes f iniquity which would sear many a heart to the very core, for hou art pure, and couldst not contract one stain of sin; but we hrink—our very flesh quivers—when we think that the eyes of nen, whose hearts are corrupt as a very charnel-house, should lare to scan thy face and form, and perhaps insult thee with their ile admiration! We are not angry, dear love; never look so nxious in our face, Fan! The tears are falling down our fur-owed cheeks, but the tears of an old man are foolish. We love thee, dar[illegible], and love is ever fearful. And so part thee on thy way hom[illegible]ard, and come to-morrow, if thou canst, for the grey-beard's blessing. Ay! no father will bless his only child more fervently, or pray for her welfare more earnestly, than will thine old country friend! To-morrow, then, we shall see thee, to bid thee farewell. Till then, bright bird, may our Father in Heaven protect thee!

And Fan, our own little Fan—our blue-eyed woodland dove—our snow-white lamb of purity—Fan, our own sweet one, is going to London! Alas!

The time passed wearily with us whilst the dear star of our life had thus fled. The sun himself—the glorious sun, in whose warm beams we had loved to sit and bask, and in whose radiant glory we had beheld the type of that greater glory above—even he had grown dim, and his rays poured only a peevish shimmer over the bleak brows of the desolate mountains. The wild flowers which we used to love like our own fair children—and children they are, too—pure, blest, lovely children of nature, and though younger born, and lowlier placed, of holier nurture than ourselves—their colours seemed faded and their beauty departed. The myosotis, the flower of deathless name and sweetest remembrances, the flower whose blue eyes of themselves would whisper "Forget-me-not," even if it had not all the gentle associations of our fairy-haunted childhood to bind it close round our hearts, the very myosotis had lost its melody, and its pale petals were mute and silent as we gazed listlessly on them. The woodbine clambering among the boughs of the hazel trees, invited our attention in vain; the painted honeysuckle was no longer the odour-breathing messenger of delight; the hedge rose bloomed unnoticed; the pencilled anemone—sweetest child of the woodlands—the sapphire-

hued hyacinth, the scented bee-orchis, the star-like daisy, the golden meadow cup, the purple cornflower and its bright companion the scarlet poppy—all which we used to cherish so fondly, and love so dearly, we now passed by unheeded, as we strolled through the lanes and meadows of our vale; or, if we looked on them, it was but to sigh and lament that time had so suddenly and so strangely swept away each trace of the bright fancy of our youth, and so ruthlessly deprived us of our dearest pleasure—the interpretation of the book of nature.

We have sat for hours watching the clouds as they flecked our sky, in their various shapes and various moods. We have stood, as before the holiest shrine—filled with the same awe, and worshipping with the same unutterable reverence, as we should have felt had we been kneeling before the grandest altar built by human hands—gazing on the gorgeous clouds of the evening sunset. We have watched them pile up their throne of purple, and gold, and crimson, and drapery with their curtains of splendour the night-bed of the sun; we have watched them then slowly and gently fall away, until they were nought but silver cups wherein the moon poured her white rays, and round which the stars were set, as they had been diamonds, about the edge. But the sunsets now were tame and dull, and the clouds seemed too sad to blush in beauty as before. And yet these are almost the loveliest objects in nature—these vapour-woven clouds! From the small light fleece that hangs like a baby-curl on the Blue, down to the black, thunder-charged giant of the storm, they are lovely, most lovely! Oh! how often have we followed them in their wild, mad career, when dark and swelling they have swept over the murky heavens, like frowns over a father's angry brow, veiling the sun's glance of love, and speaking of nought but indignation and punishment; and we have prayed, as we thus looked, that the wrath of the Heaven's Lord might never so veil his love from us! And then we have offered up our humble hymn of grateful praise, as these tempest-clouds melted away, and revealed again the glowing, glorious sun, and the bright blue of the Above. Ay, often have we made of nature our prophet, priest, and altar, and found that her teaching and her temple were both the holiest which we could know!

But nature was all changed now, and seemed like the sweet garden of Shelley's sad sensitive plant, only a pale, beautiful corpse, whose soul had fled while yet the outward loveliness remained the same.

We have few companions in our daily life, for there are few whose hearts suit well with our own. We cannot love the mean, and low, and coarse in soul; we shrink from such as we would shrink from a loathsome reptile. We are old now, and we have grown old with nature, and she, they say, is the best schoolmis-

tress, and refines and purifies all that she nurtures. We have not had the education of society; we have not had the teaching of the world; we have only had that which the brooks, and fields, and skies have taught us. But still, though clothed poorly and in rustic fashion, we involuntarily recoil from the vulgarity either of rusticity or wealth. We cannot love the mean, be it decked in court robes or the peasant's jerkin. We are not good ourselves. Heaven knows that many an unworthy thought, and many a sinful deed has stained our heart! But the bird, though soiled and tarnished its plumage, may still hover round the flower and flee far from the weed. And none, of all that we have ever known, is so good, and true, and pure, as our own dear Fanny Lawson!

And little wonder is it that we should so sadly miss our darling. Who is there now to gladden the solitude of the old man's hearth? Who is there now to come bounding down the hill, singing in her blithe tones which rival the lark in glee and the wood-pigeon in sweetness? Who is there to steal to our side when sad thoughts oppress, and painful remembrances sorrow us, and take our trembling hands in her own fresh, rosy fingers, while proffering the consolations of her soothing endearments? Ay, we have indeed nigh lost our all when we lost our bonnie bird! Would that she were safe by the old man—safe from the perils of that fearful place!

And thus we lamented; and thus we sighed for the day which should bring back our blooming Fan. But sighs and lamentations were alike unavailing, and two long, wearisome months had dragged their heavy days into the abyss of the past, ere we heard a breath of her return.

We are not the only one who sorrows for this absence. Henry Morton, the young curate, has grown pale, and thoughtful, and melancholy, since that hour when the wheels of the parting mail bore off the valley's pride. He little thinks that the old man has oft seen him, when he least dreamt that stranger eyes were on him. He little thinks that his melancholy wanderings by the river side, where the wood is thickest and the path most lonely, have been marked by us with a father's sympathy and pity. His eyes, too, look so heavy, and their lustre has faded; and his cheek is wan and thin, and his step slow and heavy. Well, he is a good lad, this Henry Morton; and his sermons are full of a gentleness and love that speaks well for the heart of the preacher. Our pretty Fan might bless him as his wife, and we should not feel that she had done *very* foolishly. And yet, the best man on earth is not good enough to call that lily HIS! Oh! did we ever see our pet child stand cowering as the injured wife before the angry glance or the angry words of her coward husband, by the eyes of Heaven, we would, old as we are, smite him to the dust! Our Fanny weep for the cruelty of a dastard craven, who, careless

the delicacy and the purity of her whom he swore to cherish and protect, tortures while he degrades?—oh, no! our heart would break, did we but dream that this might one day be her fate. And though we paid the penalty of death, we would rid the earth and her of her oppressor! But we are too warm. Such passionateness ill befits the grey head. And we ought to blush that we have not better eradicated this weed of youth—this hastiness of spirit. Henry Morton is a good lad, and he would not harm a very worm; how then could he look even coldly on such a creation as our sweet young bird? We have seen him stoop and place the caterpillar, and the worm, and the beetle, in a safer spot than was the highway, on which they were blindly hazarding their fragile lives, and he could not so belie his nature as to use a cruelty to her which he would not show to these! He may marry her, and we would bless them both. And yet—we love her best as she is, for now we know that she is safe.

Would that she would return! We fear that the poor curate will become seriously ill. Already he has faded as a flower deprived of light and warmth. We trust that no harm will befall the lad, but we do not like the pearly whiteness of his eyes, nor that cough which he has got.

Would that Fanny Lawson would return! Our old blood is becoming fevered, and in a short time we shall be driven forth, as by a restless, unquiet spirit, to search for our darling, and lead her safely back to her own green hills, and—Henry Morton.

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! Here you dear dirty children, here are pennies innumerable for you. Go to Mother Close, and empty all her plates and tins of every cake and sweetmeat there—the master has given ye all a holiday at the prayer of the old man. Off! away into the fields and woods, and sport like merry crickets the whole of this bright, blessed day. You flaxen-haired rogues, why do you stand there, laughing, and gaping, and staring with your audacious eyes, as though you thought that we had become daft outright? Do you not know, you vagabonds, you urchin sinners, you dot-and-carry-one birch-loving dunces, that she—*she*, the beauty—the flower—the darling—that she—Fanny Lawson—has come home?

"Yes, thou pretty lass; thou dost drop so nice a liitle courtesy, we must reward thee with a shilling. Yes, Miss Fanny has returned."

We ourselves saw her, with our own eyes, seated in the mail; and she saw us too, and leaned forward, and waved her white hands, laughing and crying together. We had such a hasty glance that we cannot tell how she looked—whether changed or no—from her London visit. But she was paler; that might be

from her journey. Yes, her paleness *must* be only that natural fatigue of travelling. We shall see her to-morrow, fresh as a rose, skip down the green hill, and run to our arms, our own same darling Fan. Hurrah! hurrah! this is the brightest day of all the early summer! We are an old fool! We could laugh and sing and dance for joy. And we could cry almost. Heyday! what is trickling down our venerable beard? Tears! as we hope to see our pet to-morrow! Well, well, it is time now to bid the world good night, when we have thus stepped into our second childhood, and must perforce weep for joy like a very baby at the breast.

"Good day, Master Morton! why you look gayer this morning, sir! The cough, too, seems better, and your cheek has a livelier tint. Aha! Master Morton, does the sun shine now?"

We were very impudent; but then we are mad to-day!—and the lad was so merry-hearted, and looked so blithe and kind that we could not resist our old man's joke. He pressed our hand, too, at parting, even warmer than in general. He was not offended at our freedom, but took it in good part, as it was meant. And yet he blushed; but people can blush from other feelings than those of anger; and love, convicted, blushes like a very maiden thief at the assizes.

We must now say our prayers and off to bed. We have busied ourselves the whole of this day. We have gathered fresh flowers and placed them in the cups, and jugs, and glasses—we own no vases in our poor hut—which we appropriate to this use; and we have weeded, more carefully than ever, every inch of our little garden, and rolled the walk till a very elephant could not leave a footprint on its hard, smooth surface; and we have arranged the books as she loves to see them, all orderly and neatly placed; and we have sung with our cracked, piping voice the whole day long. And now we are fairly tired; and so good night, our bonnie bird. May the angels guard thy fair head, and bring thee every beautiful and holy vision to delight thy dreaming soul! To-morrow we shall see thee again; to-morrow we shall hear thy sweet voice once more, and look into thy beaming eyes. We are very happy; and so is Henry Morton, if we could but stand by his pillow at this moment.

Timon! Timon! have some regard for our ears and thine own lungs. Down, dog, down! By the goddess of silence, thou art sending us mad! Timon! what has possessed the brute? Ah! good Timon! dear Timon! hey, lad, hey! thy eyes and ears were sharper than ours. Off! off! there she is! We see her walking swiftly along. Away, Timon, to welcome the darling! Faster, lad, faster! See, she is running now—here she comes—we see her curls flying in the wind—we hear her footsteps echoing

like fairy music, and now we can even hear her panting breath—here she comes! here she comes!—welcome, welcome darling, to this old heart. Oh! God, we thank thee for this hour! Fanny! sweet one! angel! let us look at thee again. Yes, it is our own Fan, our sweet child, our bird. Never mind these tears, Fan—they are only tears of joy. Why, little goosey, art *thou* weeping too? Ha! ha! ha! a pretty couple of brave hearts we both are. But these tears are better than the last we shed together, Fanny. Come into the house; let us seat thee on thine accustomed stool, and let us take off thy bonnet that we may look into thy dear face, for we have scarce seen thee at all yet. Our eyes are dimmed with pleasure. There!—now thou art once more in the place where thou hast sat so oft. And once more the old man is happy.

And now tell us, darling, of thy visit, and of all that thou hast seen and heard. But first let us remove thy hat. And now that we look more at thee, we see a change in thy appearance; what is it, Fanny? We are not much of a connoisseur in female dress, but we know the difference between thy past attire and thy present. What hast thou done with thy brown tresses? They used to hang in loose ringlets about thy face and neck, and now thou hast clipped their luxuriance and tortured them into a stiff, ungraceful knot round thy head. We do not like the fashion, Fanny darling. But thou smilest, as thou wouldst say, "And what canst thou, an old country dotard, know of women's fashions?" Very true, pet; we do not know their names, but our eye, accustomed to the graceful forms and symmetry of nature, soon tells us when art runs counter to *her* rules. And again, thy mantle, or cloak, or pelisse—we cannot name it—but is it London-make thus to cling so tight and close? It is scarce modest, Fanny. Ay, thou mayst smile again and again at our ignorance and presumption, but we repeat it—we have received a good education in the best school of art that there is! Art thou talking Greek or Hebrew, sweet life? We could exchange a few words in the first with thee, but we cannot understand what thou dost mean by that strange-sounding word—a polka! Thy coat is a polka? Dear one, for pity's sake explain thyself! What is it? What does it mean? what country did it come from? We are all abroad! Well, thou mayst laugh on; we love to hear the old merry trill of thy bird-like tones, but we still persist in saying that, fashionable or unfashionable, our sweet Fan's graceful form was never made for such unsightly exhibition. And this is a polka? We have read the word frequently in the papers which by chance have fallen into our hands, but we never knew its meaning before. In our simplicity we first imagined it to be a kind of reel or country dance, but we were mistaken, we find; and then we fancied it a disease, kind of infectious madness, but again we were mistaken; and it is only the name of a harmless pelisse! That is very strange; we

can hardly reconcile it though with the accounts which we have had of it! And this is thy new bonnet, of which thou didst tell us when thou last wrote? It is too small and wide, sweet one, and dwarfs thy pretty forehead by drooping so low over thy face. We liked thy large old straw hat, with its plain, dark-blue ribbons, and its fresh flowers, better than this—velvet, is it?—with that strange glittering feather. And inside, too—what hast thou got there?—what are these queer bead-looking things? We thought that only flowers were worn down the face—or ribbon, or something of the lace kind. But this thing!—no! no! we liked thy country fashions best, Fanny; and thy country cheeks were rosier, and thy country eyes brighter, and thy country ways and gait freer than now. No! we wish more than ever that thou hadst not been to London. But the heart is the same, sweet one? the love, the goodness, the religion, Fanny, not dressed in London fashions? Ah! that smile and that tear are both our own darling's! But there is a sadness in the smile, and a bitterness in the tear which we do not love to see.

And thou art glad to return home? Thou art glad to see thy good father, and thy gentle mother, and one other, the young curate Henry Morton? Nay, toss not thy head, dear life! Henry Morton is worthy of any woman's regard. He is a good, single-hearted youth, and thou knowest that he loves thee. What dost thou say—thou wouldst love a soldier better than a country curate? Then thou wert acquainted with some officers in London? Ay, now we see it all! And so we are foolish, thou thinkest, to ridicule thy new bonnet, when Captain—we did not catch his name, but no matter, we wish not to know it—when this Captain praised it? He was a bold man, Fanny, for daring to notice thy attire. We wish that we had heard him. What right had he to know whether thy robes became thee or not? Who gave him the liberty to look or speak? Insolent, heartless, puppy! We would have given it him well! We would have taught him the respect which is due to thee! Silence, child! thou oughtest not to defend his impertinence! We cannot bear that, even from thee. It was a rude, forward speech of his, and we should like to make him smart soundly for it. And so he—he—this brave, handsome captain—dared to stare and gaze upon thy face, and dared to tell thee that thy bonnet became thee! Heavens! every vein of our body is tingling! Would that we had been by—we would have protected thee from this insult! But we will not say any more of it. It is a painful subject to us, and it must be so to thee, else art thou fearfully changed.

Thou wert often at the theatres, and the opera, and at many balls, thou sayest? Ay, that was well! And to what church didst thou go, darling? Why dost thou blush? Why dost thou hang down thy head? Thou didst not go often there, thou whis-

perest? Ah, Fanny! that was not right in thee. Alas! alas! this visit has not done thee much service, we fear. And so thou didst go oft to places of pleasure, and but rarely to the temple of thy GOD! And this is London life? Well-a-day!

Thou hast tied thy bonnet—thy new bonnet, Fan, that we do not admire—earlier than thou used. Thou must go? Well, darling, we will not keep thee, if thou must in very deed leave us so soon; but we had rather have kept thee a few moments longer. But then the moments fly so swift when thou art by, that they have grown into all the manhood of hours ere we knew that they had escaped from their birth-cradle. And if thou must go, we must bid thee farewell. We are very, very glad to see thee again, Fanny. We have looked and longed anxiously for thee, and our poor old heart hath oft bled for pain at thy absence. Fare thee well, sweet one! Thou wilt come soon again? Fare thee well!

Would indeed that she had never left her own green valley, our Fanny Lawson! Oh, how fearfully is she changed! We would not have believed—could we have seen her present self in some magic mirror of the future—we could not have believed that form to be hers! Her eyes are restless, and wild, and sad. Tears come unbidden, rushing over their fevered orbs, seeming to give more pain than relief. Her step is heavy and slow, and without the grace of former days. It is now stiff, and mincing, and affected. She has grown pale and thin; oh, she looks ill! Her lips are feverish and swelled—her hands were burning. In her new dress, too, she scarce looks like Fanny Lawson. That short and light cloak, displaying each movement of her body, it is downright improper; and her hat, so gaudy, and glittering, and strangely shaped, it looks like an invitation, a challenge, to attention. Once she would have shrunk as much as we do now at the thought of thus clothing herself. And who is that insolent captain? She blushed when she mentioned his name, and we saw a glance of anger—the first we have ever seen in *her* eyes—flash upon us as we chid him in our hearts! Would that she had never gone! Oh, how sadly is she altered! We could sit down and die. Our pride in her is gone. The snow-white purity of our lamb is sullied; our dove hath stained her wing. Oh, would that we had died before we looked on her again! We should at least have died in the belief that she was pure.

And yet she is so young, so very young; and this was her first visit from her childhood's home; and she has, doubtless, met with much admiration, and attention, and flattery, and her little head is turned. She must be forgiven, our bonnie bird! All will come right. A few weeks' quiet living in the old place will bring back all the old feelings, and wipe off these new fancies and affectations. Yes, she is very young, and this change is but natural. It is we who are to blame for our cynic's harshness.

Poor child! we spoke to her roughly, we fear. She is our own good Fan yet, and this change will pass away like a morning's dream. All will be right—all *must* be right.

Fanny Lawson met walking alone, secretly, with an officer? Oh, we will not believe it! Fan—*our* Fan—do such a thing? Impossible! It is but a village tale trumped up by some envious gossips. Fanny Lawson walk alone, in the dusk of the evening, in the thick wood, with a strange soldier, a man that she fears to present to her father's eyes? It cannot be! And yet—how feverish and disquieted was she this morning, and how embarrassed her tone to Henry Morton as she passed him! Alas! alas! our heart is broken!

And he would again admire the gaudy bonnet. We wonder why we have taken so strange an aversion to that new bonnet. To us it seems an index of her heart; and while she clothes her form in London garb, it seems that she clothes her heart in London folly, and frivolity, and heartlessness. That bonnet is the sign of her evil genius. And the gay captain would again peer into that lovely face, and tell her that her dress became her. We could tear our hair for grief and rage together! May our curses light on all the pestilent train of the soul's seducers! What have they done to our child? They have polluted her heart! Ay, they have polluted the loveliest and holiest altar where purity could kneel! We had rather have seen her dead than as she is now. There is other pollution than that which the world names such. There is the desecration of the heart, and that is worse than many another sin of harder name. Fanny, Fanny! we had never looked for this from thee; we had as soon expected to see the dove's beak wet with the blood of carrion, as thy sweet innocence so soiled. Oh, that we had died before thou didst return! Would that our heart broke now! Would that every sob which is bursting forth would burst our life-bands! Alas! alas! Fanny! Fanny! darling! sweetest bird! thou hast slain the old man that loved thee so fondly! Die? Ay, we ourselves would have planted the knife rather than know thee to be thus fearfully changed! Lost! lost! our charm of life is lost with thy lost guilelessness!

What arms are these round us? What hair is that falling over our grey head as we bury our face in our hands, and moan as one in the anguish of pain by our solitary fireside? And oh! what lips are those which kiss our hand, and try to wipe away the tears that are falling—not from *our* eyes alone? It is our darling! It is our darling! Our own Fan—Yes, our own old Fan; for here she stands before us, with her brown hair falling almost below her waist—all unfastened and unconfined—with her old straw hat,

and its wild-flower garland—with her old beaming smile and pure look! It is our Fanny, or her blessed angel!

And thou hast wakened from thy brief dream? And thou hast come to make the old man thy confident? Yes, we hear thee, darling! we hear each smallest lisp of thy voice *now*. Thou didst love the bright, gay soldier, and didst fancy him a very hero? And he came, and thou didst meet him alone and secretly, and he repaid thy confidence of innocence with insult? And thy blood failed thee, and thou fell fainting to the earth? At thy waking thou wert in the arms of Henry Morton, who had followed thee unperceived, that he might, if need be, shield thee from harm? And thou didst confess thy frailty to him—the brave-hearted boy! and he told thee then that he loved thee even better than before? Thou wilt love him too, in time, Fan, and make him his good, true, little wife? Thou needest not shake thy pretty curls and look so sad. Thou wilt, little rogue! nay, thou shalt!

And now thou hast discarded all thy new fashions, and art once again our own Fan. Sweet! do not weep so bitterly. Thou hast done no wrong. Thou wert young, and unpractised in the world; and, after all, we say, like Henry Morton, we love thee better than ever. Ay, we love thee for that very sensitiveness and susceptibility which made thee more easily warped. But all is over now. Thou art once more the darling and the delight of the old man; and soon thou wilt be the dearer delight, the beloved bride, of the country curate. And thou wilt ask the grey-beard for his blessing? He will give it thee, sweet! Oh, we are very, very happy! We are happier than we were even on the day of thy return, for we had then a secret apprehension, darling! All is over—all is forgiven. Our Fan is our own fair, country Fan again! She shall be married, too, before this bright summer has fled. She shall be Henry Morton's wife, and she shall be blessed.

Keep it, Fanny, keep it as a memento of thy momentary weakness—keep it as a warning that thou must ever watch over thy heart, else it will lead thee astray, and make thee wander from the pleasant paths of virtue and goodness—not shown so much in action, as in the thoughts of the soul. And may a lesson not unuseful to the young be breathed out in this history of our darling's NEW BONNET!

BALLAD.

THE BURIED BELLS.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

(From an Irish Legend.)

Deep under the waters, down below,
Lie the bells that I stole away,
Through the dark, dark night and the wintry snow,
While our foes in slumber lay;
Up, up to the old grey tower we crept,
Where in ages long ago
Those silver bells their pastime kept,
Swinging merrily to and fro.
Those buried bells!
Those brave old bells!
Swinging merrily to and fro.

In the golden days of Ireland's fame,
They rang of her *faith* to tell,
And my saintly sires would have thought it shame,
Had I left them when *freedom fell;*
In those good old days they had sounded oft,
O'er bridal, font, and grave,
And my eye grew dim, and my heart grew soft,
As I buried them under the wave.
Those silver bells!
Those brave old bells!
Swinging merrily to and fro.

My heart will have wither'd and pass'd away
For ages, to silent dust,
When those bells shall return to the light of day
And the waters give up their trust;
Oh! then shall Erin's day-star smile
On her long, long night of woe,
And those bells be heard in the holy pile
Swinging merrily to and fro.
Those buried bells!
Those brave old bells!
Swinging merrily to and fro.

Note.

There is a tradition amongst the Catholic peasantry of Ireland, that at the Reformation *a ring of* beautiful silver bells belonging to one of their churches was taken down at midnight by a pious monk, and buried under the waters of some lake or river. Only one priest is supposed to be acquainted with their place of concealment, and he is bound to impart the secret on his death-bed to some other priest, in whose faithfulness and discretion he can repose implicit confidence. The popular idea is, that when the Roman Catholic religion shall re-assûme its ancient sway in Ireland, those SILVER BELLS will be raised from their secret hiding-place, and restored to the tower from whence they were originally stolen.

DIALOGUES OF THE STATUES.

No. V.

BY PETER ORLANDO HUTCHINSON.

George the Third's Statue in Cockspur Street, by Wyatt, to George Washington's Statue in the State House, Boston, Massachusetts, by Chantry.

"AND so, George Washington," said the statue of George the Third, in Pall Mall East, thus opening the dialogue, "you have thought fit to allow an Englishman to make your statue, in spite of the jealousy which America entertains towards Great Britain?"

"O Sir," returned the marble figure of the republican hero, "I know we hate everything British—Britishers especially; but as there are no sculptors in my young country, what could I do? I was obliged to go to England. When I was made we had no clever fellow studying at Rome, with a studio full of fine works of art, which do no small credit to his chisel, as we have now; and if a naked Venus, or an innocent Eve, arrayed only in the charms of nature, were brought over to my country, we understood the excellencies and objects of sculpture so well, that we are reported to have covered the unencumbered limbs of such ladies in petticoats and chemises. We are a decent people, we Americans; and our ideas of propriety are shocked at the idea of having ungarmented ladies standing on pedestals in our halls and lobbies. I hope your majesty awards us some credit for our modesty."

"I give you much credit for your simplicity," replied the king. "I have heard a story told of one of your countrymen," he continued, "who once paid a visit to Rome, during the progress of a European tour that he was making; and on his return home a friend asked him what he thought of that ancient capital? 'Why, as to that,' answered he, 'I guess it was a fine city at one time, but 'tis sadly out of repair now.' If these things are true, you will scarcely know how to estimate the points of excellence in your own statue, or to perceive the beauties of mine."

"Oh, no," said Washington, "I am pleased with my own because the face is like what mine was, and very much resembles the oil painting in Faneuil Hall; but it would have been better if I had been put into a general's uniform, instead of being wrapped round with a white sheet (which they call drapery), as if I were illustrating a ghost story. As to your majesty's statue, I scarcely know how to criticise it, except to condemn your own

tail and the horse's; but I remember that it was very much abused when it was first put up."

"That is always the case," said the king. "Every new statue in England, when it is first put up, always meets with abuse. I don't know why, but it seems to be the genius of the people. It was just so with the statue of my son, the Duke of York, on Carlton House steps; ditto of my other son, George the Fourth, in Trafalgar Square; ditto of Nelson, on the column; ditto of the Duke of Wellington, in front of the Exchange; in short, I could ditto it all round the country in the same manner. But the statue of Charles the First, at Charing Cross, which is manifestly faulty, is cried up as a pattern of perfection; for no other reason, that I know of, than because it is time-honoured. The body of the king is too short in the back, and the body of the horse is as bloated, and clumsy, and shapeless, as a bolster or a sack of wool. My own horse, on the contrary, is well-shaped, spirited, and symmetrical. Had the tail only been brought back so as to flow between the hind legs, it would have been altogether perfect. With regard to the modelling of myself, equal praises are due. My figure, proportion, style, and air resemble just what I was in my life-time; the expression of my features is good, and I sit well in my saddle; my pig-tail is too much like a tallow-candle, but even here the precise fashion of my day is more to be blamed than the sculptor who copied it so faithfully. I will defy you to find a better group in London. There has been some talk of removing me to the north-west corner of Trafalgar Square, and of bringing James the Second from Whitehall Gardens, where he is never seen, to my present site; but the rigid critics say that I am on too small a scale to match with the colossal dimensions of George the Fourth at the corner. What think you, Mr. Washington?"

"Well, now," was the answer, "considering that we are three thousand miles apart, and that the fogs of the Atlantic rises between us, I confess I can't see clear enough to fix that question right off."

"And considering the distance also," rejoined King George, "I beg to say that I don't hear you very distinctly, and I wish you would speak a little louder."

"Ahem!" cried the American, clearing his throat, "I will speak up as loud as our cannon did in the last war, if you like."

"That sarcasm is gratuitous," observed the royal figure, drawing up its bronze with an air of dignity. "The universal boasting of your countrymen is not a proof of national valour nor of national magnanimity. True valour and true greatness of mind are of nobler stuff than braggadocio is made of."

"Well, never mind," rejoined Washington, in a tone of patronizing conciliation; "Jonathan does boast a bit now and then. It

comes so slick off his tongue that he scarce knows when he does it. By the bye, talking of statues," he added, "there was once a leaden statue of you in the Bowling Green of New York, but we tore it down at the Glorious Revolution, and we cast it into bullets, and then fired these bullets upon the British."*

"That was a paltry revenge," rejoined the bronze in Pall Mall.

"Perhaps so. But it gave us bullets cheap, and it returned the king to his loyal subjects. It was about that time that we very nearly caught the young Duke of Clarence, your son, who was out there with his ship. Since I became a statue I have had leisure to think over the events of that war, and nothing puzzles my reflections more than to ruminate upon the extraordinary infatuation into which your ministers had fallen respecting the strength and resources of America. Their ministration was one grand mistake. They mistook us in everything; our power, our wishes, our intentions, our capabilities, our spirit, our temperament, our geographical features, our invincible resolution. This series of mistakes had its real origin embodied in the word contempt. But let me say, that in dozens of instances, whether in ancient or modern times, easy victories have been lost for no other reason than because the commanders despised their enemies. You despised us, your ministers despised us, your generals and your admirals despised us. What was the consequence? Why you and they got foiled, eluded, outwitted, out-manœuvred, and even beaten in almost every encounter. You looked upon us as grown people look upon quarrelsome children; and you thought you could whip us, or put us in the corner for being naughty, just as if we had worn frock, trowsers, and pinafore in the nursery. But we were fully breeched, and too strong for nursery treatment. The first grand exploit in the war was my blockading Boston, in Massachusetts, and driving you out of the city. These events have been dramatised at the national theatre in a play called 'The Boston Boys.'† This play is most everlasting perfection; there aint the beat of it in all nature."

"I dare say not," said the king, doubtingly.

"During the blockade of Boston I fired a ball out of a field-piece into the city from the Cambridge side, which stuck in the west front of Brattle Street Church; and when we took possession of the place we looked proudly upon that ball, I assure you. Instead of taking it out and filling up the hole we mortared it in

* This anecdote was told me by an American in New York. I believe, however, it has already been mentioned in English print.

† This play, which I saw in Boston, is preposterously ridiculous here and there; but as it nourishes an ill feeling towards Great Britain, it is very popular. In one scene a butcher's boy, carrying a leg of mutton in a basket, happens to meet several English officers in full uniform; and, on a dispute arising, the said butcher's boy, using the said leg of mutton as a cudgel, lays it about their shoulders, and puts them all to a precipitate flight!

firmly; and there it is to remain till the week after the last trump sounds."*

"And this," cried the statue in Pall Mall, "is the way you boast of your rebellions and treasonable deeds to me! Your rabble, too, co-operated with you by committing several excesses within the city; and they insulted me, their king, by attacking Mr. Hutchinson, my representative, the governor of the province of Massachusetts Bay. They assaulted his house in North Square, they broke his windows, they forced an entrance, they smashed and destroyed everything, and they would have assassinated him the righteousness of their cause, had he not succeeded in escaping by the back premises, and finally taking refuge on board the ship which soon after brought him and his family to England."

"Truly," returned the marble figure of Washington, "those were exciting times. And in that same ship, I believe," he added, "also embarked the family of the Copleys—the present Lord Lyndhurst then being a little boy of four years old?"

"For the only time in your existence, Washington, you are right—it was so."

"We little thought we had driven out of the province so great a painter, and the three times lord chancellor of Great Britain. I hope to goodness Governor Hutchinson told a good tale of us."

"He did," replied the king, "as far as truth was concerned; but the tale redounded very little to your praise. He was introduced to me by Lord North immediately on his arrival; and during a private but very lengthened interview I put fifty questions to him relative to your mad pranks. I inquired minutely into the origin, rise, and progress of discontent in America; the real intentions of the disaffected; their feelings towards the mother country; the excesses that had been committed; the spirit of the people, their power, their resources, their ultimate object, and the likelihood of their being able to cope with my fleets and armies, and, in short, I went fully and thoroughly into the business, so anxious was I to obtain every possible information from so authentic a source."

"I hope your majesty was satisfied?" said the republican, with some flippancy.

"I was satisfied of two things," returned the king. "I was satisfied first, that my people were more frightened than hurt; and secondly, I was satisfied that my representative had done everything in the power of man to uphold my authority and the supremacy of the laws in the province. As a proof of my approval of his administration in Massachusets, as a reward for his fidelity, and as some compensation for his losses, I there and then offered him a baronetcy and a thousand a year."

* This ball is still to be seen in the west front of the said church, projecting nearly one half its bulk from the surface of the wall.

"Which, of course, he accepted?"

"No, he did not."

"Not?"

"No."

"You surprise me."

"No," added the king; "for reasons of his own he begged to decline both."

"I reckon, however, that his descendants would just as soon that he had put his reasons and his pride into his pocket, and quietly taken both."

"Of that my statue knows nothing."

"By the way," proceeded Washington, "I believe that the governor at once committed the dialogue verbatim to paper which took place in the palace on that occasion, and that the American booksellers, knowing that it existed amongst the family papers, have tried to get hold of it, as an important addition to the history of New England?"

"I think I have heard something to that effect."

"But your majesty's statue says that we were more frightened than hurt, by which I understand that our dismay was greater than the provocation we received justified."

"Precisely; and no doubt it was. No plea has ever been brought forward that could justify the revolt in the American colonies. The misunderstanding began with nothing, and then it increased imperceptibly in virulence—just as a ghastly chasm may begin by an imperceptible crack. Small things lead to great, and experience proves that there is no such thing as a trifle in the world."

"I concede that small things led to great there. You imposed small burdens on us at first, which we complained of. Our complaints, instead of being considerately—I will not say respectfully—taken into deliberation by the English Parliament, were jeered at, or received petulantly, as if they had been the idle winings of a nursery of unreasonable infants. England, the parent of America, forgot the progress which its child had made towards maturity. Parents often make this mistake. You may not unfrequently hear a grey-headed old man talking of 'his boy John;' by which you conclude that this 'boy John' may be a strapping youth in his teens, rife in spinning peg-tops, flying kites, or a dab at ring-taw; but to your surprise, on coming in contact with this 'boy John,' you see a staid man of sedate aspect with a forehead getting bald, who has been married a dozen years, and who is the father of a numerous family. The aged sire, who recollects John in his cradle, forgets the number of years that have passed since. So it was with you towards us. You forgot our age, you forgot our strength. You thought we were still in leading-strings, and you tried to treat us as if we really had been so. You thought that

a stamp-act would cow us into submission; that a tax on tea would subdue us; that writs would alarm our fears; that an infliction of constables would scare us to holes and corners. The prescribing of these remedies betrayed how ignorant your ministers were of us, of our temperament, our spirit, our strength. Their pride was hurt that a young country should presume to remonstrate with them; and the arrogance of that oligarchy was one of the main causes of the American Revolution. Pitt was the only sensible man among you. He could look deeper than any one else. He comprehended the case; he foresaw the coming danger; he counselled concession. But Pitt spoke in vain, and the colonies were lost. When you received the first ambassador which we despatched to the court of St. James's after the war, you made an observation which will never be forgotten in America. 'I was the last person in England,' said your majesty, 'to acknowledge your independence, but now I will be the last to dispute it."*

"And you mean to say," returned the king, "that you—man first and statue afterwards—have cherished up that observation all these years?"

"Guess I have, and many other good ones besides. Look into our histories if you want to see what we cherish up. Our histories are the delight of all creation, for they are made up of the details of one everlasting victory, beginning when Hancock first put his pen to the declaration of independence, and ending—but not ending yet, for we must first have Oregon, and California, and Canada—and not ending, I may say, till old creation himself lies upon his death-bed."

"Your views are moderate," observed George the Third, drily.

"We never ask more than our due," rejoined the American.

"I hope your writers are equally correct," rejoined the king.

"Our writers," was the reply, "whether they are historians, novelists, or poets, triumph everywhere like our arms. So valuable do your booksellers think their works, that they eagerly buy up their manuscripts before the American publishers can get a sight of them."

"Preposterous falsehood!" cried the bronze. "You know that your booksellers will not purchase the works of their countrymen, patriotic as they may call themselves, and that their neglect drives the American authors to the English market, where they get a liberal price. You know they do this not undesignedly, for

* I do not recollect to have met with such a passage as the above in the written histories of the American war; but words nearly verbatim to that effect were more than once uttered and dwelt upon by persons in America, when I entered upon a discussion of that period with them. They cherish the sentiment with some pride, as the wisest observation that George the Third ever made, and they are fond of quoting it.

as soon as their countryman has sold his book in London for a thousand dollars, they get out a single copy when it is printed, which perhaps costs them a single dollar only; and from this, in New York or Philadelphia, they immediately print off a large edition. Thus, in the place of a thousand dollars, they get all they want for one. This may be an ingenious manœuvre in the eye of a tradesman, but to all other eyes it does not wear the aspect either of honesty, honour, or patriotism. When Dickens was amongst you he exerted himself about the long-talked-of international law of copyright, such as would amend these corruptions; but the very persons who should most have bestirred themselves to promote so laudable an arrangement found it their interest the most strongly to oppose it—to wit, the booksellers; hence the matter dropped."

"I know nothing of international copyrights," returned Washington. "I only know that every trader has a right to buy the cheapest way he can, whether it is lumber in the back woods, or, I was going to say, lumber in London."

"That is a free-trade principle," said King George's statue, "which is starving all the home-grown American authors. No wonder you have no native literature. Everything is imported. You encourage nothing indigenous. Several of your writers have themselves complained of this, but to no purpose. All your creditable authors have travelled; the home-reared ones are raw, ignorant, and puerile in the extreme. Washington Irving is a clever fellow; but he is now settled down for good to take his ease on the banks of the North River. Cooper is a clever fellow too—especially in the prairie and on the ocean; but if his writings have found honour, his grimaces in the corners of ball-rooms, and his unmeet airs, assumed on the presumption of his fame, have not gone unnoticed or unlaughed at. Willis got a severe reprimand for detailing to the world the cosy confabs in the private circles of London. This, however, was considered a breach of confidence which did not destroy the intrinsic talent in his pages; but such a consummation is nearly achieved by his twaddling affectations, and the foolish nonsenses of his conceited diction. Let a man speak like a man, say I. English travellers have spoken of your writers as well as of your readers."

"Oh!" cried the marble Washington," your English travellers who have crossed the Atlantic to look at the first nation under the sun, are a set of partial and bigoted falsifiers."

"If they contradicted each other," rejoined the king's figure in Pall Mall, "I might think so too; but when they all agree in representing you in the self-same light, it is hard not to believe what they say."

"It's a conspiracy," said the marble.

"It's a conviction," proceeded the bronze. "They have seen and they have recorded, and their opinions all tally one with another. There must be truth in this. It has been thus from Basil Hall down to Dickens. Mrs. Trollope and Fanny Butler spoke plainly, but they have scarcely exaggerated at all. Miss Martineau favoured you much more, but even she was not complimentary enough to please you. When Dickens was in the States you were in terror of his pen by anticipation, even whilst you were feasting and caressing him. From Captain Marryat you hoped for the blandest accents, from his connection with the country—you know his relations in Boston? Well, never mind—but as soon as his work came out, you were up in arms against him, just as you always are against every traveller, as soon as he has expressed his opinion of you. Everybody, you see, has said the same thing. Why, even Cooper, in his work on England, when drawing comparisons between the two countries, is unable to flatter his countrymen; and so favourable is his picture of English society, English education, English manners, and English institutions, that you took alarm at his book, and well-nigh thought him a traitor for saying that the tone of society in London was higher than that of Washington or New York. Credit him if you discredit the English travellers."

"Will your majesty relieve me from further conversation?"

This was an abrupt ending.

THE INROADS OF TIME.

BY MRS. ABDY.

I STOOD by the ruined and desolate towers,
Where power had once revelled and beauty once smil'd,
Now brightened alone by a few clinging flowers,
Now peopled alone by the birds of the wild.

Those halls had once echoed with laughter and jests,
The lute's silver sound and the minstrel's soft rhyme,
I pictured their radiance, their mirth, and their guests,
And sighed to reflect on the inroads of time.

Then I thought on the changes in life's tearful vale,
I thought on the maidens, young, beauteous, and glad,
Whose smiles were now sadden'd, whose cheeks were now pale,
Whose bright, beaming eyes had grown clouded and sad.

I thought on the fondly-lov'd friends of my youth;
Alas! how the record was darken'd with gloom;
Some wander'd afar, some had chang'd in their truth,
And the dearest and kindest were laid in the tomb.

Then I thought how my spirit was humbled and quelled,
Unfit with life's stern disappointments to cope,
How sorrow the visions of youth had dispelled,
How years had destroyed the bright phantoms of hope.

The world, so enchanting in girlhood's blest days,
I feared for its falsehood and loathed for its crime,
Desponding I turned from life's desolate ways,
And wept to reflect on the inroads of time.

Thus lonely and musing, sad vigils I kept,
Till, wearied with images mournful and drear,
My languid eyes closed, and methought as I slept,
These words soft and solemn were breathed in my ear.

"Why check not these useless regrets in their birth?
The inroads of time why thus weakly deplore?
There is not a gift that I take from the earth
But in lavish profusion the good I restore.

"Why grieve o'er the towers I have felled to the ground?
Each vestige of ruin why mournfully trace?
Oh! raise thy sad eyes, and look joyfully round
On the proud, stately cities that rise in their place.

"The great truths of science, in days long ago,
Were feebly and faintly disclos'd to the sight,
But I nurs'd them with tenderness watchful and slow,
And I brought them in strength and perfection to light.

"When the good have been called from the evil to come,
The mourners have turned from each source of relief,
Till my power has brought peace to their sorrowful home,
And by balm has been gradually pour'd o'er their grief.

"Thou dost not retain the enjoyment and peace
That gladdened thy lot in more prosperous years!
But say, would'st thou wish that the ties should increase
That bind thy fond heart to a valley of tears?

"The hand whose advances have caus'd thee to shrink,
Conducts thee, unchanging existence to know,
And I shadow each hope, and I weaken each link,
That I deem might incline thee to linger below.

"Then chide not my progress, not long will it last,
But fix thy firm hopes on a happier clime,
Where my course shall be finish'd, my power shall be past,
And the might of eternity triumphs o'er time!"

HENRY VINING, THE DRAPER'S ASSISTANT.

BY MRS. G. HOWES.

HENRY VINING was the only son of his widowed mother. His education had been anything but neglected, considering the limited means of his surviving parent. Who but those similarly circumstanced could know the privations of that poor widow in order that her son might be "a scholar?" Many a time has she dwelt with delight on the prospect of her boy's advancement in life as she sat in her old arm chair watching Henry at his studies; at which times she has been almost tempted to fancy him a future alderman or bishop. But what fancies will not a mother's love conjure up! It does not appear possible to the fond parent that the child she has nursed with so much tenderness and care can be anything but good and great; every one that beholds him, she thinks, must also love and admire him—must at once see the beauty of his face or the handsome expression of his fine eyes. The reader will agree with me in thinking the readiest road to a mother's heart is to be obtained by admiring her children.

A mother's love! oh, 'tis a sacred thing! I could dwell on the thought for ever. There is the ark of shelter, like Noah's dove, if all is cold and dark without, the child can return to the heart of his mother and will find a shelter there; when all other hearts and arms are closed against him, he will still find hers open to receive him. How gently will she soothe the wounded feelings of her child, how carefully attend him when sick! But I am wandering from my story.

At the age of fourteen our hero was bound apprentice to a draper in his own native village. Henry was then all buoyant with hope, and delighted at the prospect of one day being able to repay in some measure the love of his mother by supporting her in old age. Many a time did Henry exclaim when a boy, on seeing his mother employed in some menial occupation, "When I grow a man you shall not work in that manner; no, if I have to work night and day to support you."

I think I see him now, when, as he first entered on his business, the picture of health and happiness, with his rosy cheeks, cherry lips, and smooth, polished brow, surrounded by luxuriant curls. He, though a lad of fourteen, set all the girls' hearts a longing to know who would be his favoured one; and many a ribbon or flower was found wanting by the fair girls of H—— merely that they may be served by, and obtain a smile from "the

handsome apprentice." Even the elder ladies confessed they preferred Master Vining to wait on them, for he was not afraid of a little trouble, and they could depend on him giving them good articles; then his taste was so very good, he would not recommend what was not becoming, and by these means Henry became in full requisition in Mr. Thompson's shop.

Poor Henry! how I pity you. Little did you think, when you entered on your business, that yours would be such a life of slavery both in body and mind. You thought it would be very easy to measure a few yards of silk, and delightful to assist a pretty girl in the selection of a bonnet to become her face; and then the sweet smile you would obtain for your pains was ecstasy. You could not then see trouble in perspective; no, you were in the hey-day of youth, in the full enjoyment of health and happiness. Your life was like a beautiful summer's day, calm and delightfully pleasant. You thought not, as you revelled in pleasant dreams of the future, that winter was so near with its cold hand to blight all your prospects. 'Tis well for you, fair youth, and many others, that you cannot see into futurity. Who could tread the thorny path of life with the picture of a dreary future ever before their eyes! But how delightful to those who have passed through toil and troubles, surrounded by temptations to lead them from the path of virtue—how delightful to these must be the thoughts of a hereafter, when they shall dwell in heaven, where the weary are at rest and the wicked cease from troubling. Ah, Henry! I again say, you were in the hey-day of life; whilst gathering the roses you thought not of the thorns that were hid behind the leaves; you dreamt not of the many hours you would be compelled to stand behind the counter; how many times you would have to race up and down your employer's shop to please some fastidious customer; you never thought how the eyes of the shop-walker would be upon you to spy out any little fault you might commit, that he might report the same to his master. You did not suppose there would be no time for the cultivation of your mind, the noblest part of man; no, that must not wander farther than the counter or the contents of its drawers.

Men of the world, I call on you to cultivate your intellectual faculties, that you may bear the marks of God about with you; for it is not the physical portion of you—the lump of clay—that resembles the Creator, but the immortal intellect. Take away man's mind, and tell me what difference there is between him and the mere animal creation? Does it not then behove every one of us to cultivate and improve our mental faculties? All will allow there is a wide difference in men's capacities; yes, they are like unto various soils, some will yield an abundance without much cultivation, whilst others need all the care and watchfulness of the agriculturist to produce fruit at all; but it is not on that account

to be neglected. That which we have toiled hard to achieve will appear the sweeter when accomplished. Then, again I say to my fellow-creatures, Cultivate your minds, the noblest portion of your existence; be not so careful of the outer adorning of the casket, but be sure the jewels are bright within.

Men of money, you who have many of your fellow-creatures toiling for you, pray have a thought for them; remember they are human like unto yourselves; allow them a little time to cultivate their minds; show them the necessity of so doing by your own example. You yourselves will be the gainers as well as they. Instead of having about you discontented beings, you will be surrounded by men and women delighted to serve you, and contented in the situation of life they have been called to fill.

Our hero's apprenticeship was easy compared with many of our rising youth, for village shops are not usually kept open so late as are those in large towns and cities. Henry, too, after the close of business, found an hour or so to wander by the side of some running brook, or saunter in a shady lane, accompanied by Eliza, the maid of his choice, there to contemplate the works of nature. Who can behold the luxuriant fields studded with waving corn, or the smooth and quiet rivulet flowing in its peaceful bed, without raising his heart in gratitude to the Creator who has provided so many blessings for his creatures? There are few human beings who do not feel their minds and hearts expand as they wander forth on a summer's day; even the infant, as it is carried abroad in the arms of its nurse, expresses with its bright eyes and elastic body the thankfulness its tongue cannot as yet utter.

These walks kept Henry's frame in health, and there was the delight consequent on looking forward to other rambles of the same kind, which made his work sweet and his duty easy.

But Henry's apprenticeship was drawing to a close, and it was deemed prudent by his friends that he should go to London to obtain a greater knowledge of his business. In due time Mr. Thompson, at the request of our hero's mother, procured for him a situation in one of the large London houses with which he was connected.

What heart is there that cannot feel for Henry's poor mother! Oh, the anguish she endured at the thought of her darling boy's absence; the many doubts she entertained of him being led astray by bad company; the fear she should never see him again, and if she did, would he be the same affectionate son and fine handsome young man he now was? All these thoughts crossed her mind, and as they vanished were followed by others as sorrowing. To see how the tears bedewed the different articles that were placed so carefully in his boxes, and I almost think that some of them received a kiss from her lips when she thought they would be worn by her sweet and promising boy. "But then it is for his

good," she would say, when she saw poor Eliza buried in grief, and then added, "Do not weep, my dear child, he will return and claim you for his bride; and oh, how happy shall we then be!"

Yes, although that poor mother's heart was almost breaking, she still strove to comfort the afflicted Eliza. Oh, could you have seen him on the morning of his departure, all health and expectation, delighted with the thought of seeing the great Metropolis, it would have pleased you; but his heart was saddened when it was time to bid his mother farewell. He threw his arms round her neck, and kissed her over and over again, and said, "Mother, I hope soon to return to be to you a comfort and support." He then kissed the damp cheek of Eliza, who raised her soft eyes to his, and asked him not to forget her. "Forget thee!" he exclaimed, as he started with surprise, "no, not till life is extinct shall I forget my Eliza!" He then parted her clustering curls and gazed into her face as if to impress it still more on his memory, and, again pressing her to his breast, he sprang upon the coach that was to convey him from all he loved. Who, to have seen that young man, would have believed that in only a few years he would become a wreck of what he then was, and comparatively an old man! But such is the startling fact with many a promising youth besides our hero.

We now find Henry in his new situation, toiling from seven in the morning till eleven or twelve at night, on his feet all those hours, with the exception of the short intervals allowed for meals; deprived of fresh air, confined in an overheated shop. What effect, reader, do you think this must have had on the constitution of our hero? Think you not it must soon work a change in his blooming cheeks? Think you not that these long hours and constant standing must hasten his death? Ah, yes! his youth and buoyant spirits, and the pleasure of beholding so great a change as is presented in London, may bear him up for a time, but only for a time. He, like many others, will soon feel that his strength is not sufficient for his employment. He retires to bed after the labours of the day scarcely able to drag his weary limbs after him; he rises in the morning unrefreshed, for he has been too tired to sleep; his cheeks are flushed, his eyes are radiantly bright, and he every now and then stops to wipe from off his fevered brow the starting drops of perspiration; he has no healthy appetite; he is always fancying he could eat this thing or that, but if he has the opportunity to obtain it he still feels the same longing for food, which, if present, he turns from with aversion.

But who is there to note the change these long hours are working on his beautiful frame? Do any of the pretty faces he once thought it such a pleasure to serve mark his early decay? No, no, or they would not be found in shops after dark; they are, I fear, too intent on adorning themselves; they are preparing for

some gay festival, or are wholly taken up with the many fine articles exposed to their view. Those who love him are far away. His mother and Eliza would have seen in a moment that all was not right; but he could not have the heart to tell them he was not well—it would, he thought, only raise their fears without doing any good. "And if I were to write," he would say to himself, "what could I say? Merely that I am not so strong as I was when I left home—that I have a slight cough; it would be folly to alarm them." Foolish young man, this is the commencement of thy premature decay!

* * * * * * *

Stay, lady, in that merry dance, give me but a minute of thy time, and I will show you a sight that will make those bright eyes weep. Do you remember that sickly young man who "had the pleasure" of waiting on you at Mr. Thompson's shop? Did you note how mild and gentle he was, how he strove to please your taste, how often he went to the far end of the shop to bring the different articles you required? Poor fellow! he had been on his feet from seven in the morning, and when you purchased your dress it was past nine at night. Did you ever, whilst selecting the different articles you required, say to yourself, "This poor fellow seems tired, he looks worn out with our fatigue; I wish I had come in the morning or afternoon, for I had little or nothing else to do?" Lady, if you have not already made the good resolution of never purchasing after dark, I am sure you will do so now, even if you have to put off some trifling job of needle or household work that can be done as well in the evening. Yes, lady, I think you will when you have seen what I will presently show you. Here, throw this shawl around thy tender shoulders and draw on these warm shoes for fear you take cold. Now we will step across the road to yon small house that looks so neat and clean. Please to notice how carefully the furniture and even the most trifling articles are arranged. We will enter the little room on the left; be not afraid, there is no one there will hurt you; there is no disease there for you to catch, to spoil that beautiful face of thine. Behold the sight I have brought you to witness! It is a widow woman leaning over her dying son, to catch every word as it falls from his lips; that son was the last tie that bound her to earth. She was deprived of her husband when young, but then she was comforted, for God in his mercy had not left her desolate. "God is good, very good," would she say, in her sorrowing heart; "he has left me my boy, my beautiful Henry!" Lady, have you recognised this dying youth? Do you not remember that voice, now so hollow? Alas! how changed is he since you first saw him. Do you ask what worked this change? I will tell you. *It was long hours of unceasing labour;* it was his incessant exertions in endeavouring to please the ladies' fancies in Mr. Thompson's shop. What can

be more trying than to be constantly striving to please those who scarcely know what will please themselves?

Yes, fair lady, many a mother has lost her only and darling son, many a sister has lost a beloved and gentle brother, and many a fair maiden her lover, by *the late hours of shopkeeping.*

Look at his wasted arms, they are almost transparent. What is it he would have? A little wine to moisten his parched lips. How gently it is administered; Look at the mother's heaving breast; her heart will burst with anguish. "Oh, my boy, my darling child, is it for this I nursed your tender infancy, thus to see you die in what should be the pride of life! I cannot survive thee, indeed I cannot! Oh, that you had never come to London, *these long hours have killed you!*"

Hark! he speaks, and holds out his hands to the fair maid that approaches, "Mother and Eliza, I must leave you; God has called me from a world of toil. Grieve not that I must go first, you must follow sooner or later; be thankful that I am prepared to quit this tabernacle of clay. But yet I hoped to live to be a comfort to you both. Eliza, love and cherish the declining days of my mother; be to her a daughter; comfort one another."

"You must not leave us, Henry," exclaimed the frantic girl; "I cannot part from you, no, no!" and she buried her face in the bed-clothes.

He now placed his hands on the head of the kneeling girl by his side, raised his eyes to heaven, his lips moved; it was to implore a blessing on his own Eliza and his tender mother. Yes, with his last gasp he blessed the loved ones of his heart, for the young man had ceased to breathe.

Turn, lady, from the appalling sight, for I fear it will be too much for thee to behold the anguish of that sweet girl and the maddening despair of the afflicted and desolate mother. Go forth, lady, and tell thy mothers, sisters, friends, what thou hast seen—the last agonies of the departed youth, whose death was caused by protracted and unceasing toil, *by long hours of shopkeeping.*

* * * * * * *

The reader has, doubtless, recognised in this dying youth our hero, Henry Vining, who started from his native village all hope and happiness, but ere three years passed he is a cold corpse. He remained in his situation as long as possible; but as he found he became incapable of performing his duty (a hard duty it was), he wrote to his widowed mother to come to him. She came, and with her Eliza to assist in nursing her darling Henry to health and happiness again. But their hopes were blasted, for he lived not to repay their kindness.

May this little tale, which is founded on facts I have lately been called upon to witness, speak to the hearts of my fair and tender readers. There is at this time many a promising youth—

and not only young men but fair girls—languishing and dying through being confined in unhealthy and overheated shops so many hours. Females of England! will you see your sons and daughters sinking into untimely graves, and not strive all in your power to arrest their progress? This is not a subject that requires a legislative enactment; it all rests with yourselves. Will you, fair women of England, continue to have the shops open till ten or eleven at night, or shall they be closed at reasonable hours? If you make your determination not to purchase after dark, you will soon find the shops will be closed early. Thus you perceive, by the simple act (for it does, to a casual observer, appear trifling whether you purchase your goods by daylight or candlelight), many will have to bless you for helping to work out a much desired reformation.

This is no trifling question; it is a matter which involves the happiness or misery, the life and death, of thousands of our fellow-creatures. Let the individual who doubts this assertion, think of the painful case of our deceased hero Henry Vining.

THE POET, *VERSUS* MAMMON.

BY MRS CHARLES TINSLEY.

Beside the highway of the world,
The man of wealth a minstrel met;
The first with many a badge unfurl'd
Of that wherein his heart was set;
But riches showed the poet none,
Save the soul-light his face upon.

No thought in common had those twain,
No hope, no interest, no desire;
Each knew that each in conflict vain
Might only strive as wave with fire;
Yet side by side awhile they stood,
Each marvelling at the other's mood.

At length with scorn the rich man said,
"Wild dreamer! from that world of thine,
Through which thou rovest, phantom-led,
Of which thou boastest things divine,
What treasure hast thou gain'd whose worth
Would stand the searching test of earth?

"Thy vapid words that feed the wind,
Thy raving visions, all unshar'd,
Thy fabrics built for none to find,
Methinks the world could well have spar'd;
A better place it sure would be
Redeem'd from idlers such as thee."

Like lightning flash'd the sudden ray
That from the poet's deep eyes broke,
And ere its proud blaze died away,
The immortal to the mortal spoke:—
"Think'st thou no treasures round us lie,
But such as thy dull wants supply?

"Can all thy gold—from darkness brought,
And thither tending—loose the springs
Of the high, earnest, holy thought,
That breathes through all created things?
Can all thy power the glory chain,
That speaketh yet to thee in vain?

"If that which God so freely gave,
Be less than that which man hath won;
If treasure's heap'd to gorge the grave
Hide all the nobler soul hath done;
If *thou* hast sown the immortal seed,
A wasted trust is mine indeed!"

From his high throne Jove heard the strife,
A strife so often heard before;
"And by mine own eternal life,"
He said, "I'll see this contest o'er;
Summon them both, that each may give
His soul's account for right to live."

And straightway at heaven's throne appear'd
Two spirits, clad in different guise;
One dauntlessly his brow uprear'd,
And drank the radiance with his eyes;
The other in a neighbouring cloud
Shrank back, with heart and aspect bowed.

"What right, what claim hast *thou* to urge,"
Thus sternly Jove the bard address'd,
"That darkness into light should merge
For thee, bold scanner of the bless'd?
Know'st thou none claim the second birth
Save those who pass'd it upon earth?"

"And with that claim, and with that right
I now come forth near thee to live,"
The poet said; "to me thy light
Was the sole glory earth could give;
Its dullness I was doom'd to bear,
But in its worship I'd no share.

"In thy great temple spread below,
Whose priest was nature, bow'd I not
Till all the grosser thoughts that grow
With mortal teaching, were forgot?
Lived I not there as one whose thought
Was from a far off region brought?

"I heard thy voice in every breeze,
I learn'd thy deep love from the flowers;
The leaf-tuned hymn of forest trees
Rose up with mine throughout all hours;
And sun, and moon, and stars, still bore
My spirit all thyself before.

"And now I only hail the bliss,
The glory elsewhere half reveal'd;
Heard 'mid so many hours, in this
Thy voice hath through my spirit peal'd
With a familiar tone, that tells
What blessedness around thee dwells!"

"No stranger thou," Jove smiling said;
"Thou'lt meet with none save brothers here:"
Then turn'd he where, with drooping head,
And senses half o'ercome by fear,
The worldly man bewilder'd lay,
Wishing himself, in truth, away.

"What are *thy* claims? Stand boldly forth,
The final sentence all must bide;
Here are no skulking nooks for worth,
No masks the sordid heart to hide;
Bring'st through strife and death, one tone
Of thought or feeling Heaven may own?

"No answer? Comes there no reply
From all thy spirit's tuneful chords,
To the rich, subtle melody
That this harmonious realm affords?
Away! vile groveller as thou art,
Thus to cast off thy better part!

"Go! with thy idol, gold, henceforth
Enjoy one common doom, to rot;
The things that gave thee might on earth—
Thy all—be thou with them forgot:
Thou fancied grasper of the real,
Wert *thou* the slave of the ideal?

"Yet stay; thou shalt awhile return
To earth, and teach this lesson there:—
That they alone whose spirits burn
For purer joys, in heaven's may share;
That worldlings, when they hither come,
Though eloquent below, are dumb."

Thus straight dismiss'd, his downward path
That spirit took, once more at large;
And if, amid Jove's fiery wrath,
He gain'd some knowledge of Jove's charge,
Gladness at this his doom's delay
Made him forget it by the way.

SKETCH OF A CHARACTER.

In the same house in which I once resided lived an artist, his wife and four young children; and fortunate do I consider myself in having met with one so refined, although eccentric as was the "vegetarian" painter.

His diet, clothing, conversation, and opinions differed from those of the generality of mankind, and his appearance for an Englishman was most singular, as he was attired in an oriental garb. His long black hair fell in massive ringlets upon his shoulders, and his face was bright and transparent as the peel of an apricot. A razor was never suffered to approach his rich flowing beard and fine black whiskers. His eyes were bright, soft, and beautiful, over which his glossy and arched brows were conspicuous. His forehead was lofty, and he possessed a countenance that betokened the presence of an intellect of the first order.

For a moment I viewed the person whom I have attempted to describe as one of those beings who delight in making themselves appear singular, merely for the purpose of wishing to be thought eccentric characters, and who must have great homage paid to their *mightinesses* ere they can be approached by ordinary individuals. Such, however, was not our hero; his manners were most prepossessing, and I at once felt *at home* in his company.

The artist abstained entirely from the use of intoxicating drinks and animal food, and tried to induce me to adopt the same system of diet as was practised by himself.

I must confess that when in company with the painter I always felt as if in the presence of a superior specimen of humanity. The religion of Christ informs us that temperance and self-denial are virtues of a very high order, and these were eminently practised by my fellow-lodger.

The artist's ideas, however, on some points were utopian. On more than one occasion, when in my presence, he intimated a belief in the probability of man's enjoying a state of physical or *mortal immortality*. On first hearing this novel doctrine broached, I replied as follows:—

"Pardon me, my dear sir, but I cannot conceive how your views can possibly be realized; do you not perceive that if human beings continue to be born into the world, and none are removed from this stage of existence, that the earth would be so full of men and women as soon have to be packed on each others' shoulders?"

"I firmly believe," said the painter, in reply to my objection, "that so pure will ultimately be the nature of man he will not even feel a desire to propagate his species. I cannot see anything," continued he, "in the mechanism of the human frame to argue against its adaptation for a *physical immortality.* Man, instead of that which he now is—gross and sensual—will become a spiritual being. With the superior means of cultivating land that will hereafter be discovered, and the diminished quantity of food refined and spiritual beings will require to sustain life, I hesitate not to say that man will need no more than the produce of twelve square yards to maintain his corporeal frame; which frame, I believe, will emit the perfumes of the nectarious aliment by which it will be supported."

Although I could not reply to the above startling arguments or assertions, yet my mind remained unconvinced of their truth and propriety.

True it is that my friend was at times enthusiastic (who does not occasionally *dream?*), yet he possessed in a high degree many substantial virtues that reflected the greatest credit on himself and his system. He was an excellent husband, an affectionate father, and a sincere friend.

On becoming more familiar with my eccentric companion, I made bold to inquire what caused him to entertain and adopt his singular views and practices. He informed me, in reply to my interrogations, that when young he read with delight the writings of Pestalozzi, which awoke in his mind a spirit of benevolence. The painter then related to me the following circumstances connected with his history:—

"At the age of seventeen," said the artist, "I discontinued the use of intoxicating drinks, and soon after thought of confining myself to vegetable diet and farinaceous food. A butcher's stall, an object of admiration to the generality of men, ever was to me a most unpleasant sight to look upon. To put to death the tender and playful lamb, to sacrifice the fatted calf, to fell the stately ox, are actions that will ever be repulsive to the better feelings of humanity; and they who partake of the flesh of these animals, in my opinion, practise a species of cannibalism. But to the question. It is now ten years since I visited B——, when sheer accident threw me in the way of a brother artist of the name of Y——. Mr. Y—— and myself soon became acquainted, for I found in him a man after my own heart. My friend and all his household abstained from the use of animal food and intoxicating drinks, and never did I behold a finer and more healthy set of people.

"The artist's house formed a museum. The many fossils in his possession were collected and arranged with his own hands, and he stuffed the numerous rare birds that adorned his dwelling.

"The little back parlour in which I spent so many delightful

hours was an epitome of Paradise. This apartment was decorated with some fine specimens of oil paintings and exquisite copper-plate engravings. The furniture was not rich, but in everything around me I observed that neatness and uniformity were displayed. There was, however, in the apartment that which was much more pleasing to me than gold mouldings, elegant mirrors, or satin-covered chairs and couches, for many of the standard periodicals of the day were on the tables, and in one corner of the room was a large book-case containing a well-selected library. A tortoiseshell cat and her kitten were frolicking on the hearth, whilst two beautiful spaniels occupied as many ottomans, which were placed on either side the fireplace. The room contained two windows, at each of which hung a cage; one contained a canary, in the other was a goldfinch. The doors of both these cages were open, so that the birds could fly to and fro at their pleasure. The little songsters, who took advantage of the liberty granted them, flew about the room, now perching on the back of this chair, then on the rails of that; now alighting on the head of one person or on the shoulder of another, in doing which they occasionally approached near to Miss Tabby, her kitten, and the dogs, none of whom, however, attempted to molest them, although birds are generally considered the natural prey of these animals.

"You will perhaps think me foolish to relate such trivial circumstances, but I assure you the good understanding that existed between these dumb animals pleased me uncommonly, and I could not help thinking that abstinence from animal food on the part of the family whose roof I was under had a share in producing the peaceable and interesting state of things by which I was surrounded.

"Some persons who show what is termed an unwonted regard for their dogs and cats are frequently stigmatized as old maids or misanthropists, and are sometimes accused of being regardless of the wants and sufferings of their fellow-creatures; these charges, however, do not hold good in the present case, for my friend is deservedly a popular man among the humbler classes in B——, for his unabated exertions in endeavouring to improve their physical and mental condition. Each of my friend's daughters, who, by the way, were beautiful girls, had what they well deserved—a good-looking and respectable suitor.

"I have either read of, or heard," continued the artist, "that our national character for bravery may, with some truth, be imputed to the fact of Englishmen partaking so freely of their far-famed roast beef, and I quite concur in the opinion; for do we not give raw meat to our mastiffs and bulldogs to make them savage? Your human mastiffs and bulldogs roast the flesh intended for their food ere they eat it, and consequently are not thought *quite* so brutal as the above-named quadrupeds."

At this moment a man carrying a bullock's heart passed by the sitting-room window of the artist, seeing which, he said,

"Look at yon mass of mortality with that bullock's heart dangling in his hand, and behold what carnivorous glances he throws at the disgusting object as he thinks on the slices he will devour for his supper to-night or his dinner to-morrow. How much, think you, my friend, is he removed from the savages of the South-sea Islands, in the matter of his gastronomical propensities?"

He now continued his narrative.

"Previously to the visit I paid my brother artist, I read the life of Dr. Franklin, which convinced me that a man may perform a goodly portion of labour without partaking of animal food. The perusal of this book, therefore, formed another inducement in favour of the determination I had made to confine myself to vegetable and farinaceous diet. The circumstance which I am now about to relate, however, caused me at once to exclude from my table the flesh of animals.

"Living, as I did, next door to a butcher's shop, I could from my back-room window hear and see much that was going on in the slaughter-house of my neighbour. On one occasion I happened to go to the window alluded to, when I perceived the butcher's man standing beside a beautiful calf which he had just tied close to the wall. He held a wooden mallet in his hand, and between his teeth was a sharp-pointed knife. Addressing the animal before him, the butcher said,

"'I'll give you some physic, my little one! there's the maul for you!'—at the same time striking the calf on the head. 'Now let's bleed you a bit,' continued he, as he applied the knife to the neck of the calf, at the same time singing,

> 'A sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green.
> An Irishman all in his glory,' &c.

"That which I have described all took place in less than a minute, and consequently gave me no chance of escape from the disgusting scene before me. From that day—ten years since—to the present time I have never tasted of animal food.

"A child belonging to the landlord with whom I then lodged often stood by to witness scenes similar to that which I have just described, and a cruel disposition, the natural consequence of witnessing such sights, was manifested in his behaviour. I often heard the children in the house where I lodged say to each other, that it was very cruel to kill the poor '*ba lambs*' and the 'pretty calves,' and on one occasion I was greatly surprised by one of them making the following observation:—

"'I wonder why father and mother, and all of us, eat the poor cows and sheep if it is so cruel to kill them.'

"I had often asserted that it was inhuman to kill the above-named animals, but this little girl convinced me that I acted inconsistently in so doing, for at the same time I partook of their flesh.

"How often shall we find," concluded my intelligent companion, "that matter-of-fact observations, startling queries, just rebukes, and pertinent remarks proceed from the unsophisticated lips of our children!"

The artist's story almost converted me to his system; but on that day it unfortunately happened—or as the reader will perhaps have it, *fortunately* happened—that I treated myself by providing a duck and some green peas for my dinner, so that my greedy stomach positively refused to abstain from animal food on the occasion. Had a cold shoulder of mutton been placed before me I really think I should not have partaken of it, and probably might have endeavoured to persuade myself that I was acting the part of a very humane and refined being, although in reality I should only have consulted my inclination by thus acting, for so it is with many of us, we claim merit for performing actions which are agreeable to our dispositions.

I must candidly confess that I felt my inferiority when I contrasted myself with the artist. "He," thought I, "can and does practise *self-denial!*"

The manner in which the painter treated his children is not the least interesting part of his history. In summer they wore light cotton *robes*, and in winter they were clothed in *loose* woollen garments. Stays, or bandages of any description, were not permitted to encompass their persons.

In the morning the painter always devoted one hour to romp and play with his children within doors when the weather was unfavourable, but mostly in the little garden at the back of the gunsmith's house.

The father would personate a pig, a horse, or cow, to please his little ones, and they in turn would mimic those animals. Children when they play at such games usually beat each other with whips or sticks, after the fashion of those who drive the animals that children only imitate, but this was not the manner the painter and his boys and girls played at those games, for the father lost no opportunity of instilling into the minds of his children a gentle, kind, and benevolent spirit.

At hoop, ball, top, and all other infantile sports, our hero was quite an adept, and delighted in the extreme were his children to join their father in the above games.

My companion invariably took his children out for air and exercise during the day, and always visited his little charges after their mother had placed them in bed, when the diurnal salutations were exchanged for the last time between the artist and his little ones.

I always looked upon this "vegetarian" as belonging to a superior order of beings to myself, and often have I wished, despite his utopian views, that I more resembled him.

In concluding this sketch I may inform the reader that I have met with other vegetarians besides the one I have attempted to describe, but they were for the most part cold, ascetic, icicle-like beings, making one feel on all occasions that they wished it to be understood that that they were more pure and philosophical than the rest of mankind.

THE VISION.

BY E. LYNN.

In a noontide hour of dreamy rest
A vision arose from the earth's green breast,
And waved its gleaming, odourous wings
Over mine eyes, with sweet murmurings.

His glorious form shone out like a star,
And poured a dazzling lustre afar;
It seemed, as he hung in the dark-blue air,
That a sculptured ray of lightning was there.

And a dream-like odour hover'd about,
As faint to the sense as the young stars' shout,
When they all creep forth from their prison of day
To play with the moon while the sun is away.

And a gentle music, as soft and as low
As the sighs of the winds when they come and go
Among the fair buds of the woodland bowers—
Or the April song of the rainbow showers—

Breath'd out in each pulse of his aëry form,
And shed an intense and bewildering charm
O'er every sense, as it twin'd in the breeze,
And kiss'd the fresh leaves of the bending trees.

Each hair of his long and dewy curls
Was a golden thread bespangled with pearls;
Each glance of his large and lustrous eye
Was a summer sunbeam hurrying by.

Through his floating robes each glowing limb
Was seen with a radiance chasten'd and dim,
As the light of the east when the morn is near
Shines faint through a white-hued atmosphere.

His warm breath fell like a mist around—
A mingl'd mist of perfume and sound—
Through which each weed seem'd a living gem,
Circling the earth like a diadem.

And the meanest thing had a loveliness
As his breath did wave or his foot did press:
And inanimate things, the stones and the flowers,
Were like maidens and babes in their whispering bowers.

And eyes looked out from each scented bud,
And voices rang in the listening wood,
And the floating sweets of the flowrets' scent
Were words which from blossom to blossom went.

Life with its beauty was all around;
The chain of death was unloos'd and unbound;
To the very clouds which pav'd the heaven
A loving and sentient existence was given.

And every vein in my pulsing frame
Was filled with a burning, living flame,
And every beat of my throbbing breast
Was a lightning flash from the sun exprest.

And within my bosom a quivering bliss,
And within my nerves ran a music-kiss,
Interwoven pain and ecstasy
Which they feel who of love's sweet madness die.

Then the gentle harmony, first as still
As the rippling dreams of the summer rill,
Grew wild, and fierce, and burning there,
And flash'd like flames in the noontide air.

And the dream-like odour soft and faint,
Grew a heavy chain which no words can paint;
It hung on my soul with links of steel
Till bondage was all I could know or feel.

And the life which was loveliness spread o'er the earth
Grew a wild and a monster-producing birth;
The flowers which sprang up in the moss-cover'd dell
Glar'd from their leaves like demons of hell.

And the form which was love and beauty combin'd
Flamed like the Eden sword in the wind;
It blinded mine eyes with its fearful glare,
And at last I grew mad 'neath that deathful stare.

And then it all faded as morning dew
Which the sun hath kiss'd to his bosom anew;
And I knew that form of my vision to be
The form of the Spirit of Poesy.

PERIODICALS OF THE PAST.

No. II.

We resume our references to and specimens of Periodicals of the Past. The periodical with which we this month deal is "The Monthly Magazine." It was established by the late Sir Richard Phillips, in the year 1794, and closed its career in 1842, being within two years of half a century's existence. It was a periodical remarkable for the vicissitudes which it underwent, being at one time exceedingly prosperous, and another very depressed. In the hands of most of its editors it took a prominent part in politics—now Tory and then Liberal. The frequent changes in its politics must have contributed much to its downfall. For the last ten years of its existence it often changed its editor. In 1829-30 it was under the control of Dr. Croly. In 1831-32 it was in the hands of the late Captain Holland. For the greater part of 1835 it was edited by Mr. James Grant, the author of "The Great Metropolis." He was succeeded by Mr. Cornish. In 1836 it fell into the hands of Mr. Heraud. Mr. Augustus Tomline, the author of various works on the drama, was, we believe, the last editor. Many names distinguished in literature have at different times been contributors to its pages. It is not generally known that Mr. Charles Dickens made his literary *debut* in "The Monthly Magazine." This was in 1834, now twelve years ago. His name was at the time wholly unknown, his articles appearing under the sobriquet of "Boz."

We now proceed to give two specimens of the literature of "The Monthly" at the time that Mr. Dickens was a constant contributor to its pages. The first is intended for a quiz on modern novel writing, and is very happily headed

MATRIMONY AND MOONSHINE.

Chap. 1.—Character.

If I were writing only for the benefit of the denizens of the western parts of our gigantic Metropolis, instead of the world at large, it would be unnecessary to state that the centre of Portman Square is laid out in a style agreeable and picturesque—unlike *Les Places* on the Continent, which are as difficult to be crossed under a meridian sun as one of the African deserts—but in shady and retired walks, in the exclusive sinuosities of which the dainty inhabitants of that fashionable quarter are wont of a summer's eve to disport themselves, and inhale the impalpable dust wafted towards them from "the sweet south."

It was in this favoured spot, on a certain day in June, and just at that equivocal hour when day and night "are at odds with each other which is which," that the youthful and elegant Matthew Evergreen first cast his eyes on the refulgent beauties of Miss Jemima Golightly, which, profiting no doubt by the uncertain medium through which they were transmitted, told with double effect. The effect, indeed, as Matthew used afterwards to assure his friends, was "indescribable." Be this as it may, he was so thoroughly enamoured that he scarcely closed his eyes during the livelong night, but, as Lord Byron has it,

> "In vain from side to side he throws
> His form in courtship of repose;
> Or if he dozed, a sound, a start
> Awoke him."

No wonder, then, that he rose early; but, if in quest of peace, he rose in vain, for the fair form of Jemima pursued him wherever he went. The youth was sad and pensive; he ate little, and, to the great relief of his friends, talked less. But before we proceed further, a word or two on our young friend. Matthew was a youth on the point of attaining his twenty-first year; the son of Mrs. Evergreen, whose husband had been some years deceased, leaving behind him what is usually termed "a very pretty fortune," amassed, during a long course of industry, in the "grocery line;" a fit business, as the city wits were wont to remark, in which to pick up a *plum*. Young Matthew had received that sort of education which is usually bestowed on those who are not destined to "work their own way in the world;" an interesting phrase which signifies that their road has been fortunately macadamized for them by their forefathers. He had passed a certain number of years at a fashionable boarding-school, and had been entered at one of our universities; but, to his praise be it spoken, such was his remarkable freedom from pedantry, that you might have spent many a day in his company without the slightest suspicion that he had even "sipped" at these head-springs of classic lore. Such was our friend. And Miss Jemima Golightly? This "fair defect of nature," as Milton, with as little truth as gallantry, defines the better part of the creation, was of more lofty and aristocratic pretensions; she claimed to be second cousin, twice removed, to Lord Mountcoffeehouse, the Irish nobleman whose virtues are so fully recorded by Don Juan. There was, besides, a certain Scotch baronet, who used to talk to her occasionally of "our family," as if they were mutually descended from the same illustrious stock. Can we wonder, then, if she carried herself haughtily? But if the pride of ancestry inflated, a straitened income as often depressed her spirit, and kept it in a becoming equilibrium. And she was remarkably clever. She had imbibed all the fashionable learning of Baker Street and Brighton. In short, she was so wise that our forefathers would have wondered—

> "And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
> That one small head should carry all she knew."

Chap. II.—The Gardens.

Jemima had been left to form her own opinions from the mass of knowledge which had been opened to her, and acquire, as she best could, what Johnson considers nevertheless the first requisite of education—the religious and moral knowledge of right and wrong. The consequence was that "matrimony" was the *primum mobile* and monopolizer of her thoughts; and oftentimes, when demonstrating the relative effects of centripetal and centrifugal attraction, her mind was drawn away, in an irresistible manner, to the contemplation of some charming dragoon, whose spurs and sabre happened to be that moment rattling on the Steyne. With these matrimonial sympathies she returned to her maternal roof, situate in one of those small streets which branch off from Baker Street; and here the *res angusta domi*, a rigid economy enforced in no gentle manner, did not remove any of her antipathies to "single blessedness." Thus, in maiden meditation—that is, sighing for a settlement—she observed, with no small pleasure, the impression she had made on Matthew. His mother she knew lived in the square; and, although scarce more than seventeen, she was already sufficiently initiated in worldly logic to deduce from this circumstance that her son must be duly provided with that wealth, the want of which contributed so much to the discomfort of her own home. The following evening, therefore, after devoting more than the usual time to her toilet, and fixing on that precise bonnet which best set off her pretty face, she repaired to the square; and her heart began to flutter with anticipated triumphs when she found Matthew was already there, and casting anxious and impatient looks at each new comer. Whilst the young lady and her mamma pursued "the even tenor of their way," walking from one end of the garden to the other, Matthew contrived, by sundry dexterous evolutions, to be always at their elbow, and the black languishing eye and playful smile of Jemima rivetted his chains.

The gardens continued to be visited for several successive evenings with the most laudable constancy by Mrs. and Miss Golightly; the former, indeed, appeared to have conceived a fresh ardour for exercise, and so completely was her mind engrossed by the fresh foliage and gaudy flowers of spring, that the incessant re-apparition of young Evergreen, and the fixed eye with which he viewed her daughter, obvious as they were, never caught her attention; and the only remark known to have escaped her was, that "she believed young Evergreen would one day be entitled to a large fortune."

Chap. III.—The Declaration.

Our hero, though so deeply smitten, was but a raw and timid youth; he could perceive well enough that his *oeillades* in the garden were favourably received. But how to push his fortune, and bring about a more intimate acquaintance? these were difficulties which he knew not how to surmount; he confined himself, therefore, to looking "unutterable things." But this scarcely suited the more enterprising temper of

Jemima, who would have had looks, tender as they were, exchanged for words and actions. Her mother's love of exercise, too, began to relax, and the whole affair wore a less promising aspect; when fortune smiled, as it always should, upon their young lives, and brought about that introduction which Evergreen's ingenuity never would have accomplished. A common friend of the two families appeared one evening in the garden, and was the means of bringing them together. But even here Evergreen's courage failed him, and though walking by the side of the enchantress, every word, like Macbeth's "amen," stuck in his throat. He hummed and hummed, and never looked more like a simpleton; in short, the opportunity thus thrown in his way would have been lost if Jemima, with more presence of mind and address than her companion, had not assisted him. Mrs. Golightly and her friend were soon so much absorbed in an interesting discussion on the obliquities, mental and physical, of the Reverend Mr. Irving, that the young couple were left entirely to themselves; and, although their intercourse had been hitherto confined to the language of the eyes, they soon came to understand each other as thoroughly as if they had been acquainted from their infancy.

"Thought leaped to thought, and wish prevented wish."

Sympathy, mysterious and undefinable, with what silent eloquence dost thou express thyself! Words—the vulgar vehicles of thought—thou banishest from the commerce of true love, which, as if jealous even of "the wanton air," exchanges its faithful vows without a whisper. Happy moment! *Que de choses se sont dites,* says Rousseau, *sans ouvrir la bouche! que d'ardent sentimens se sont communiqués sans la froide entremise de la parole!* The happy understanding between the lovers was full—complete!

"You will not impute this yielding to light love?" she whispered, as her full languishing eye rested upon Evergreen.

"In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
And therefore thou may'st think my 'haviour light:
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those who have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But——"

Here the enraptured Matthew could restrain himself no longer: interrupting the quotation, just as luck would have it, where it ceased to be applicable. If his memory had been fortunately well stored with the gems of poetry, he would doubtless have enacted Romeo to the life; as it was, he was obliged to confine himself to plain matter-o'-fact prose, in which he proposed to "consult his mother" on the subject of an early marriage.

Now, whether it was that Jemima anticipated some prudent objections on the part of that elderly individual, and doubted how far the constancy of her lover would resist and overcome the obstacles thus thrown in his way, or whether, like the young lady in the play, she had a natural and intuitive aversion to a marriage preceded by the consent of parents, and other hum-drum formalities, certain it is, that

she contrived by starting an objection to one thing, and feigning a reluctance to another, to suggest to Matthew's mind—what *certes* would never have entered it without foreign aid—the idea of an elopement. No sooner, however, had the idea insinuated itself through the recesses of his pericranium than he was enraptured with it, the more particularly as he took the credit of it entirely to himself, and became enamoured of it as of his own offspring. It saved him, in truth, from an infinity of embarrassments; a declaration to his mother, whose reproofs he yet dreaded, and the quizzing of his friends. He now pleaded so vehemently in favour of Gretna Green, that Jemima conceded, with all proper reluctance, to her own proposition; and it was finally agreed that at four o'clock on the following morning, every arrangement being previously made, Matthew should be waiting for her at an appointed place. Mrs. Golightly, whose walk had been most conveniently prolonged to an unusually late hour, now bid adieu to her friends, and, taking her daughter's arm, proceeded homeward.

Chap. IV.—The Elopement.

Long before the appointed hour the impatient Matthew was at his post. Jemima, too, long before the dawn, was all equipped, and waiting, with palpitating heart, for the moment of departure. The protracted walk of the preceding evening had taken her mother early to bed, and "both time and place did then adhere" for making those trifling preparations which the journey required. At last the tedious clock struck four, and with a light and fairy step she descended the stairs; no obstacle stood in her way; bolts and bars shrank beneath her touch, and in a moment she found herself by the side of Matthew, and travelling towards Scotland as quickly as four fleet horses could carry them.

Chap. V.—The Discovery.

The fatigue which had sent Mrs. Golightly so early to bed, kept her there until an unusually late hour, and the clock had already struck ten before she rang her bell, and desired her daughter Jemima to be sent to her. A few minutes elapsed when the breathless maid, running into the room, exclaimed,

"Miss Jemima, ma'am—O dear—is not to be found!"

"Not to be found!" echoed the mistress.

"Not to be found!" reiterated the maid.

"But here, ma'am," continued the latter, "is a note which I found lying on Miss Jemima's table."

The elegant specimen of caligraphy was handed to the lady, and she learned from it what ill-natured people have not failed to insinuate she pretty well guessed would happen, and had taken no extraordinary pains to prevent—namely, that her daughter was six or seven hours on her road to Gretna Green, with a young man of three or four thousand per annum.

Scandalous surmise!

If you had been present on this trying occasion, you would have seen how Mrs. Golightly's heart sickened at her daughter's imprudence! How the tears trickled down her maternal cheeks! How it required the aid of all the varieties of salts and essences to prevent a perfect *evannissement!*—the doubt would have vanished from your mind; but there are some ill-natured people who believe anything!

As soon as Mrs. Golightly's nerves were a little pacified, and she had finished her toilet and her breakfast, she bethought herself, probably, of the ancient saying, *Nemo solus sapit;* and forthwith despatched a messenger to Mr. Robinson, her "man of business," that she might consult with him on this unforeseen and overwhelming calamity.

Chap. VI.—The Man of Business.

Mr. Robinson was a thorough man of business, and answered to the summons sooner than might have been expected; for Mrs. Golightly was not one of his best clients; and his politeness towards her was to be attributed less to her actual value than to the expectation that her countenance might lead to something. Mr. Robinson was a prudent man, and cast his eyes forward. She might be left a fortune—she might marry again—or her daughter—in short, Robinson put on his hat, and walked slowly towards his client's house.

Mrs. Golightly received him with all imaginable decorum, and with that subdued tone which betokens a spirit chastened by adversity.

"Ah! Mr. Robinson!" and a heavy sigh escaped from her troubled bosom. "Ah! Mr. Robinson!" and a tear trickled down her cheek.

"Why, madam," said the man of law, "I am sorry to see you thus; what may be the matter?"

"My daughter, sir! my poor daughter!"

"Your daughter Jemima? well, I hope?"

"Gone, sir! gone!" sighed mamma.

"Gone!" ejaculated Mr. Robinson with more interest than he usually exhibited; "gone, and so suddenly!"

"Suddenly, indeed," responded the mother, "it surprised us all!" and her cambric handkerchief was in constant requisition.

"Poor thing," returned Robinson, "and so young!"

"Old enough to have known better," rejoined the lady.

"Caused by some imprudence, I suppose?"

"Imprudence, indeed! she has brought a disgrace upon her family. I dread the wrath of Lord Mountcoffeehouse!—and Sir Pedigree Macdusty, who was so partial to her too, what will *he* say?"

"Disgrace upon her family?" inquired Robinson.

"Yes, sir; a stain upon its annals."

"A stain upon its annals!" repeated Robinson; "I don't understand you, madam; death spares no one——"

"Death! Mr. Robinson?"

"I thought I understood you that the poor young lady——"

"Is gone to Scotland," sighed Mrs. Golightly.

"To the family vault, I presume?" asked Robinson.

"Good heavens! Mr. Robinson, I mean to be married—eloped, sir, eloped."

"Married! eloped! Oh, quite a different matter."

"Ay, sir," continued the afflicted mother, "eloped with the son of a grocer. The Golightlys connected with figs and prunes!"

"But he is rich, I hope?"

"So it is said."

"Come, come, madam, the affair may not be so bad after all," resumed Mr. Robinson.

Mrs. Golightly thought, or affected to think, otherwise; she dreaded the resentment of her titled relatives. A grocer for a son-in-law! treacle and molasses!

"Consols and exchequer bills! Bank annuities and reduced!" whispered Robinson.

"But base and filthy lucre, Mr. Robinson;" and the lady launched out at considerable length, and with an animation which chased away the resigned melancholy with which the interview had commenced, on the pride of ancestry, the pure blood of the Golightlys, &c. Then drawing herself up with an air of unwonted dignity, she continued, "And now, Mr. Robinson, I require of you, as a proof of your friendship for my family, that you immediately take horse, and pursue the fugitives."

Mr. Robinson was a grave and sober character, and never perhaps were these qualities more severely tried than when he found himself thus apostrophized by the Lady Golightly, with whose straitened income and intriguing spirit he was fully acquainted. When he heard her gravely proposing to him "to take horse" to prevent a union which he shrewdly suspected she had winked at, if not actually encouraged, he experienced a certain relaxation of the risible muscles which he was unused to. Regaining, however, his accustomed composure, and giving her a look which seemed to say "*Nous jouons la comédie*," he proceeded,

"My devotion, madam, to your family I trust you will never have occasion to question. But when you require a man of my years and sedentary habits 'to take horse,' and gallop the Lord knows where after this giddy couple, you forget that since I hunted in Epping Forest, now forty years ago, I have not been acquainted with the back of that useful quadruped. To take horse, therefore, like your ancestors of yore, is impossible; but, to please you, I'll follow them with all convenient speed, in some commodious vehicle; and, but that they have already so many hours start of me, I doubt not I might come up with them."

Mrs. Golightly was too reasonable not to accept this compromise, and it was agreed that Mr. Robinson should set off in pursuit of her daughter. He accordingly took his leave; and having, on his arrival at his chambers in Clement's-Inn, eaten his dinner in his usual peaceable manner, and finished his pint of old port, he ordered his one-horse chaise, drawn by "old stumps," to be brought to the door, and took his departure comfortably for St. Albans.

"Old Stumps," said he, as he settled himself in his seat, "will take me very well the first stage, and save posting."

Chap. VII.—The Negotiations.

Leaving, therefore, Mr. Robinson in pursuit, we must visit, for a moment, the mansion in Portman Square. Mrs. Evergreen, as soon as she had missed her son, instituted an inquiry among the household, which, coupled with her own observation of Matthew's conduct for the few preceding days, led her to conjecture nearly what had happened; and a certain hieroglyphic, which was at this time brought to the house by a post-boy, confirmed, as far as it could be deciphered, the correctness of her suspicions. It was, indeed, a note hastily written by Matthew at the first stage, and contained a bungling apology for the step he had taken.

"The cunning, good-for-nothing idiot!" muttered this partial mother, "that he should have slipped through my fingers in this way; he will be bringing home some forward impudent minx, I warrant, who will soon think the house too small to hold us both. Eloped, indeed, the sly cur! I never thought he had spirit enough. O Matthew! Matthew! what a fool hast thou made of thyself!" And with this comfortable estimate of her son's character, she began to chew, not the cud of sweet and bitter fancy, but the cud of reflection, which soon led to the philosophical conclusion that "what cannot be cured must be endured." Much, therefore, as she disapproved of this precipitate proceeding, she thought it as well to conceal her displeasure, and, by conciliating the good will of Mrs. Golightly, endeavour to acquire favour in her eyes, and a little ascendancy over the mind of her daughter-in-law. For this purpose she sat herself down to compose such an epistle to Mrs. Golightly as, while it made her sensible of the good fortune of her daughter, and the imprudence of young Evergreen, should still hold forth the olive branch, and contain some indirect proposals of oblivion for the past, and friendship for the future. After sundry sheets of paper had been sacrificed to the concoction of these important overtures, they were written out in a fair round hand, and despatched to Mrs. Golightly's by one of her most trusty servants, who, duly impressed with the importance of his mission, announced his arrival by such a thundering rap as shook the frail nerves of the lady no less than the not "too solid" walls of her tenement.

"Surely," exclaimed she, frightened from her propriety, "that blockhead, Robinson, has not brought them back!"

The delivery of the missal restored her equanimity; and examining, with something of a supercilious smile, the wide splashy seal on which the armorial bearings of Evergreen (a fess sable on a field argent charged with three puncheons, or) were duly set forth, she threw aside the envelope, and carefully perused the inclosure.

"'And you, madam, as one connected with my family,'" repeated Mrs. Golightly, as she placed the letter on the table. "Mighty condescension, to be sure! Mrs. Evergreen will really and truly, seeing she cannot help herself, consider my daughter as her son's wife! Vastly kind of her indeed!"

And as she made these reflections she determined to continue that part which she had commenced to act with Mr. Robinson, and for which, to do her justice, she appeared to have a natural instinct. But this faithful man of business being, as we have seen, very leisurely employed on his northern excursion, she was thrown on her own resources in the composition of such an answer as befitted the occasion; and, though thus left unaided, she acquitted herself of the task so skilfully that I am inclined to think she would be found, on a due investigation, to be provided with what the craniologists call the *bump* of diplomacy, lying (if I remember Dr. Spurtzeim's last lecture) somewhere between and connected with the organs of *duplicity* and *dulness*. Now was the moment, she thought, *de faire valoir* her aristocratic pretensions, and to obtain a triumph over her plebeian antagonist in this contest of blood *versus* money. Setting herself down, therefore, to her writing-table, she struck off an aristocratic epistle, the tenor of which the reader will doubtless understand.

This was a terrible rebuff to Mrs. Evergreen's friendly overtures, and made her more than ever regret her son's amour. "Oh!" thought she, "if I could once get him in my power!" But, alas! he was now some hundred miles away from her.

Chap. VIII.—The Rencontre.

Young Evergreen and his fair companion travelled for the first two days with all due diligence; but as our hero was not one of those poetic youths, who are "of imagination all compact," and who by virtue of this invaluable gift, "can cloy the hungry edge of appetite by bare imagination of a feast," he began about this period, having fed for nearly eight-and-forty hours on the charms of his intended bride, to hunger for more substantial fare; and the appearance of a good inn at Carlisle worked so powerfully on his spirit, that in spite even of Jemima's eloquence, he insisted on a temporary halt. She was more disposed to have completed the journey; for though scarcely fearing pursuit, as far as her own family was concerned, she could not reckon so securely on the Evergreens; and she felt a thorough conviction, notwithstanding her lover's present pertinacity, that he was not one of those "stern natures" who can oppose, for any length of time, his own opinions to the earnest solicitations of others. She wished, therefore, to make "assurance doubly sure." This prudent resolve, however, Evergreen's grosser appetites compelled her to forego, and at Carlisle they accordingly stopped for some time. Having made a more substantial meal than was, perhaps, consistent with that sublimated state in which the fever of love, whilst it lasts, places those under its influence, they entered their carriage and departed from this ancient city just as the lengthened shadows of evening were beginning to fall around them. They proceeded onward for some time, "chasing the hours in sweet discourse," when, having entered upon one of the dreary Westmoreland moors, their ears were assailed by a shrill whistle, soon followed by a hoarse call of "Stop!" The post-boy drew up his horses, and the carriage doors were immediately opened by two men, who, with their faces blackened, and dressed in farmers' frocks,

presented each a pistol to the affrightened lovers with the usual unpleasant alternative, "Your money or your life." Evergreen, timid as we have seen him when placed before the fair Jemima, had a stout English heart, and not relishing the unceremonious manner of this address, he quickly disengaged himself from his companion's clasp, and springing out of the carriage, grappled with his opponent after such a fashion as showed him to be fully his match; but, alas! the odds were here against him; the second ruffian soon came to the assistance of his comrade, and levelling a blow at Evergreen laid him insensible on the ground. Having rifled his pockets, they both hastily departed across the moor. As soon as they were well out of sight, the post-boy, who had hitherto kept himself very quietly on his horse, dismounted, and talked as though he could have himself mastered half-a-dozen highwaymen, if the care of his horses had not obliged him to forego the honour of the combat. Young Evergreen, beginning to show some symptoms of returning animation, was helped into the carriage, and being placed by the side of Jemima, who scarcely manifested more life than himself, was driven on to the first village, and lodged at the only inn which it could boast of.

Chap. IX.—The Apothecary.

The first care, of course, was to send for the apothecary, who having examined his patient, *secundum artem*, and descanted, as is the method of his brethren on similar occasions, in a very learned manner on the sinciput and occiput, and cerebrum and cerebellum, declared in the favour of a copious bleeding, and summoned the chambermaid to his assistance; adjusting the bandages, and making the other necessary preparations for this important operation.

As "the purple fountain issued from his veins," poor Jemima, who had not anticipated such accompaniments to her flight, but had always viewed a journey to Gretna *en couleur de rose*, felt certain qualms, which resembled something like regret at having quitted the maternal roof.

The apothecary retired, leaving the lovers to repose; and "sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care," performed its office so effectually that when he visited them on the following morning, one obstacle alone presented itself to the prosecution of their journey. But this obstacle, it must be confessed, was, if not an insuperable, certainly a weighty one; "the gentlemen of the shade, and minions of the moon," as Falstaff politely calls them, having performed their parts so well that not a stray guinea was to be found in any one of the folds, corners or crevices of Evergreen's capacious pockets, which presented themselves only as one great void.

But without money how were the postillion, apothecary, and landlady to be satisfied? and, which at the present moment was a consideration of more importance, how was the journey to be prosecuted to a prosperous and happy conclusion? These were points which would have puzzled cleverer fellows than Evergreen, spurred on though he was by the arrows of Cupid.

"But the attempt must be made," said he, endeavouring "to screw his courage to the sticking place."

Striving "to patch grief with proverbs," they summoned the landlady to an audience, and the evident *gène* and embarrassment with which she was received, confirmed at once her suspicion of the purport of the interview. After some prefatory remarks, to which the robbery naturally gave birth, Evergreen proceeded to ask credit for the expenditure already incurred, and the means of continuing his journey. To the first branch of the request, the hostess, considering the circumstances of the case, would probably have lent a willing ear; but when it came to be coupled with an actual advance of hard cash, all her principles of prudence, nurtured and strengthened, as they were, by her long residence in the north, revolted at once, and she looked about for some legitimate excuse. The state of Evergreen's health readily presented itself; and she was beginning to expatiate with much earnestness on the prudence of prolonging his stay at her house until he could communicate with his friends, when the arrival of a chaise afforded her a plausible excuse for breaking up the conference. Making good her retreat, she left Evergreen and Jemima anything but pleased with the prospect before them.

Chap. X.—The Unexpected Arrival.

"If it isn't Mr. Robinson!" said Jemima, as she examined the chaise, accompanying her exclamation with that sort of doubtful titter which may be supposed to indicate either pleasure or disappointment.

"A friend of yours?" inquired Evergreen; "then he may advance us the money which I suspect it will be difficult to extract from our landlady."

The probability of any such occurrence was soon made apparent by the inquiries with which Mr. Robinson assailed the crowd of assembled waiters, hostlers, and chambermaids.

"A young gentleman and lady—about twenty—light hair—ruddy countenance—five feet eight—the lady seventeen—clear complexion—regular features, &c."

"Now I'll be whipped," cried the hostler, "if the gemman be'an't after those as were robbed last night."

"Hush," whispered the more kind-hearted chambermaid, who always sympathized with those travelling a road for which she herself felt an intuitive affection. "Don't spoil sport."

But the arrival of the hostess decided the lover's fate. In delivering them over to the Philistines, she secured, as she thought, not only the payment of her bill, but put an end at once to their demands upon her exchequer, which she had just listened to with anything but complacency. Mr. Robinson was accordingly ushered into their presence; and declaring the object of his journey, called upon Jemima to accompany him to London, in obedience to her mother's commands.

What was to be done?

"Surely, Mr. Robinson," said Jemima, taking him aside, and lowering her voice to a whisper, "mamma cannot be in earnest!"

"Why, then, has she sent me here?"

"But she cannot be in earnest, depend upon it."

"Why, to speak the truth," said Robinson, "such a suspicion has crossed my mind; but she insisted so peremptorily on my coming after you, and seemed to dread so much the anger of my lord, and Sir Pedigree——"

"It is her way, sir," interrupted the young lady. "Mamma likes to talk so; but she would be sorry to see me back, for all that, and would feel but little obliged to you for your zeal."

"But my responsibility?" said Robinson, evidently shaken in his purpose. "I cannot take it on myself—breach of trust—action will lie—damages—quite impossible—I am sorry; but the responsibility ——"

"But, but," muttered Jemima, as she was beginning to concoct in her fruitful imagination some plan by which Mr. Robinson's responsibility and scruples might be removed, when who should stalk into the room but Sir Pedigree MacDusty himself!

Chap. XI.—An Unfriendly Relation.

Sir Pedigree had arrived at the inn whilst on one of his periodical journeys to the British Metropolis; and soon learned enough of what was going on up-stairs to justify his interference.

"So Miss Jemima," said he, addressing his young relative, "you were anxious to breathe the keen air of the north, it seems, and must needs be accompanied by an adventurous knight. And pray, if I may be so bold as to ask, what is the young gentleman's name?"

"Evergreen," answered our hero. "I am not ashamed of my name!"

"Evergreen. It should be a durable one, certainly," continued the baronet, "though I don't remember to have met with it at the Herald's College."

"It is well known in the City, notwithstanding," interrupted Evergreen.

"Known in the city! A trader, then? An elevé of the desk; a disciple of the counter; a mushroom; a fungus engendered in the hot-bed of traffic and corruption."

"An English merchant," said Evergreen, without very well understanding the figures of Sir Pedigree's oratory. "Against an English merchant you can have nothing to allege."

"Why," continued the imperturbable baronet, "if we took a merchant on his own estimate, he would indeed be an invaluable character; but fortunately, young gentleman, we can refer, in this matter, to more impartial authority. One of our greatest statesmen cautions us against a class of men, 'whose God is their gold; their country their invoice; their desk their altar; their ledger their Bible; their church the exchange; and who have faith in no one but their banker.'"

Never, in Evergreen's hearing, had the sanctity of the Royal Exchange been so profaned; but he was doomed to further suffering, for, the baronet having once got into "King Cambyses' vein," felt no disposition to stop.

"I should regret much," he continued, "if a scion of the house of MacDusty, remote though it be, should form any such demeaning connection; and most fortunate do I esteem myself, that I have chanced to pass this way in time to unite with my worthy friend Mr. Robinson in forbidding the banns."

Whatever ideas favourable to Jemima's designs might have been previously floating in Mr. Robinson's brain, were, by such and similar discourses, banished at once and for ever. She herself saw the utter hopelessness of arguing with Sir Pedigree; and submitting therefore to her fate, was conducted to her chaise, leaving poor Evergreen behind her "as melancholy as Moor ditch." And then our hero remained despoiled of his mistress; robbed of his money; his person bruised and beaten; his pretensions despised and ridiculed; the calling of his forefathers reviled; and he himself left, as it were, in pawn at a beggarly ale-house. In this forlorn and desolate condition he had only one course to pursue—despatching a mission to his mother, in which he briefly recapitulated his misfortunes, and requested an instant supply of the needful.

Chap. XII.—The Consequences.

If joy and triumph reigned in the bosom of Mrs. Evergreen, as she stepped into her carriage to ransom her hopeful son from the barbarian clutches of the northern Picts, far different were the feelings of her aristocratic neighbour when the effects of her acting were brought home to her. Here she stood—the demolisher of her own fortunes; and what she intended for farce, or at most for genteel comedy, was converted, by her mismanagement, into deep and bitter tragedy. Nor were these feelings assuaged by the vehement exultations of Sir Pedigree, and the more measured and temperate congratulation of Robinson, who seeing in her lowering countenance, and constrained manner, that all was not at peace within, insisted but very sparingly on his own particular merits in the affair. But Mrs. Golightly's principal annoyance arose perhaps more from the feigned penitence of Jemima, than from the congratulations of her friends. She, divining at once the state of her mother's mind, sought some consolation for her own disappointmets in tormenting their author with exaggerated expressions of grief and contrition. It required assuredly no small measure of self-command to maintain, under such trials, an air of decent composure. Mrs. Golightly was able to do so; but as the exertion was great, so was it necessary to shorten its duration; and she availed herself, therefore, of the first opportunity to retire, that she might in private and alone give vent to those feelings which she had been obliged hitherto to conceal.

Chap. XIII.—The Denouement.

I here close my papers, and take leave of my friendly readers, with whom, side by side, I have wandered so long. And as my sole object in writing has been their amusement and instruction—if one inconsiderate mind shall have been benefitted by their moral, or one

weary heart relieved by their interest, the labour of the author will be fully repaid. For the consolation, however, of those kind souls who may sympathize in the lover's fallen hopes, and in poor Jemima's disappointments, it is due to say, that in less than a twelvemonth after the events we have recorded, the interesting Matthew married his mother's housemaid, and the pretty Jemima was led to the hymeneal altar by an Irish captain of horse, who was looking for his majority through the Parliamentary influence of Sir Pedigree MacDusty—sincerely praying that all "matrimony" might not prove "moonshine."

Our second and concluding specimen is on a somewhat kindred subject. Its heading is

MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE.

"Oh! you exquisite creature! you transcendant incarnation of loveliness! Could Venus herself have been more perfect, she had been less pleasing! Radiant and witching girl, my heart bows to thy sovereign beauty. How gracefully she steps forth—how nobly she carries her head, conscious of empire—how elegantly she disposes that favoured shawl around the living ivory of her swelling shoulders! Alas! she is gone, and I am divided from the heaven of her presence!"

Of such shape were my thoughts, on one most particular Tuesday evening, as I stood (by the rarest accident in the world) among the throng at the pit entrance of the King's Theatre, surveying the various deposits made at that inviting *embouchure* by the vehicles which successively drew up. The mental inanity I had previously felt (in common, I dare say, with the rest of the crowd) was banished by the first glance at the fair being indicated in the above faint apostrophe. When she had alighted, and entered the house (with two elderly persons, her companions), I stood transfixed (as far as the undulation of the crowd would let me), and her image filled my mind to its utmost capacity. Never had I beheld human form so enchanting! never before had I made so instant a surrender of my heart! Oh! those envious walls, interposing their eclipse between the sun of her charms and my poor external sense! Should I enter, and so partake of the light of gladness else denied? I felt my right-hand pocket, and my present funds were not below the requisite half-guinea. I rushed into the hall of the temple of harmony.

"Pay here, sir."—"Oh! by all means—there."—"Stay, sir—won't do—not dressed—mustn't go in—out of the question, sir."

True it was that my costume was of a non-conforming character; a green coat with gilt buttons, a parti-coloured cravat, and drab *smalls*, with elongators *en suite*, were not within the pale of even the lax code which preceded Mr. Monck Mason's. There was no course but to retire, which I did with a heaviness that doubtless stamped on the man's attention the extra fact of my "walking shoes." I could not have denied that I was no figure for the occasion, yet, with the obstinacy of thwarted feeling, I regarded that man at the moment as the most hateful of all "exclusives."

I stood again among the out-of-doors company, my person jostled about as much as my uncertain mind. Should I go home, and qualify myself to return? I lived at the farther end of Cheapside; but what of that? I was engaged at my musical club, and they had no other first flute. Well, there was *something* in that—and yet——

Here I was shaken out of the *adhesive* part of my perplexity by the peremptory "move on there!" of a surly sentry, who seemed determined to prove himself a "a full private," by the rigorous enforcement of his brief authority. I turned away from the door, as Adam turned from that of Paradise.

My way back to the city presented nothing but the all-absorbing idea of the beauteous unknown, save when some porter's burden brought its nuisance into the neighbourhood of my eye, or an unforeseen passenger roused me by the shock of passing collision. Oh! that fair concentration of nature's best attributes! Shall I describe her? A height which just touched the point of dignity, and went not a hair's breadth beyond—a form, which no sculptured modification of Phidian marble had presented a rival to—eyes of an intense azure—lips of a pure carnation—complexion, lustrous as a vernal atmosphere—looks, Heaven's own interpreters—and hair (I am particular in hair), of that hue which is the attributes of Phœbus's locks, which is most reflective of glorious light, which is most participant of gorgeous gold—I mean *auburn;* such were her native charms—charms which no dress could enhance, and, therefore, I will not dwell upon her dress. Her voice—my ears had caught a few tones of its silver effusion—might have defeated the opium-eater's impression of the syren, Grassini. To my raptured fancy, every object I had seen in connection with her acquired a more elevated character; the respectable pair who accompanied her appeared like a couple of superior intelligences; the hackney coach from which she had descended seemed to brighten into a similitude of Cinderella's fairy chariot; and the very rabble, who had beset the doors, acquired a semblance of higher station and more harmonious demeanour.

I have never been able fully to explain to myself, why I did not go back after I reached my lodgings, and try, in re-considered costume, to place myself in contuiguity with the object of my sudden but fixed adoration. I did commence laying out some matters from my wardrobe; but a baneful doubt, the blight of genial impulses, checked my hand and chilled my purpose. Why should so honest a thing as love be diffident? I know not; but I put back my "purple and fine linen" into their lavendered places, took up my flute, and walked—not to the scene of enchantment, but to my club in Billiter Lane.

I was usually the life and centre of this little civic knot of practising musicians, and I *will* say, was instrumental in qualifying oftentimes, into something not absolutely shocking to humanity, the distempered sounds which they jointly emitted, in common, perhaps, with such amateur societies generally. That evening, however, I was as dull as a dromedary, while my flute,

"Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps,"

was as dissonant as the best of them. Even Mr. Cheekes, our clario-

net-player (who was always out of tune), complained of me for violation of harmony, and taxed me with "spoiling the effect." The horn-player, too, a German of the name of Puffendorf, who was himself invariably a quarter of a tone flat, had the impertinence to "blow me up." This roused my temper; I told the mal-administrator of the horn that he was a fellow of brazen habits, and below what he pretended to; and I am afraid I forgot myself so far as to threaten to "knock the wind out of him." A "suspended harmony" was the result for the evening, leaving me to return home with my head full of anger; for in my *heart* there was no room for it, owing to the fair image that held full possession there.

Oh, what a night I then passed! It was a vision with unclosed eyes, a waking dream of brightness in the midst of darkness. As I lay all consciously entranced, and gazed in fancy on my lovely incognita, my peerless Opera-visitant, "She is herself," I whispered to my pillow, "nature's *opera-prima!*"

I rose the next morning like a captive; for I felt that the truest liberty—that of the heart—had left me; and then, in renewed force, there was the cruel thought that my enslaver was inaccessible—that she, the gaoler of "my bosom's lord," was absent with the keys of my *chest*—absent I knew not where, and, perhaps, never to return and give release! This depressing idea haunted me at my breakfast, which was anything but a light meal, although what I ate was a mere nothing. I did manage to mumble through a muffin; but it seemed to hang like a dead weight at my heart, from whence not all the influence of two large cups of strong tea could avail to dislodge it. Sorrowfully I took up my hat, and walked to my daily occupation, that of confidential clerk to a colonial house in Bishopsgate Street Within.

It were needless to say how much the vague and dreamy notions inspired by Cupid, the deity of distraction, are at variance with counting-house habits of business. The plumed arrows from the quiver of that perverse little divinity will not run parallel with the feathered implement which the goose gives forth from her quivering wings. When the head is busy in the service of the heart, it resents being summoned to any other employ. When love comes in at the door, business jumps out of the window. In short, I could do nothing all that day at my desk, at least, nothing which could (to use the established phrase) "give satisfaction." The head of the firm, who had his eye on me, was astonished at my absence. Hitherto, notwithstanding the innate enthusiasm of my temperament, I had yielded, with no bad grace, to the discipline of city habits, insomuch that my very nature seemed "subdued to what it worked in." The regularity of a dial, the despatch of a mail coach, and the penetration of a corkscrew had been hitherto my characteristics; the present contrast was not likely to escape the notice of Mr. Marks, our principal. He spoke (for the first time with *justice*) in terms of acceleration. I mended my pen, and its pace too; but the progress made was at the expense of errors too glaringly obvious. It was a heavy post-day, and the letters to correspondents formed, as usual, my department of duty. Some of

the mistakes and substitutions which I made, derived as they were from the immediate state of my faculties, were entirely too absurd; I shall, therefore, not expose myself by mentioning them, but will only add that nothing escaped Mr. Marks, who, indeed, had no slight trouble in correcting the letters before he could sign them. But what to me was, at that moment, the displeasure of my principal? Nothing —not the spurt of a pen! In fact, *she* was my principal—she, the mysterious centre of my soul's attraction—and I almost disdained to recognize any other.

Upset as I was, there remained one uncertain hope of setting myself right again. The King's Theatre stood where it did, and the queen of my secret homage might again grace it with her exquisite presence. Hard was the struggle to hold back my impatience till the next Opera night. Then, then was I at the portentious portal, with eye of hawk, and heart of dove. I had dressed myself (though *I* say it) unexceptionably, and was at the door almost as early as the self-important sentinel, and the semi-official, nondescript, ragamuffin hangers-on, who are wont to plant themselves at the spot. Every successive hackney coach that drew up caused me a fresh palpitation of the heart, and a new dizziness of the head, till I was sick with expectation.

"Stand back, sir, and be d——d to ye. How can I open the coach doors when you're a-shoving for'ard in this here sort o' manner?"

"There, there, never mind, my good man; there's a trifle for yourself."

"Thankee, sir; you're a gentleman. I say, Jack, twig his tights, and his swell squeeze!"

"Ah, there, there, there she is! Those auburn tresses, lovelier than the morn! those shoulders, fashioned like the——! Miss! madam! I beseech you—one moment—nay—I implore——"

"Sir-r-r-r-r! If you are a *gentleman*, behave yourself *as* such."

"Dear me—I really—now that you turn round—I beg pardon, madam—a thousand pardons—I took you for somebody else."

"If you don't take yourself off, I shall take you for an impertinent fellow, and treat you accordingly," was the reply of the male companion of the lady whom I had, on a first back-view mistaken for the adorable object of my anxiety. The impetuosity of my feelings, the sudden rush of emotion, had certainly caused me to lay the hand of detention upon her somewhat more positively and abruptly than was altogether courteous, and I should probably have involved myself in a quarrel but for the confusion of the intervening throng, and the peremptory "move on there!" of the janitorial authorities.

When I had hovered about the spot till the racketty process of setting down the company seemed nearly at an end, I entered within the precincts, where I yet lingerly hoped to find my restorative in the discovery of *la belle inconnue*. Oh, how I longed, while I made the circuit of the pit, for the multiplied optics of Argus, aided by all the opera-glasses of all the company present! As it was, I strained my own poor pair of peepers, till they reproached me, by their aching, for the unwonted labour of the search-warrant, with which they were commissioned; but it was all in vain. Among fifty thousand heads I should

have recognized, as I thought, those auburn tresses, the rich denotements of my bosom's empress, the fairest and surest index of her radiant presence; but, alas! they gleamed not on my yearning sense, they waved not to the summons of my earnest hope. In the anxious prosecution of my purpose, I believed I must at length have stared about me with an intensity provocative of strange conjectures; for I recollect an observation audibly whispered by an old lady with a Roman nose and green spectacles, to a younger lady sitting next to her. The words were, "That poor man ought *not* to be here." Averted eyes on the part of those ladies whom I was led particularly to scrutinize might also have told me that I was engaged in the awkward office of committing myself; but I took no note of any corrective indications. Strange to say, in the whole feminine array that graced the pit, and the boxed partitions above, as far as my eye could discern, I could not make out one individual woman with auburn hair, although of carotty ladies (I mean no offence) there was a sufficient number to make, if tied together, an entire bunch! Warmly as I admire, nay, adore, auburn locks, I deprecate those of a carotty suffusion with the utmost powers of antipathy. Red hair is, with reference to auburn, the *reductio ad absurdum*, the spoiling of a good thing by excess; the one is the genial glow of a nature within bounds, while the other seems the ardent extravagance of we know not what; or, perhaps, it may be said that the one seems the representative of a beautiful idea, enthusiasm—the other that of a shocking one, anger. With these notions on capillary matters, I need scarcely say how deeply I was disappointed in the course of the scrutiny now described.

I went home in a state of semi-extinction, threw myself on my couch more dead than alive, and only revived in my sleep by dint of dreaming. Methought the beauteous Perdita (for so I christened her during my intelligent slumbers) floated or flitted before me, as spirits are signified to do, and gladdened with her golden locks the cold twilight of my mental state. After contemplating me with that aspect of benignity which female loveliness is alone privileged to express in its highest degree, she extended her arm movingly towards me, and uttered in accents emphatic, yet soft (while the cock was crowing in a contiguous back-yard), these three words, "*the morning herald!*" Having thus simply said, she begun to recede with an aërial glide—a gentle undulation, a floating grace, was discernible in her unsubstantial vestments, and was responded to, in mysterious sympathy, by a waving movement of my bed curtains—her looks and her locks appeared to beam with a new harmony of smiling light, and she vanished into thin air!

"She fled, I woke, and day brought back my night."

The disquiet of my feelings was very little soothed by this singular vision, however placidly conducted—for what was its tendency, what its interpretation? A benignant purpose was to be inferred from the gracious manner of the sweet visitant—but what purpose? I was tossed and whirled in the clouds of conjecture. Could my dear Perdita (too late revealed to me, and lost too soon) have paid the debt of

nature, and only glanced again upon this sorrowful earth as a monitress to myself—a moral messenger on my unworthy behalf? Was this likely on so slender an acquaintance? True, she was as familiar to *me*, through mental meditation, as any object that I most cherished; but then she had but once (in body corporate) set eyes on me, and how did I know (not being a vain young man) that she had ever thought of me afterwards? At all events, if it was her spirit that had now come, disembodied, on a reforming mission, why not tell me so? I preferred much, however, to indulge the idea that it was "a spirit of *health*," a spirit belonging to a living earthly tenant, how far soever it might have wandered from its owner. I ventured to hope that it *might* have so wandered for the purpose of directing me to that owner, its adorable mistress. But then, why not speak plainly in the indicative mood, and *give me her address* at once? Had the ambassadorial spirit forgotten part of its errand on the way—chilled into oblivion, perhaps, by the night-air, or scared by the shout of some homeward-bound bacchanalian? The words it *had* uttered could surely have nothing to do with its commission? To say, at the moment when the cock was exerting its throat, "the morning herald!" was to say nothing at all. I knew well enough before that chanticleer was known by that periphractic *alias*. As a person of good education, and of more reading than is wont of modern clerks, I could not be ignorant of a thing which was, *au reste*, sufficiently obvious of itself.

These and other like and unlike speculations but added to the nervous and fidgetty state which had now usurped me quite, and had entirely superseded that orderly routine of mechanical habit so essential to a civic situation. After all my efforts to qualify myself for counting-house employ by smothering all my school-acquired tendencies towards literature—after having, by the force of arithmetical progression, worked myself down, as I desperately thought and abjectly hoped, into *a machine*—behold all my labours overthrown, my clerkly aspirations nullified, my figures reduced to a cipher! Vainly and blindly had I proposed to harden my soul against all external motives, affections, senses, passions, and to devote all my bachelor energies to the unceasing service of Messrs. Marks, Wheeler, Goudby, and Pennyfather. Alas! I was spoiled for that employ—wedded already—wedded to an image—to a *copy of a woman*, taken, it is true, from the life, but giving a mere shadow of the contentment to be expected from the original.

Oh! how anxiously did I linger through the several dragging days that followed that dream! How ardently did I long for some further vouchsafement, on each succeeding night, from the same darling source! But no, it came not. The slightest glimpse of it was denied to my aching suspense, although I strained every faculty to obtain that privilege, and even took a highly indigestive supper at last, in the half-frantic hope of increasing my predisposition to see any thing, or to dream any thing, that might favour my object.

Finding that nothing would do, and that in the meanwhile I could do nothing, I threw up my situation with Marks and Co., and renounced whatever advantages might belong to the machine-state, to wander forth like a wild animal, whithersoever I might list, but listless whither

—Mr. Marks previously deducting a month's amount from my salary on the score of deficient notice; by which act of cool arithmetic, by-the-by, the concern gained an immediate trifle, seeing that they engaged a person to fill up my place on the following day. It scarcely needs to be added that I withdrew also in disgust from the musical club. Once it had been a satisfaction, once a week, there to forget, in a "pastoral movement," or an "air, with variations," the dull reign of the civic monotonies. But now—now—I retained no idea of harmony, save with her whose image was

"Concordant with the life-strings of my soul."

But I must not dwell, or I shall, perhaps, grow fatiguing; and, indeed, as the mighty Avonian bard has it, "Why should calamity be full of words?"

In my daily wanderings forth, and goings hither and thither, to indulge my sad fancy with the ever-present image of my lost Perdita, and peradventure, by an anxious scrutiny of the passing thousands, to find her, I could obtain no clue to discovery, although my efforts that way led me into more than one little *fracas* in the king's highway. After some time I bethought me of a chance of communication by the newspapers. "If L. N. will kindly favour Q. Z. with the opportunity of a single interview," &c., was a mode of refuge for the destitute which, to judge from its repeated occurrence (in those or similar terms) in the columns of the diurnals, might be expected to prove of some efficacy. In my case I could not commence with initials; but I gave (in the *Times*) such a description of the dear desired as the now unchecked current of my poetical predispositions impelled me to, and ended with the promise that if the lady answering to the particulars named would appoint a meeting with the advertiser, she would "hear of something to her advantage." The resource proved abortive—procuring me generally nothing but disappointment, and, in particular, the pain of an interview, not easily terminated, with five several ladies distinguished by *red hair*, that base counterfeit so quickly detected by all connoisseurs in that genuine original, auburn. Whether these young ladies thought that the colour employed in my advertisement was a mere substitute, by complimentary custom, for *red*, or whether they were really under the delusive, but by no means uncommon impression, that their own flaming tresses might bear an auburn interpretation, is a point beyond my power of deciding. All I know is, that they *answered* my advertisement, however little they corresponded wirh it. I bowed them out with all my disposable civility, but could scarcely afford, in my then condition, to pity them.

Nothing now seemed capable of saving me from that cruel and unusual fate—death from love at first sight. I am not going to be pathological about my symptoms and feelings, farther than to say that I had become as melancholy as a watch-light, and as thin as a shotten herring. I had dropped nearly all my friends—for I found myself, in relation to them, very much in the predicament of Job—and was almost an isolated being. One rather elderly man, more cheerful than the rest (although a junior clerk in a hide and tallow house), used, however, to

hunt me up of an evening, and try to divert the busy sadness of my thoughts.

"What is the use," said at length this good-natured pen-driver—"what is the use of you wasting yourself thus in pursuit of a shadow? You roam about the town like a figure of eight, going in and out and coming back again to where you begin. You keep up a running account with the house of Hope (he spoke figuratively), but when you come to strike a balance, you'll find the account is a *Flemish* one—all against you. I'll tell you what, now: since it seems you can't *be a man again and settle to the desk*, you had better *marry*."

"Doleman," replied I, with emphasis, "this universal globe includes in its vast cincture but one created being with whom I would associate my condition."

"For my part," he rejoined, "I know very little of the matter—never had time, you know, to think of them—but I should suppose one woman to be much the same as another."

"Ah, Doleman! herein you speak indeed without instruction, being of the City, civic."

"Never mind that. I see plainly enough that *you* will never be fit for anything till you're matched. You're but a *cipher* now: put a female *unit* before you, and you'll make a respectable figure, eh?"

"Psha! you know I go into no society, supposing even that I *could* for a moment tolerate an idea of conjugation, in which my Perdita had no part. You know I don't."

"Wheugh! There's another way of arranging the business. It is what I shall do if ever my salary should allow me to think of a wife—and you know I am not fifty yet. It's merely this—a regular, accurate, matter-of-business, straight-forward plan—*Advertise* in one of the papers."

"Advertise! Pooh! I've had enough of advertising. Haven't I signally failed to discover my lost enchantress through that very channel, although the description I gave of her was as clear as a bill of parcels?"

"Nay, but don't be so unreasonably limited in your speech. See if you can't find another as good or better than her that you're so unsettled about. Try the *Morning Herald*."

The *Morning Herald!* The words vibrated through my ears with an impulse full of new significance. The spirit of my lost love, when its thrilling and departing accents left with me those three abiding words, perchance indicated by them the very means of access, to my living but latent treasure! 'Twas the broad-sheet dotted o'er with the signs exponent of the morning's news, that was meant by those precious syllables, and *not* the matin bird of the shrill clarion, *not* the gallinaceous disturber of spirits and of men! 'Twas the newspaper and *not* the cock! Yes, it might, could, should, and *must* be so!

I thanked my friend and hurried him off, being impatient to be left to my own meditations on this new inlet to the tide of hope. "Yes," thought I, as I fell into conversation with my pillow, "I *will* try the *Morning Herald*, but only in the hope of finding a clue to the 'whereabouts' of my Perdita!" In a happier mood of mind, which somehow

connected my amative thoughts with Goldsmith and pastoral poetry, I sank into a slumber, and deliciously dreamed of walking with my Perdita, amid the soft-breathed odours, and the bowery recesses of

"Sweet *Auburn*, loveliest village of the plain."

Ere I despatched a hasty breakfast next morning, I imagined, composed, rough-drafted, and fairly copied out the momentous announcement which was to serve (so my heart throbbingly suggested) as the lamp to light me to my long-desired felicity. In the description it contained of my own moral and physical advantages, it were immodest to say that no exaggeration prevailed; for I felt that it was a matter both of course and of necessity to write up to the fixed standard of matrimonial advertisements generally. As for my *wants*, the lady was required to possess certain stated personal qualifications, which were, in fact, precisely those of my adored Perdita; whilst the quite unusual intimation was added, that *money was no object* (for, indeed, I was in the mood to hug poverty itself, if it should prove to be one of *her* attributes); and it was particularly requested in a P.S. that, in order to save trouble, no absolutely *red-haired* lady would apply. In tip-toe expectation I tripped along to Catherine Street. Five-and-twenty shillings were demanded for my advertisement; for I found it was the custom to tax hymeneal aspirants at a somewhat higher rate than people of ordinary business—perhaps because they are discovered to be regardless of expense. But let that pass.

As the two-penny post time advanced, my agitation was excessive. Not being a vain man, I am afraid to say how many answers I received to my advertisement. I have destroyed nearly twenty; and the remainder—but no matter. To their credit, be it said, they (the respondents) did not *all* lay claim to every charm specified in the requisition. They invariably, however (with *one* exception) warranted their capability of becoming excellent and truly affectionate wives.

Several of the letters resulted in interviews with the fair epistolizers. Alas! all the tremours of previous suspense were rewarded in these cases with nothing beyond the confirmation of a vexatious fact—that of the imperturbable obtrusiveness of red hair. And then three of the parties, in spite of the evidence of my burning eyes, *would* stand me out that their hair was *not* red! Was this the innocence of self-delusion, or the wilfulness of desperation?

I was now again preparing to sink into despondency; but that one reply which I have above alluded to, as specially differing from the rest, was yet unresponded to. Its laconic dignity, however lady-like, had perhaps a little offended *my* sense of importance. Should I nevertheless appoint an interview with the fair principal? I did so—and oh! raptures of heaven upon earth—I beheld, in full bodily presence, the sweet, unconscious monopolist of all my affections—my peerless Perdita, with all her charms about her, including, in luxuriant pre-eminence, those incomparable auburn tresses!

Having arrived at such a climax, I can scarce descend into subsequent particulars. The story of my passion and its romantic endurance through every obstacle, was not thrown away upon her who was the

adorable object of it. We were married the next day. To describe my happiness would be to pourtray Paradise—I have no terms for it.

I am not a superstitious man; but after *such* a passage in my life *can* I refuse to think that visions are less visionary than they are commonly taken for? No; I certainly am now for Dr. Johnson and a moderate faith in dreams. Neither shall I be henceforward insensible to the impression of curious coincidences; for it is a decided instance of this nature that the real name of my bride proved to be Catherine, in remarkable accordance with that of the street where it is well known the *Morning Herald* yields its daily oracles to the world. Rich in the possession of my Catherine, I can hardly bring myself to make any mention of "metal *less* attractive." She has, however, in monetary means, nearly two hundred a-year, derived from her deceased parents, and husbanded for her till lately by that very respectable old gentleman (her guardian) with whom and his wife she had chanced to be on the identical evening when I first beheld her at the pit entrance of the King's Theatre.

If I have now renounced for ever the trammels of City clerkship, and the martyrdom of desk and ledger, it is not *wholly* on the strength of my dear Catherine's property. I have, in fact, expectations from a distant aunt—but let that pass—and I have thoughts of attempting to write something for the about-to-be-regenerated British stage—something pertaining, in short, to the legitimate drama.

Experience confers the best title to give advice. If any respectable young man, of taste and capacity for a domestic life, but not having the ordinary opportunities of getting married, should particularly wish to do so, I would say unto him, "Advertise in a respectable newspaper." Since the success attendant on my own experiment, I have been led to make some rather nice inquiries on this delicate subject, and I learn that among the papers whose columns lend particular support to the altar of Hymen, the *Sunday Times* occupies a distinguished place. I would, however, decidedly say, in the words of my friend Doleman, and in the spirit of my own feeling, "Try the *Morning Herald.*"

THE EXILE'S RETURN.

HOME of my youth, again I greet thee;
Scene of my childhood, hail once more;
Blest be the breeze that breathes so sweetly;
'Tis thine own breath, my native shore.
But, ah! the friends who here should meet me,
In foreign lands they roam, they sleep:
Thou wide, wild sea, once more I greet thee;
My home is on a pathless deep.

CLASSIC HAUNTS AND RUINS.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL, AUTHOR OF "THE TRADUCED."

No. VII.

THE GREEK ISLES.—CONTINUED.

NARROW the blue and whispering wave that shines
'Tween marble Paros and the isle of vines.
Yes, dear to Bacchus fruitful Naxos still,
The rich red grape impurpling every hill;
E'en to each ruin vines and ivies cling,
Ready to crown the Bromian god and king.*
High rose his temple on yon sea-girt steep,
A palace worthy Nereid of the deep;
And still a remnant, beautiful as fair,
Stands like the shade of pleasure sorrowing there.
At morn and noon that ruin gleams like snow,
Poised o'er the sapphire wave that foams below;
But when from western skies expiring day
Shoots through the lofty porch his crimson ray,
Deep flashing Doric base, and lintel stone,
O'er the rich wave long lines of radiance thrown,
It seems some topaz-rock asunder riv'n,
Or golden gateway opening into Heav'n.†

Yet Bacchus' fane less prompts to pensive thought,
Than yon small fount with classic memories fraught.
While woman's tears for faithless love shall flow,
While hearts shall melt at tale of beauty's woe,
Naxos shall sigh o'er Ariadne's name,
Its woods and streams still sacred to her fame.
'Twas here, where rose the fountain's silvery dew,‡
When left by him she deemed so fond and true,

* Bacchus was peculiarly worshipped in Naxos; all the antiquities there, and every medal and gem, attest this.

† The ruins of the Temple of Bacchus are picturesquely situated on a mass of rocks that stand out of the sea, on the north side of the port of Naxos. The portal has long been famous. "We were struck with admiration," says Clarke, "at the massive structure and simple grandeur of the part still standing. It consists of three pieces of Naxian marble; the view through this portal is very fine."

‡ "A public fountain near the town (Naxos) is still considered by the inhabitants as the fountain of Ariadne, and is called by that name."—*Clarke's Travels.*

The story of Ariadne beloved by Theseus, and whom she rescued from the Cretan labyrinth only to be cruelly deserted by him in the island of Naxos, is familiar to most readers.

Him she had saved in Creta's caves of gloom,
The maiden bent, and wept her bitter doom.
Wild was her woe, yet blessings still she poured
On the dear head of him her heart adored.
O'er her white breast her coal-black tresses fell,
And fast her tears dropped sparkling in that well.
Each pitying Naiad, gently hovering nigh,
Breathed balm in vain, and echoed back her sigh;
More sad the plane-trees whispered on the steep,
E'en marble statues seemed her fate to weep;
More dense its shade the citron 'round her cast,
The bright rill murmured sorrow as it passed;
The maiden's woe all nature seemed to share,
But failed to soothe her bosom's deep despair.

Icaria's rocks, and Lemnos' fruitful shores,
For classic relics vain the eye explores;
Though Tenedos still looks o'er Troy's famed fields,
No ancient trophy vale or mountain yields;
Luxurious Lesbos only memory keeps
Of towns in dust and graves where genius sleeps;
Boasts of the bard who strung her far-famed lyre,*
Of Sappho's sweetness, and Alcæus' fire;
Sappho, who proved how wildly passion's spell
In youthful hearts of olden days could dwell;
How, spite of frenzy, still could sweetly flow
Harmonious numbers wrung from harshest woe;
And how weak woman dares for love to die,
And sell her bliss below, her hope on high.

Soft Chios, too, the paradise of vines,
Where blooms the fig, the yellow citron shines;
Whose rocks are clothed with myrtles, and whose vales
Are full of streams, gay flowers, and nightingales;
Chios an attic marble scarce contains;
Gone are her tombs and fair Ionian fanes;
Yet what may thrill the heart like Homer's cave,
The haunted grot beside the sounding wave?
Where the blind bard his harp at evetide rung,
Or 'mid the storm his wilder battles sung,
Gave to eternal fame the Trojan shore,
And charmed th' admiring world for evermore.†

* Terpander, who added three strings to the lyre.

† Of the seven cities or districts which disputed their right to be called the birth-place of Homer, Chios, the modern Scio, seems now, by tacit consent, to be permitted to enjoy the distinguished honour.

TO LUCY,

ON HEARING THAT HER FLOWER OF FATE HAD DIED.

BY E. LYNN.

Grieve not, my beautiful!
Thy guileless brow must wear no shade;
I may not see thine eyes' bright beam grow dull,
Nor watch thy cheeks' soft glory fade;—
Grieve not, my beautiful!

Sorrow's not for thee, love!
Thou wert but made for gleesome joy;
Pure as the angels of the stars above;
Sin may not harm nor pain annoy—
Such are not for thee, love!

Thy deep-blue, fawn-like eyes,
With all their innocence and mirth,
And shy young glances where such beauty lies—
Fit cradles for dear love's sweet birth!—
Tears may not dim these eyes!

Thy flower is faded—dead
Thy hyacinth flower, which thou didst place
As emblem of thy fortune—bowed its head—
Its beauty withered, gone its grace;
My darling's flower is dead!

And thou hast sorrowed! Nay,
My beautiful, thou must not weep!
Come, let me kiss those falling tears away,
And once again see glad smiles sweep
Where they are wont to play.

This faded bud shall be
A type of my true love. It shows
That thou dost languish when apart from me;
The sun doth scorch—the tempest blows—
The blossom withered see!

But thou shalt not know grief
While thou dost cling to my fond side;
If life's stern ills oppress, thou hast relief;
Yea, I'd protect thee though I died,
Ere thou shouldst know of grief!

And thus I read thy flower,
My beautiful, my darling maid!
Alone thou droop'st; in love's soft, guarding power,
Bright gladness, smiles, and joy are laid,
At once thy crown and dower!

CONFESSIONS OF AN ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.*

It is not my design, in making this communication, to endeavour to depict in graphic characters all the terrible impressions with which my mind was overloaded, previously to making a fearful attempt against my own existence; it would be painful and misspent labour. Those who are afflicted know enough, and those who are not would derive no advantage from it. Besides this, shocking recitals seldom tend to the improvement of either the understanding or the taste, whilst they are injurious to good feeling, and produce a morbid effect upon the depraved.

I am now what is usually called a middle-aged man, fast approaching forty years, and not long ago found myself, by gradual descent, fallen from the fond hopes which once were mine to a state of utter destitution. I long foresaw the evils which were yet remote, and made many and many endeavours to evade them, but always without success. Still, notwithstanding my invariable failures, my spirit did not sink, but constantly, after the first shock of my disappointment, I fancied I perceived the cause which prevented the fulfilment of my hopes, and that the next attempt would be attended with better fortune. But, no! the same exertion, the same buoyancy of spirit in the progress of my labours, and the same disappointment. This might not have signified much if the disappointment had not been accompanied with another evil, the natural consequence of it, to one whose means are limited —the gradual decay of my respectability in life. I had long ceased to be considered a man in comfortable circumstances; I became more difficult to deal with; I examined every item of a tradesman's account before I settled with him. I found, or fancied, that men would do dishonest things; and upon one occasion I saw the same impression occupy the mind of a man with whom I was dealing. He watched me very closely; however, he needed not have done so in regard of my design; I never, with any knowledge, took a halfpenny that was not my own. I became sparing in my house expenses, and curtailed many little indulgencies; I thought my housekeeper was extravagant, and changed her for another who was worse. I gave up my house, and went into lodgings. My flesh left me by degrees, and I became very thin; my hair grew grey; clouds of wrinkles gathered about my eyes; beautiful objects gradually ceased to interest me; fruits and delicacies no longer excited appetite. I had not been at a theatre

* This narrative will be perused with greater interest when we mention that it is, in all substantial particulars, in accordance with facts.—Ed. Metropolitan.

for seven years, except once or twice at half-price. However, I still continued to cherish the hope of better circumstances, the attainment of long-sought prosperity. The only difference in my mode of feeling was, that the impression had ceased to be a conviction of which I felt assured, and disappointment taught a mode of reasoning, which observation or instruction should have first given me. I saw how exceedingly fallible all our calculations are, and sometimes caught myself endeavouring to convince my mind of some ground of hope, when the deep impression of my soul was against it.

My disappointments still continued, my means became of the most limited nature. I now occupied a very humble lodging in the suburbs; one apartment served me both night and day; my meals were of the most frugal kind. I shall tell you what they were. My breakfast was of old milk and oatmeal, with bread steeped in it; my dinner, rice pudding, made in the plainest manner possible, and eaten without sugar or any seasoning. Instead of tea I took a glass of water, and ate a little bread—as much as I could afford. My supper was the same as my breakfast. I had ceased to use butter, sugar, tea, coffee, cream, or condiment of any kind, except salt. Still I kept in health, and maintained a tolerable cheerfulness—even when alone, but invariably so in company, for my pride (my failing) would not allow me to disclose my real circumstances. When any one remarked the change in my appearance, I assigned any cause but the real one. I had only one relative in circumstances sufficient to relieve me, and to whom I could freely speak of my necessities. This was a female, to whom I had been accustomed from infancy to communicate almost everything; and although I did at times obtain assistance from her, it was commonly unknown to her husband, and very unequal to my wants, of which she had only a very faint idea.

My need was now become so urgent that unless I obtained money by some means, I should no longer be in a condition to provide my accustomed scanty meals, or pay my landlady (whose poverty was too great to allow her to be very sensible of the distresses of others) the three shilings and sixpence per week for my lodging. To do the poor woman justice, I must observe, she offered me upon one occasion, when I had no rice, a basin of broth, and upon another, a pancake; but she saw me offended with the kind freedom she had taken, and did so no more.

Whilst in this extremity, my nerves and understanding were yet uninjured, or rather, perhaps kept in order by the hope of success which the labour I was then engaged with inspired, although I had long ceased to contemplate the illusive pictures, which fancy, in my younger days, used to exhibit to my mind; whilst the possibility of failure, and the horrors consequent upon it, were occasionally intermingled with my hopes; but when these

black thoughts became very painful, I endeavoured and succeeded in assuring myself that I was now in the way to better fortune.

My expectations were again blighted, and all my most fearful anticipations crowded upon my mind. The faint ray I had long laboured to keep an inmate of my bosom forsook me altogether; there was not one speck of light in all the dark futurity. Death presented the only relief of my extreme distress; and I prayed most fervently to God that he would be pleased to withdraw me from the trial which I had so long endured. I prayed with all the earnestness of hopeless sorrow. I prayed at night whilst in bed; I fell upon my knees during the day, and prayed to be relieved from my burdens. But the Supreme Being refused to comply with my request. My horror and hopelessness remained, and I was still in life. My landlady, according to her custom, asked me for her week's rent. I gave it her, and had only two shillings left in the world, and no means by which to obtain more. With this sum I might have lived a week longer, but should then have been absolutely without any food, and unable to pay the poor woman, who I well knew could not allow me to remain in her house gratuitously. I went out immediately after giving her the money, mad with disappointment and horror-stricken with the prospect of futurity. I called upon several persons to whom I was known, thinking that if they were acquainted with my distress they would at once relieve me; but either because frequent applications of a similar nature had rendered them insensible, or that they could not give my words credit for all their terrible meaning, I returned without having obtained a shilling. I knelt by the side of my bed and again prayed. I did not call aloud (God knoweth our inward thoughts). I did not groan or sigh. I was afraid of being heard; but I prayed with the ardent desire of the broken spirit to be released from the hopeless wretchedness of my lot. I could not die; my breath still returned; my pulse beat, but my brain was on fire. My landlady came up stairs; I heard her approach, and before she entered the apartment I had resumed my seat, and dressed my visage in the garb of cheerfulness. She asked if I would have dinner, and said I looked unwell. I complained of headache, and soon after left the apartment and the house, taking with me, unobserved by her, a small phial. I returned in the evening, and desired to have a basin of gruel for my supper. This request was not an unusual one, and the gruel came accordingly. As soon it was cool I poured the contents of the phial into it, and a momentary calmness of thought ensued, occasioned by the impression that I should now very soon be released from all the annoyances of this world. But the draught must be taken, and every moment's delay seemed only a prolongation of my misery. Praying for forgiveness of the Almighty, whom I was about to offend, I raised the bowl to my lips and drank. Before I had

taken fully two draughts, the extreme nauseousness of the ingredient made my jaws and the muscles of my mouth motionless, and I replaced it upon the table. Considering, however, that all sensation would soon become extinct, and no longer occasion me any uneasiness, I again took the bowl in my hands, but the vapour arising from it was so extremely repugnant that I could not bring it to my mouth, and at the same moment, whether the chord of some corresponding idea had been excited, or the impression was made upon my mind by the spontaneous influence of the circumstances themselves, I cannot tell, but the shocking object of a poisoned corpse, the unseemly visage and disorderly attitude, became so strongly impressed upon my imagination that the desire to avoid making such an exhibition in my own person at once forced itself on my mind. In the meantime the poison I had swallowed began to take effect. I found I must die, and be a subject of all the heartless remarks of unfeeling men; but this thought did not give me much trouble. In order that no one else might partake of the cup, I gently opened the window and poured the contents upon the garden beneath, and having rinsed the bowl from the water pitcher, replaced it upon the table. I got into bed as well and as quickly as I could, and was soon asleep. No! not asleep; quite awake, but in the abode of the unblessed. Feeling almost disencumbered of the body, but at the same time possessing an enlarged power of sensibility, the past and the present were alike before me. I saw the past without the blinding influence of mortality, and the monstrous folly and impious wickedness of my conduct were placed distinctly within the compass of thought. Never, upon any occasion, had the extreme brevity of life appeared so insignificant as at this moment, or the infinity of duration so eternal. Filled with rage against myself, I tore my hair, my eyes, my cheeks. Horrid yells, shrieks of inexpressible anguish, and laughter still more appalling, incessantly increasing and varying, rushed upon my brain. But enough of this. The first thing of any importance of which I have any subsequent earthly recollection, is that I found myself under the care of an apothecary. It appeared that during the night I had fallen out of the bed, and making other noises which my disturbed sleep occasioned, my landlady and her husband were awoke, and supposing me taken ill, they had come into my apartment and replaced me.

I arose about my usual hour on the following morning, but in a state of such extreme debility that it was with the utmost difficulty I could wash and dress myself. The poor woman of the house brought me my breakfast, but I could not take it. It seemed that my appearance had alarmed her, for without saying a syllable to me she had gone to some benevolent person in the neighbourhood, and soon afterwards brought a respectable medical

practitioner, who, however, had not the least suspicion of the immediate cause of my sickness. His presence brought me to entire recollection; and under his care I eventually recovered. He was a sensible man, and took the most effectual means of allaying the uneasiness of my mind; for upon my telling him that I had no money with which to pay him for his visits and medicines, he desired I would not allow that circumstance to give me any anxiety, and assured me that when I was recovered I had friends who would endeavour to provide me some means of subsistence.

Finding myself cared for, and the dawning of better fortune seeming to approach, gave a new and more pleasing turn to my ideas, and I no longer wished to die. I could endure to look upon the past, no part of which occasioned me any upbraiding reminiscences so acute as the most recent, and even to these, my sickness and altered views.

My sickness continued many weeks, so powerful had been the poison and so unfit my wasted body to contend with its influence; but the effects produced upon my mind were the most wholesome imaginable; and I am quite sure that without it I should not have been so contented with my condition, or so able to fulfil the duties which I have been called to perform.

A short time before my health was sufficiently restored to enable me to go about my ordinary vocations, a gentleman called at my humble lodging, and told me that the mastership of the endowed school of ——, for the education of twelve boys of the parish in sound English learning, had become vacant. The salary amounted to thirty-five pounds per annum, with a small dwelling-house and garden. I had been represented as suitably qualified for the situation, and the trustees had determined to appoint me to it if the offer was such as I would like to accept. I expressed my joy and gratitude in the best terms I could employ, and in due time I became master.

Being thus restored to society, feeling my own usefulness, knowing from oft-repeated proofs that my services are appreciated by the trustees, I have begun to enjoy existence, and hope I have not been made in vain. Looking at past events, a few thoughts present themselves, which if my readers do not attribute rather to the schoolmaster than the philosopher, I shall be glad of having laid before them. In the strictest sense of the word, we are the creatures of education. We come into the world without any ideas, any impression, any mental bias, and we can only receive ideas, impressions, and consequently bias, from those things which present themselves or are presented to our senses.

All the great principles of nature are unchangeable. This should form our security. They are the Word of God legible in his works; these works and this word, together with the written

word of the First Great Teacher, and the holy things of revealed religion, are those from which our ideas and the bias of our minds ought to be derived.

In proportion as the unstained leaves of our minds become daguerreotyped with pictures of real things, our ideas may be called correct, and their influence will be genial and useful to ourselves and all around us. Error may be impressed as well as truth, and take as firm root; but its consequences are of a directly contrary nature and tendency. If we could imagine a being wholly cut off from the influence of human example, and the impressions derivable from external things, the mind of such a being must remain without impressions, except only such as it would derive from corporeal sensation. Whatever comes within the observation of a child makes an impression upon its mind which cannot be erased, whether good or bad, correct or incorrect, although time may wear it away, or a subsequent impression may be made sufficient to counteract in a greater or less degree the influence of the first. It is therefore in the power of those who have the care of youth—guardians, parents, and teachers—to convey those ideas which may seem most beneficial, and in a great degree prevent the acquirement of such as operate to the prejudice of those whom they have in charge; but to do this effectually would require a different mode of proceeding, in regard to youth, from what is at present practised.

The best education is that which an understanding parent bestows; for having no object in view but to convey correct ideas to his children, and being exquisitely sensible of whatever contributes to the good or evil fortune of his offspring, his advice is given in the way to convey it most effectually, the truth impressed by a present instance of it, and the invariable kindness of his intention leaving no possibility of doubting his integrity, make the child disposed to the fullest and most unhesitating confidence. For want of this domestic education (the ideas conveyed in a well-regulated home), far the greater number of disastrous events which fill the frightful catalogues of human crime and sorrow take their first root and become enormities, whilst a large family reared under the blessed influence of wise paternal solicitude produces not a band of brothers merely, but of firm and loving friends, anxously devoted to each other's good, ever ready to contribute with head and hand to each other's comfort; and they in their turn become heads of noble stocks, which descend from generation to generation, the latest having an indelible resemblance to the first great ancestor. Several instances of this kind exist in the country, and might be named, but the truth would only come directly home to the few who have very intimate knowledge of them.

Thus a domestic man is a great blessing to society, and his reward is certain, even in this life. But integrity and affection

are not of themselves sufficient to produce all the best effects of good domestic education. Children have eyes and ears, with a disposition to use them; so that the father and mother, however devotedly bent upon advancing the comfort of their offspring, who allow others to do it, or who themselves exhibit any impropriety, either of word or action, thought or sentiment, will be sure to impress them upon their children, and equally sure to fail of attaining the best result that is attainable in the education of youth.

Of those things which contribute to secure human happiness, it may be remarked as very desirable to acquire, whilst young, a correct knowledge of the uses of money; the errors alike of greediness and extravagance; the benefits which result from moderation; the value of health; the indispensable necessity of action; the great pleasure and advantage of composed and regular life, and the divine joy of doing good; but these are all the higher branches of knowledge, appreciable only by a few, and, by the great mob of the world, overlooked, or through ignorance despised. And it may be, perhaps, that to the attainment of these higher virtues a more comprehensive mind and greater felicity of temperament are requisite than to any other; and perhaps they are only seen in perfection amongst those who may be considered the favourites of both nature and fortune; of nature from being endowed with the power of conceiving finely, and of fortune by having been produced amongst those who were capable of offering correct models for imitation. Such characters have in view a something more rich and rare than the applause of the uninformed multitudes—something of greater value than anything *the people* run after, and which is only thoroughly appreciable by themselves.

It is a good thing to be early assured of the great uncertainty that besets all our undertakings, because this knowledge will prepare us for disappointments, and give us a disposition to wrestle with them. Neither should the variableness of fortune be forgotten.

If great expectations are raised in the minds of youth they soon assume the character of assured certainties, and induce a corresponding mode of thought and action, which dispose them to feel disappointments more acutely, and bring about melancholy and death.

Some parents are fond of giving their children lofty ideas, and inducing a high tone of feeling and action. I do not know that this is good in any situation. There is no generosity equal to integrity, or any grace so noble as propriety. One thing is certain; these high ideas require great wealth for the support of them, and it is equally certain that when the mind has acquired a habit it cannot be easily, if at all, cast off, even when a change of

circumstances demand it; but strict propriety partakes of something superior to habit, and is regulated wholly by circumstances. We may all see how ridiculous this error is, even in kings and princes. But of all knowledge there is none contributes so greatly to the true dignity of human character, without being in the slightest degree allied to the folly of which we have just spoken, as to attain an early, thorough, and enlarged conviction of the uncertainty of life, the inevitable certainty of death, the shortness of time in comparison with eternity, the soul's immortality, and the wisdom and goodness of God.

I fear I have put the reader's patience to a severe trial, but will now conclude by remarking that it is my firm conviction, from long and oft-repeated consideration of the matter, that all the evils of my existence, and particularly the deplorable circumstance which I have related, and which will for ever cast a dark shade over my career, are attributable to the want of good domestic education. S. S.

BONNY MARY.

AIR—"*Sandy and Jenny.*"

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

COME away, bonny Mary, the daylight is fled,
Let us wander awhile 'mid the heather's deep bloom;
While the stars breathe their orisons over our head,
And the dew hangs its pearls on the long yellow broom.

'Tis sweet with thee, lassie, dear lassie, to rove,
And to pause in a scene of wild beauty like this,
To meet those dear eyes that are beaming with love,
And steal from thy lips breathing roses the kiss.

Come, come, bonny Mary, the moon's tender light
To fairy-land changes the landscape around;
In the hush and repose of all nature to night,
Of Yarrow's wild waters how sweet is the sound.

Here, forgetting the world, I could pass away time
In one long, golden dream, dearest lassie, with *thee;*
Till our spirits together those bright hills should climb,
And be blended in bliss with the holy and free.

SHAKSPERE'S HAMLET.

Above all the writers of fiction, and in this category I of course include dramatic authors, Shakspere stands pre-eminent. Among commentitious writers the epic and dramatic claim the first rank, and it is difficult to say by which the highest order of genius is evolved. I confess, however, that I would rather be the author of Hamlet than of "Paradise Lost." In both there is a display of the highest mental power, but the last only stirs the mind, the first excites both mind and heart. The one is an ideal reality that absorbs and concentrates to an intense focus all the finest sympathies of our humanity; the other is a sublime possibility at which we wonder with a powerful but conventional admiration. Dramatic compositions are unquestionably the most agreeable of fictions, because they not only represent to the imagination, but likewise embody to the eye living agents, this being done when they are represented upon the stage. Among our national dramatists Shakspere may be almost said to have survived alone the difficult ordeal of that judgment which posterity passes upon works of genius, recording it in the imperishable registry of time, that record being their passport to immortal renown. Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Ford, Massinger, Congreve, and a few others, still linger upon our recollection; nevertheless, they appear to be passing rapidly into oblivion, or to live only in the memories of those few master spirits capable of distinguishing and appreciating their beauties, notwithstanding the rare traits of genius with which the writings of those authors are adorned; and no new author has sprung up in this class of writing likely to survive in reputation the term of his own animal existence. Nothing of a very high standard in this class of composition has been produced in our own country for upwards of a century past; and though the modern Germans have done much in this way, yet the admiration of what they have produced seems likely to be confined to their own countrymen. Who, for instance, reads the far-famed drama of Faust but here and there a would-be admirer of German literature, who echoes the praises of Shelley and Byron in order to have it assumed that he shares in the very refined, but often capricious discrimination of those great, yet intellectually vain, men.

In general, nay, I may say, it will be almost universally found that the characters attempted to be delineated in those writings which realize to the mental perception living personages—which represent the actions of civil and social life—which embody the agents, and bring them before the eye, as is the case in stage representa-

tion—paint "the living manners as they rise," reflecting often, with a bold and abiding impression, their moral lineaments upon the reader's or beholder's mind and heart—cause to pass before him in their most glowing hues, the intrigues of courts, the juggles of state, the artificial modes and shifting phases of society, or the more natural habits of ordinary intercourse between individuals of the same classes—I say that such characters—and I am referring now to those presented in the productions of modern dramatists exclusively—exhibit for the most part elaborate, yet imperfect, portraits of originals with which we are tolerably familiar, but they are portraits only. They want the living principle. They are masks, not faces; figures, not men. They are generally full-blown exaggerations of virtue and vice, of beauty and deformity, without the becoming and never-failing concinnity of nature—that harmonious admixture of light and shade, that exquisite blending of tangible but invisible elements, which constitutes the beauty of an imperfect creature; for real beauty, whether physical or moral, must be estimated relatively to existing defectiveness, not according to the beau-ideal of non-existing perfection, since perfection is an attribute of Deity, and cannot, therefore, be indigenous in a world over which the latent principles of evil are so perpetually and abundantly scattered. Perfect beauty, in fact, could not be appreciated by imperfect beings, as they survey everything through a medium of imperfection; everything, therefore, seen through such a medium, must necessarily partake of that predominating quality of it; so that the beauty of angels, which is strange to us, could we behold it, would probably appear to be less in our eyes than that of mortals with which we are daily familiar.

The characters introduced into modern fictions, according to the view just taken, are, as I have already said, without that vital principle which imparts identity, and thus individuality, to the living agent. They do not, for the most part, exhibit the attributes of nature in those continually shifting and beautifully diversified aspects which so fully justify the philosophical axiom of the poet—"The proper study of mankind is man." There is not the sustained vigour of actual life—the spirit that suggests feeling, motion, thought. The mask is seen with nature's green and freshness upon it, but beneath there is a void which a soul ought to occupy yet does not. There is not that constantly varying expression which, though continually shifting, never interrupts the true gradation of moral harmony constituting the mysterious, but nevertheless perceptible, individuality of the delineation. There are none of the strong characteristic combinations that give us at once a full perception of those inexplicable idiosyncracies often belonging to the spiritual no less than to the bodily part of man, and which constitute his especial identity, individualizing

the agent, and bringing him out of the group of which he forms a prominent member in a distinct and definite shape. We have commonly far more of physical extravagance than of moral truth.

The writers of modern fictions, with some few splendid exceptions, always bring before us in their characters, of whatever kind, one of a species, not an individual who has his own peculiar qualities, signalizing and distinguishing his individuality, and whose especial moral organization works out its own results distinct and tangible, not by association with other minds, but by that mysterious and subtle influence which more or less actuates every individual being, apart from the restrictions of imposed discipline, or the influential bias of education. They are the mere puppets of a Fantoccini, which move but as they are directed by the artist's hand. The agents exhibited by those writers—and some of these latter have obtained no small share of public approbation—are, for the most part, inert resemblances in which we trace the form and outline given with sufficient distinctness, but we miss the spirit that gives vitality to the portrait. It lacks the unseen pulse, that muscular undulation which imparts expression, the expression of vigorous life and distinct personality, embodying and transmitting thoughts without the aid of words; that mysterious but sublime agency, actuated and controlled by human volition, which communicates motion to the limbs, lustre to the eyes, and animation to the features. The colours, indeed, are bright, and often beautiful, but the ever-changing hues of life are wanting. These perpetually-shifting modes and aspects by which the living principle moves in its brief cycle of unceasing rotation and change, being never for an instant fixed, are not seized by the authors who commonly represent human nature in these days of spurious mental refinement, on the gorgeous but barren pages of fiction. They merely give pictures of animated objects, and these, for the most part, very feeble ones—not the objects themselves.

To this common charge Shakspere is a great and immortal exception. His characters "live, and move, and have their being," as if fresh from the hands of their Creator. They are animated existences; not transcripts of beings passed to a higher condition of things, but actual persons, each a microcosm, that wonder and miracle of creation, from which continually passes out the various and exhaustless traits of humanity. They are not reflected through a *medium*—through the reflex mirror of the author's conception, which seems to be placed between us and them; but we behold the object direct. It is brought palpably, as it were, to our perceptions, acting before us with all the energy of vital consciousness, and exhibiting the finely susceptible faculties of identical nature; combining all the delicate traits, and adjusting all the harmonious complications, of individuality, free from the glowing hues and transparent glosses of art.

The characters delineated by Avon's immortal bard are not copies from ordinary originals, but existing and obvious realities. They are not mere lifeless representations of nature, but her actual living progeny. They are not transcripts, but prototypes; and I know of no other author of whom this can be said without some reservation. The agents in Shakspere's dramas are not specimens of a certain classification of character, of which each agent is a general representative, but they are individualized with a fidelity amounting almost to the marvellous, and by a creative process peculiar to his original and inexhaustible powers of production. No two are alike. However close their cognation, they invariably and essentially differ—those differences which mark their especial identity so challenging the most captious scrutiny that it cannot be lost sight of. Wherever there is a superficial resemblance the nice but obvious shades of distinction will be perceived to be marked with a skill and exquisite facility of delineation that, when examined by the delicate test of moral influence, shows the nearest characteristic affinities to be susceptible of resemblances, which give more positive light and shade to the fluctuating temperaments of living agents, than the broader and more direct contrasts of strong passions with gentler emotions.

Nor is it alone in the individuality of Shakspere's personages that his admirable felicity of delineation may be traced; the action, the sentiment, the motive—nay, the very phrases employed are, each and all, specially consonant to the character. There is none of that trim conventional rhetoric, the ornate but stilted declamation of the epic drama. Every one speaks the language best adapted to colour his peculiar thoughts, and to evolve them with the most appropriate effect. The words are always exactly congruous and germane to the person who utters them. They are the colourings of his individual mind. They are the illuminated seal of its identity. Even in the scenes exclusively tragic, where the most elevated sentiments are delivered, and where the richest resources of poetry are occasionally employed, those sentiments are never hampered by the tickling cadences of rhythm, which fall, like gently-gushing waters upon the ear, or cramped by metrical restraints; but they are just and natural, in spite of those restraints: they come, pregnant with appropriate, enduring, and racy eloquence, from the bosoms of those who are made to utter them, the philological and metrical art being most skilfully hidden under the natural and becoming expressions employed to embody the thoughts. The language, however poetical, and though arranged in the golden manacles of verse, is, nevertheless, always the language of conversation—that is, the phrases are conversational. They are not those elaborated phrases forming the measured and, too often, vapid interlocution of the declamatory drama, but distinct echoes of the thoughts, the vivid and intelligible expo-

sitions at once of the mind and heart. And when I say that the language of Shakspere's plays is the language of conversation, I shall, of course, be understood as applying to the highest order of conversation, to which the most expressive language belongs. It is often in the first degree poetical, being susceptible of almost every variety and modification of eloquence, from the highest rhetorical orgasm, to the most unadorned and gentle simplicity. Colloquial and poetical language are by no means oppugnant. Some of the finest portions of Paradise Lost will be found among those spoken by the different agents of that sublime poem.

In the adaptation of his language to the character our immortal bard has shown a judgment peculiarly his own, and it is this which imparts the charm of never-ceasing variety to the inimitable productions of his pen. Observe how seldom he repeats himself; and even where he does, some new turn is given to the thought, or some characteristic emphasis to the sentiment, that conceals the repetition under the new aspect in which it is presented, or the becoming garb in which it is arrayed. Perhaps no writer of any country or of any period, who has written so much, has repeated so little as Shakspere; and this because he never elaborated his rich and pregnant thoughts into language, but allowed them spontaneously, so to speak, to assume the vesture, supplied from the treasury of his own prolific mind, which best suited them. He sought not that they should be gorgeously, but rather appropriately, apparelled; and although the language in which they are arrayed is often figurative in the highest degree; though it is sometimes distinguished by the highest poetical adornment, rich even to sumptuousness, and occasionally even borders upon the extravagant, still it always becomes the thought; it is ever correlative to the sentiment, invariably befitting the subject and the occasion. How admirably is this exemplified in that noble line uttered by King Lear under the influence of maddened excitement at the base ingratitude of his favoured daughters,

"Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world."

Here it must be confessed that the thought is extravagant and the language turgid, but its perfect suitableness to the occasion and to the temper of his mind who utters it, renders it not only eminently expressive, but strikingly beautiful. It shows a jarred and dislocated intellect, and the distracted man is identified in the vehement extravagance of his declamation. Incongruous thoughts betray a disordered imagination, and the violence of frantic woe is finely wrought out by these wild and hyperbolical sallies.

In the quality of suitableness of language to the characters, modern dramatic authors are extremely deficient. They employ, for the most part, but one tone of expression, generally tumid and verbose in the extreme, smothering the idea, where there is

any, in a profusion of lumbering finery, making the mere loud and prolonged echoes of thought pass for the thought itself, the commentitious for the real, the faint impressions so produced fading as fast from the mind as those rapid repercussions of sound from the ear, which are multiplied upon Alpine heights or amid lonely recesses, when the mighty voice of the elements is lifted up in awful and portentous warning of the coming desolation.

Even in Lord Byron's dramas, highly impassioned as they are, and, certainly, upon the whole, the most powerful productions of the modern school of dramatic composition in this country, the entire *dramatis personæ*, from the most exalted to the most humble personage, speak alike. There is but one tone of phraseology common to all. It is only marked by certain gradations of force, which are determined rather by the sentiment than the character, but it exhibits no dialectical variety. It is always the language of passion, and this has a general resemblance, for passion and not character is chiefly represented. There is everywhere the same power in kind, though not in degree; still we perceive no peculiarity of idiom, or train of sentiment, no specific combination of words, having any definite relation to the character. The concrete is merged in the abstract, all the agents being rather abstract forces than personal identities. All say equally fine things, whether they be slaves or princes; all are equally masters of the flowers of rhetoric; all seem to have studied and to have gathered their intellectual garlands in the groves of Academus or in the gardens of the Muses. There is nothing distinctive to discriminate the peculiar mind. The language employed is rather that of the class than of the individual; indeed, it belongs but to one class, being, in truth, that verbosely factitious dialect of the epic drama, adapted only to ermined senators, coronetted nobles, and learned legislators; and, therefore, though it is often splendidly poetical, it is, nevertheless, as often splendidly untrue. And this will at once account for the want of sympathy excited in those modern productions of genius prepared for the stage, which almost invariably, after a trial or two, lapse into desuetude. The fact is, that they are, for the most part, the mere gorgeous creations of art in which the common but most intense sympathies of our nature are set aside by the mechanical management so palpably evident in every progressive act of the drama, and even in the construction of the dialogue put into the mouths of the various agents. The great secret of the general failure of Lord Byron's tragedies upon the stage is, that only one colour—intense, indeed, and dazzling—pervades the picture. The want of relief is fatal to their success. Mr. Macready has, it is true, given to one tragedy a sort of exclusive popularity; but this cannot last, as the whole weight of interest lies upon the hero of the piece, and is altogether withdrawn from the accessories. It happens to be accidentally adapted

to the peculiar powers of the actor. It is just the vehicle for the development of those histrionic features which Macready casts into the mould of every character he represents. Werner brings him out in his most favourable attitude, in his most striking light. He, therefore, has worked success for a drama upon the stage, which, but for its accidental adaptation to the hard and sombre style of his acting, would have been only a reading play so long as time shall preserve its celebrity. I feel satisfied that it will never maintain possession of the stage.

In commenting upon some of the more eminent qualities of Shakspere's plays, it may be as well to say a few words upon the structure of his dramas, which manifests his genius no less prominently than the masterly development of character exhibited in them. These dramas, in spite of the fastidious objections of certain classical critics (a pretension which they exclusively claim who denounce as dramatic heresies the violation of the unities so rigidly maintained by the Greek tragedians in their plays), are for the most part constructed with uncommon skill and with singular felicity of adaptation both to the character and events. Every action is either an illustration of something to succeed, or a commentary upon something which has preceded it. It is an essential link in the chain of circumstances, and even the most trifling episode is generally so indispensable to the perfect unravelment of the plot, to the proper tinting and individualization of the character, or to the appropriate disposition of the groups, that it could not be withdrawn without depriving the whole of a certain portion of vitality, which would cripple it in a serious degree, or at least reduce its masculine vigour in proportion to the quantity of spirit draughted from it in the portion curtailed. The experiment, indeed, of curtailing the plays of Shakspere, by way of rendering them better acting plays, has been attempted in many instances, but, as I think, with very questionable success. Richard the Third, for instance, has been so clipped and stunted by Cibber, that its colossal strength is vastly reduced; and not only so, but he has essentially altered the features of the principal character. He has made him reckless, rash, impetuous, and ferocious, instead of wary, calculating, unfeeling, and cruel. He has reduced him from the lofty though bad eminence of a sublime despot, to the low, and therefore degrading, level of a vulgar tyrant. The Richard of Shakspere is never impetuous but when the occasion calls for it in the last act. Then he shows himself to be bold and resolute in their extremest degrees; still, he never suffers his daring spirit so to break out as to traverse his well considered design, or to risk the discovery of his ambitious schemes. He always exhibits consummate self-possession where it is required, and a perfect mastery over the truculent asperity of his temperament, which never rises into an irruption but when it may do so without

compromising the dignity of the prince or the wisdom of the ruler. Cibber's Richard, on the other hand, is a blood-thirsty savage and impetuous madman, whom a strait-waistcoat would much better become than either a crown or a sceptre.

In looking at the structure of Shakspere's dramas, one of the first things that strikes us is the utter absence of artifice in their construction; and while we cannot fail to observe this, we are conscious at the same moment of such skill of contrivance in so warping the artificial into the natural, as that the whole seems the combination of a necessary sequence of results from their obvious and initial causes. The line and rule by which the artist works are entirely kept out of view; nevertheless the structure stands before us colossal in its magnitude, noble in its symmetry, mighty in its enduring strength, imposing in its grandeur, copious in its embellishments, sublime in its massiveness, and splendid in its magnificence. The details, it is true, are frequently rough and always unstudied; but the proportions of the entire mass are admirably just, giving out a stupendous whole, which the mind's eye cannot fail to embrace in all its robust compactness of proportion, in all its severe but penetrating beauty. Every part of the structure appears to belong to it—nay, to be required to keep it together. It is not a contingent or supervacaneous ornament, but a necessary member. The occurrences of the drama appear to be accidents rising out of adventitious combinations rather than the projected issues of a train of causes obviously laid by the author to produce them. We seldom anticipate the result until it comes, and then only when it is so palpable that no other, in the natural order of things, can occur. We are so hurried on by the activity of the progressive scenes, that the well-considered management of the plot altogether escapes us; and it is the absorbing interest thus excited which satisfies us that Shakspere's abandonment of the more rigid shackles of art has won for him, and deservedly too, the reputation of being infinitely the most effective dramatist which any age or any country has produced. In Germany—where dramatic as well as logical criticism is carried to a height of refinement vastly exceeding that of any other nation, being rarified by subtleties imperceptible to the common eye—in Germany, where learning may be said to have established her stronghold, Shakspere is admitted to stand without a rival. The critics of that country, morbidly fastidious though they be, and in spite of their devotion to classic antiquity, place him above all the writers of his class who spread their renown over the provinces of ancient Greece, and have projected the effulgence of their genius to the remotest times, unimpaired by the mighty lapse of centuries, which has witnessed the overthrow of empires, and the abrasion from the records of human events of the most flourishing political constitutions.

When we look at the structure of Shakspere's plays, we cannot

but be struck with the latent skill displayed in them all. It seems to act with a mysterious potency in everything touched by that master-hand; and yet this is so admirably concealed under the multiplied resources of his genius that we almost persuade ourselves we behold the palpable creations of nature through the reflex agency of art. The one is so lost in the beautiful propriety of the other, the verisimilitude being always so appropriately maintained through every movement of the scene, that we are at once beguiled into the stirring consciousness of reality at the very moment we are reading or witnessing a known and acknowledged fiction. And this may be said even of his historical plays; for though these represent past events, they are nevertheless fictions with respect to the present. We see, therefore, only the vivid reflection of things which have been, and although the bare shadows of departed objects, they are called up from the dim womb of the past in such vivid and faithful representations, that we cease to feel they are no longer existing but remotely departed realities.

Let us take, as an example, Shakspere's management of the subtle elements of nature in the play of Hamlet, in which, perhaps, upon the whole, the violation of those dramatic canons laid down by the supporters of the unities, among whom we may especially number the French critics, is as strikingly conspicuous as in any. To my mind, nothing can exceed the perfect mastery over the various elements, to be worked out into tangible existence, exhibited in this tragedy. It is full of incidents, which crowd so thickly upon the heels of each other, that the mind is held in a perpetual flux of excitement, and yet there is not the least confusion; no traversing, no jarring: all is in perfect harmony, and concurrent to the grand aim of the drama, the interest of which never for an instant relaxes from the rise to the fall of the curtain.

The first act opens with a brief but earnest dialogue between Horatio and two officers of the watch, respecting some supernatural appearance, by which expectation is vividly kindled, and glows with a lively fervour. Our impatience to proceed is breathless, and the rapid brevity of the dialogue abets while it gratifies this impatience, in a manner the most deeply interesting. Our whole attention is roused. Every faculty of the mind is at its extremest tension. Our eyes, ears, and thoughts are all directed to, and centered in, one focal point of absorbing interest, and we positively crave after the coming development. How admirably characteristic of minds labouring under the exciting impression which the sight of an apparition, and that the semblance of their deceased sovereign, may be conceived to awaken, is the brief, hurried interlocution of the first scene until the entrance of the ghost. Every word has an emphasis and a force that quicken the pulse as we proceed until "the dead corse, clad in complete steel," enters

and works us up to a climax of painful expectation. The author plunges at once into the subject of his "eventful history" without preface or intimation, raising the interest of the reader or of the spectator to the highest pitch, which never for a moment relaxes from the beginning to the end of the tragedy. The events follow consequentially in rapid but just order, until the whole of the subsequent actions is developed in a series of arresting incidents, each heightening the interest as it proceeds. There is no halting for the display of stately but elaborate elocution, or to show the accomplishment of authorship. The ambition of the writer does not shine through the transparency of his genius, which is too vast and too solid to reflect so weak an attribute of the natural man. It is not the transparency of the stream which the brushing of an insect's wing may disturb, but that of the imperishable gem, which no external power can destroy. No elaborate passages are introduced into this noble production as vehicles for the exhibition of poetical exaggeration or of rhetorical extravagancies, as is so much the fashion with those among us who have in these times aimed at popular favour, and, with shame I speak it, have obtained it too, however unworthy of so coveted a distinction. The events of the drama proceed rapidly forward, creating the most restless anxiety—our feelings being braced up to the highest extreme of moral endurance by the unusual but stirring circumstances, which, although some are out of the order of nature, possess a coherency with the established belief of all times and of all countries, at least among a considerable section of their communities, and a verisimilitude that for the moment beguiles the most stubborn scepticism of its prejudices, reaching its deepest convictions, and forcing it to yield to the well-contrived illusion of the scene. The preternatural is so plausibly introduced, it is so essentially blended with the natural, so consonant to the superstitious belief of minds addicted to the marvellous, which may be traced in the large majority of all societies, whether civilized or savage, that we cease to be shocked at the violation of physical probability, but bring it, if not precisely to the level of our belief, at least within the far boundary line of the probable though not of the true.

The plot of this tragedy progressively rises in interest as it advances. The villany of the king, and the obligation imposed upon Hamlet to avenge his father's murder, are placed in such immediate and prominent juxtaposition, that, however the spirit may revolt from the contemplation of deliberate homicide, under near or remote provocation, no matter how aggravated, it seems to look for it in the present case at the hands of the son of a murdered king, as an act of justifiable retaliation. Our natural repugnance at the destruction of human life is diminished by the claims of judicial retribution, and we demand, as it were, in our mind, the consummation of the judgment of nature. The

solemnity of the obligation to visit with sanguinary requital a royal assassin, is greatly enhanced by the spirit of the murdered king quitting the awful penetralia of departed souls, in order to awaken the rightful heir of Denmark's crown to an act of stern, but, according to the belief of less cultivated times, justifiable revenge. It seems like the fiat of divine justice, and though the moral requisitions of the Christian law point out its criminality, and the wise enactments of our better-ordered constitution, in concurrence with that law, exhibit to our calmer judgments the civil and social mischiefs which must arise from such acts of sanguinary vengeance if they were not placed under the check of legal restraints; still, so perfectly does every concurrent event of the drama, the whole tone and complexion of its structure tend, not only to recommend, but to justify and precipitate this moral consequence of crime, that, however heinous to our calm and unbiassed reflections, we do not shrink from witnessing its perpetration by him whom a supernatural visitor has challenged to become his proper and immediate avenger. So strongly does the human heart, however tainted by the corruptions of our common humanity, admire the sublime beauty of virtue, even where it is most unapproachable, that it spontaneously approves the punishment of delinquency; and though, when we come to apply this test of judicial right to our own case, we are apt to make an exception in our own favour, and to think ourselves hardly dealt with, yet, scarcely in a single instance, where we see others the victims of their own depravity, do we consider the penalty to exceed the provocation. We thus tacitly admit that just and infallible law which adjudges suffering to sin under all its various modifications, and where we behold transgression we look, in spite of our own consciousness of erring, to the chastening visitation to follow. In all civilized governments the criminal law instituted under the sanction of that government has appointed death as the only adequate punishment for murder; consequently, in the play before us we look to the murderer for this legal result of his offence with an anxiety so potent that our disappointment would be positively painful if that anxiety were not relieved by the death of the royal criminal. The moral end arising out of the physical infliction satisfies our minds. The sorrow which would otherwise be felt at the unhappy end of Hamlet is neutralized by our satisfaction at the retribution visited upon the assassin who destroyed the father of his own nephew. In the triumph of severe but necessary justice, we thus read a lesson of the highest practical wisdom, and cease to be shocked at the physical evil, satisfying, as it does, that law which has the sanction at once of nature and of Nature's God.

In Hamlet's murder of the king, it may be said that the act was unlawful. This is indeed true, forensically speaking. It was undoubtedly a violation of those legal prescriptions which

every individual, placed under the protection of a government, and the consequent restraint of laws imposed by that government, is bound to regard. But though we might reasonably condemn the means, as a breach of law, if our reasons were challenged, yet our feelings do not hesitate to justify the end. Nay, we are absolutely impelled by the arousing incidents of the scenes before us to demand this issue as the prompt and inflexible fiat of equitable retaliation. Besides this, in those times the laws were laxly dispensed, and their violation was often winked at by the governing authorities, where there was anything like the semblance of moral justification. In the then free state of society that was frequently admitted to be just in a moral sense which was precisely the reverse in a legal. Thus murder was not uncommonly committed without there following any judicial investigation.

Of the character of Hamlet more perhaps has been written than of that of any dramatic personage ever represented upon the stage. Many writers of credit, and Hazlitt among the number, agree that Hamlet is an unrepresentable character—at least, that it is impossible to do justice to it upon the stage. To me this appears absurd, unless it can be shown that this character is something out of the world of nature, and has, therefore, something in it not to be realized by dramatic representation, where the actor is confined to the world of humanity. I cannot see in what this difficulty consists, unless it be that there is less vehement passion, by which the attention of an audience is readily roused, and more of the subtler diagnostics of moral temperament. Actors are apt to create difficulties by their vain ambition to be original. Every new candidate for fame in this way tries to distort the simplicity of Shakspere into something startling and uncommon, in order to show his own penetration and professional skill, and this is much the cause of that want of success which has been generally ascribed to stage representation of Hamlet. This dramatic portrait is no doubt beyond the true appreciation of ordinary minds, but not, therefore, an impossible representation. It is not distinguished by a few broad masses of light and shadow which strike out a strong though forced contrast, but by a variety of the most delicate tintings harmonized into a masterly whole from a number of minute yet elementary parts, all necessary in their combination to its complete unity. We behold in it nothing of the sublime virtue or appalling vice of the ordinary tragic drama, but a mere shred of humanity—a being made up of infirmities, blended, in an exquisitely-wrought moral tissue, with the nobler qualities of our nature, that lift it out of the degradation into which the lapse in Paradise has plunged it, and show that the immaculate image in which it was created is not utterly effaced. Of this, indeed, that noble burst of admiration from the lips of the young Dane himself is a most true and eloquent attestation. "What a piece of work is

man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a God! the beauty of the world, and the paragon of animals!" Hamlet is not an uncommon *being*, but an uncommon *stage-hero.* He is an individual standing out of the crowd of human agents, and recognized by the peculiar features of his own individual mind, which throws off no ordinary reflections from the characters by which he is surrounded. He is made up of so many qualities common to our infirm existence, and these are so gently touched, so skilfully amalgamated, so lightly brought upon the surface of his spiritual organization, as to escape the penetration of an ordinary actor—nay, of any but of the most discriminating and masterly. It is the exquisite complication of the moral fabric, woven, nevertheless, with consummate harmony of distribution, not in broad lights and shadows, or in prominent masses of gorgeous colouring, that the dramatic supremacy of this character consists. It is not a thing of parts, in which the actor may astound, and the audience be electrified; but a well-sustained whole, which, however, requires to be worked out in all its variety of minute yet consequential details, or the development will be not only defective but positively untrue. A man must be deeply read in the great volume of nature to be a just representative of this unhappy prince. He must have taken his knowledge from the deep yet clear spring of wisdom, guided thither by active and scrutinizing experience, else he will not possess the sagacity necessary to penetrate the secret springs of action by which the character of Hamlet is moved and governed.

Hamlet has been called by some modern critics a *metaphysical abstraction.* This certainly sounds very philosophical and very mysterious; but to me it appears the mere idle bombast of over-refined speculation. This may do very well in Germany, where nothing is too tough for their literary digestion, but among us who like to deal more with the concrete than the abstract, such a painted monster is not so likely to go down. The Germans might swallow it, horns and all, but if the attempt is made by us on this side of the channel, it will stick in our stomachs. Then for the nurse's remedy, a thump between the shoulders to get rid of the huge absurdity, and likewise as a gentle chastisement for having attempted to swallow it. It is a mighty easy matter to say a fine thing, often much easier than to say a true one, and always easier still to cover an effete idea under expressions that have an imposing sound, but in which sense is completely smothered; just as in the case when an ambitious declaimer, who would fain pass for an orator, bawls in order to stifle, in noise and the confusion thus necessarily produced, words or sentiments which he suspects would fail to make a due impression if so distinctly heard that they might be entirely secured, and thus justly appreciated. Why,

I would ask, in the name of common sense, is the young prince of Denmark more a *metaphysical abstraction* than Prospero, or, in fact, than any other of Shakspere's heroes? In what consists his nonentity? Why should he be called the unsubstantial thing of elements so subtle as not to be comprehended within the span of a simple idea? Why should he be stunted into a mere term of gaudy rhetoric, by which all his grand qualities as a living agent are brought into a focal point so minute as to baffle the power of the Polytechnic microscope? Away with such folly! If those Kantean critics, who seem to fancy that they have pulled up from the bottomless well of metaphysics her philosopher's stone, which has always been confined hitherto to the custody of the German universities, had predicated of him that he was *the man in the moon*, we should have entertained a much more accurate apprehension of him than under the extremely vague, though sublimely scholastic designation of a *metaphysical abstraction*. Why should *he* be thus swelled, by the cunning machinations of logic, into a philosophical enigma, who is nothing more than a piece of dexterously-wrought tissue from the almost infinitely varied web of humanity? Do those profound inquirers, who much prefer approaching a speculation than grappling with a conclusion, imagine that Shakspere, in his delineation of the young Dane, really meant to propose a problem in animal physics, and to exhibit its solution under the similitude of a prince of Denmark, as a diagram is employed in military tactics to illustrate a practical evolution? In truth, such persons are evidently metaphysical in their feelings, as well as in their philosophy, for instead of feeling substances with their fingers ends, which is the plain order of nature, they touch them with the intangible point of a speculation, which is the confused order of absurdity.

Hazlitt says of this character—"Hamlet is a *name*, his speeches and sayings but the coinage of the poet's brain. What then, are they not real? They are as real as our own thoughts. Their reality is in the reader's mind. It is *we* who are Hamlet." What a number of prototypes then must there be of this moody prince, when the tragedy under his name is represented on the night of a popular benefit, if every dirty Jack in the shilling gallery is his real personality? Such diluted criticism to a fine mind is worse than gruel to a hungry appetite, and is not the more *piquant* only because labelled with the name of Hazlitt, an acute and able man, though a fanciful, and often a very capricious one. Why are we, and upon Mr. Hazlitt's showing, more in reality Hamlet than we are Jacques, or Timon, or any other of the melancholy personages created by the genius of Shakspere? The fact is, we are neither, but so far only as we can trace anything identical with our own moral individuality, which awakens stronger sympathies in ourselves than in others whose bosoms feel no vibrating impulse at

the evolution of certain emotions, not kindred with their feelings, though closely kindred with our own. We have a relative sympathy, more or less, with every character we see represented upon the stage, and the entire amount of the resemblance between us and that character, lies in the similarity of sentiment and feeling which the dramatic agent is made to express. Those jejune efforts, therefore, of highly-gifted men to render the noble and beautifully natural conception of a master mind something quite out of the pale of mortality, as if the reputation of our immortal dramatist could be enhanced by making him the originator of such a specious but positive anomaly, is really as unphilosophical as it is silly and futile; for instead of thus exalting the genius of their declared idol, they rather cast a doubt upon his consistency and truth.

In my humble apprehension Hamlet is a character complex indeed, being made up of many adverse elements, still one fully within the scope of our common experience. He is not a creature placed beyond the extensive boundary-line of ordinary nature, which comprehends vast extent and variety upon the crowded surface within it, but a mere man of diseased sensibility and constitutional infirmity of purpose, giving way to the constant overflowings of a humane yet embittered temperament. His heart is full of tenderness, and his spirit of acrimony the natural amenity of the one petrified into morbid obduracy, and the native sweetness of the other stagnated into gall by events which work so entirely upon his over-acute sensitiveness as to disturb every moral feature into something little short of absolute deformity. The natural hue and complexion of his character are nevertheless to be distinctly traced through all the hallucinations of his excited sensibility. His nervous delicacy is so shocked at the marriage of his mother and his uncle, that a canker grows upon it which gnaws him to the very vitals, yet his affection is not, for an instant, swamped by the flood of turgid impulses by which his heart is continually overborne. Amid his greatest acerbity the sweetness of filial love, though occasionally embittered, is never neutralized.

In this production, certainly of the greatest dramatic genius of any age or country, a fact on which the most eminent modern critics of Europe unanimously concur, the peculiar character of the hero—peculiar, however, only in the *aspects*, not in the *features*, of humanity—aids or protracts the progress of the plot, according as the interest is to be heightened, anxiety awakened, or curiosity kept alive, in a manner as consummate as it is original. The lights and shadows of human emotion flit before us in an almost endless variety of intangible forms, so apparently palpable and identic with our common sympathies that we seem to behold our own hearts reflected as by a speculum in the object so exquisitely realized by the poet. In this respect, as Hazlitt says, *we* are

Hamlet, but we are so only when, under certain phases of his condition, our whole sympathies are drawn to him, as bearing a sort of kindred relation to our own; when through him we feel our own deep sensibilities aroused, and that we have, as it were, an intimate community of suffering but which, indeed, would identify us precisely in the same manner, and just as intimately with Othello or Romeo, if that inexpressible, yet profound, sympathy everywhere existing between man and man, in a greater or less degree, and now more directly operating upon us through the character in which we recognize such kindred moral affinities, were equally similar.

As the events of the play proceed, the irresolution of the hero, his shrinking sensibility, the almost convulsive struggles of a mind anxious to avenge its own and parents' wrong, but repelled by the strong compunctions of a most humane temper, and that dominant repugnance to blood-shedding, which casts an infrangible fetter upon the sanguinary arm of revenge; steeping his subtle intellect in that logic of social retaliation, which justifies to itself the extreme of physical chastisement, yet at the same time shrinking with shuddering repugnance from the manual infliction; philosophizing with temperate exactness upon a determination which he dares not execute; actually denouncing those very principles of right, by which his own heart is sternly disposed to be governed; unable to move the slumbering energy that waits but to be evoked; acting by impulse, but deliberating with cool and calculating precision; practically weak, but theoretically strong;—all these mingled contrarieties of character—nay, his minutest infirmities, so singularly evolved from the apparent contingent movements of the plot, give it at once an interest and reality which rivet our attention, whilst they enlist our deepest sympathies. Every thing goes on progressively to the end, without the link of consequences being once broken; and whenever the direct progress of the plot is arrested, it is only to strengthen the finely woven web of dexterous combinations which terminate in the catastrophe. How felicitously too is the disposition of the royal uncle brought out, though quite adventitiously, during the wild and capricious abstractions of Hamlet. It is only by inference that the qualities of the king's mind and heart are arrived at, and yet how strongly are these impressed upon us, not by any direct or designed implication, on the part of the injured nephew, not by any sinister influence, provoked by the outpouring of his exacerbated spirit, but exhibited in his repeated bursts of indignant reproach at his unmerited and unnatural wrong. We see, at one view, the murderer, the sot, the reveller, the sensualist, together with the accessories of temperament consequential to those vices;—that is, though we do not actually see them in the royal assassin, they are, nevertheless, strongly reflected upon our minds through the rightful hero of

Denmark's crown, who leads us, at every step of his progress through the play, to those emphatic conclusions which we cannot help drawing, and which produce upon our feelings the veritable effects of demonstrative evidence, than which they are no less irresistible. In the same manner we trace the character of the queen-mother, not by direct testimony, but by indirect assumption; and yet no specific description, however minute, could have brought her before us in a more tangible shape of definite reality. She does not exhibit herself, but is exhibited to us by certain accidents, naturally rising out of the complexion and events of the history, in which she bears so unworthy a part. That she is not without her good qualities is implied by the tender cautions of the ghost to the prince in her behalf, and by the lingering affection existing in the breast of the son towards the mother, even under the fiercest stimulations of his deep and premeditated revenge. And although she married her husband's murderer, there is no reason for supposing that she was privy to the act of that diabolical regicide, or that she was even aware her first husband had suffered by the hand of her second, a violent death.

With what uncommon skill of development, moreover, is the character of the hero brought out at the moment he forbears to seize the opportunity of killing his incestuous uncle, when the latter is at his prayers; justifying to his own conscience his backwardness to perform the promise made to his father's ghost, by declaring that he only waits the occasion when he may take a more signal revenge. The sophistry employed by this moody prince is specious in the highest degree; "If," he says, "I should murder him while he is offering up his supplications to a merciful, but offended God, I should send him at once to heaven. This would be reward, not revenge. I will not do this, as it would not be to fulfil the pledge made to my father's spirit. On the contrary, it would produce that very issue which he would condemn above every other; and it is the earnest desire of his departed spirit, which has risen from the grave to communicate this desire, that his murderer should suffer retribution at my hands by a violent death, which shall send him to his account, as he did his victim, with all his imperfections on his head. I will therefore wait a fitter opportunity when I can send the hoary sinner to his reckoning, as he did my royal parent, with all his sins full blown, and without allowing him a moment for repentance, or to make his peace with heaven.

> "Up sword, and know thou a more horrid time,
> When he is drunk, asleep, or in a rage," &c.

All this is a mere excuse for his want of resolution; a noble subterfuge for the *non*-committal of a crime that appals humanity, but which, nevertheless, he had pledged himself to perform. He affects a savageness of nature quite foreign to his real disposition merely

to hide, even from his own scrutiny, the constitutional dread by which he is overborne at the thought of committing an act of deliberate assassination. He assumes the savage simply to conceal that he has one of the tenderest of dispositions—a heart that absolutely revolts from the deliberate commission of a deed of blood; and when, in the end, he really commits two acts of homicide, on neither occasion is the deed premeditated, but he is prompted, especially in the one instance, the destruction of his uncle, by the strongest impulses of provocation, to the commission of a crime from which his calmer reflections had ever caused him to shrink with positive abhorrence. How true a picture is here given of amiable infirmity of purpose struggling with the solemn consciousness of obligation, and justifying its submission to a dominant principle, by assuming a more violent resolution which in fact it never meant to fulfil. Any plea, even though it makes the better cause appear the worse, is seized upon under the deep repugnance to accomplish a criminal undertaking, and the heart grasps at any stay, however frail, to keep it from immediate contact with what it actually loathes. The more hideous the mask generally, the more secure the disguise, because it is more likely to repel scrutiny. Thus it is that he who plays the monster is more likely to escape detection than he who plays the hero. From the one we are separated by natural antipathy; with the other we are not the less naturally invited to closer acquaintanceship, and nearer communion. Nothing can more strongly represent Hamlet's inborn reluctance to kill the king, than his thus putting off a reluctant duty, which, were he really anxious to execute it, he would, as a matter of course, embrace the first reasonable opportunity of doing. But no; he halts at the idea of murder, and therefore seizes upon any excuse for delay.

The observations of Dr. Johnson show how unjust an appreciation he entertained of the character which he does not appear at all to have understood. In truth I cannot think that he entertained any strong feeling for the beauties of Shakspere. "This speech," he observes, alluding to that of which the lines above quoted form a part, "in which Hamlet, represented as a virtuous character, is not content with taking blood for blood, but contrives damnation for the sinner whom he would punish, is too horrible to be read or to be uttered." Is it possible that so acute a perception as Johnson's should thus mistake for grave intention the most obvious marks of a weak and vacillating resolution? The lofty virtue of Hamlet's character positively shines through the transparent mask of ferocity, assumed to hide the milk of gentler feelings, still flowing in his heart fresh and uncurdled. It is like a light mist which, though it dims, does not conceal but magnifies the more prominent features of the landscape. Thus Hamlet's affected fierceness of determination, though it obscures, nevertheless enhances, the ca-

pricious, yet deeply-rooted tenderness of his disposition. It is a prism, through which that tenderness of disposition is observed, suffused with many hues but still beautiful and attractive under all. Of his madness much has been said, but that madness must be at least very questionable, about which there is still so much controversy among the first critics of the age. The vagaries of an actor, who may have obtained considerable popularity, will not persuade a reflecting man that Shakspere intended to degrade his hero into a madman, by those stage artifices, which, though they often provoke shouts from the gallery, and it may be, rounds of applause from the pit, are nevertheless only the mere ravings or echoes of passion, not the peculiar notations of character. I can discover no more madness in Hamlet than is generally perceptible in the moody eccentricities of persons whose temperament is of a sombre cast, and whose excitable sensibilities have been worn down to a state of irritable disease, by the constant attrition of that deep and abiding sense of wrong, from which his excitable mind is never for a moment free. He is mad only as thousands are mad who happen to differ on the ordinary complexion of their thoughts, and the general tenor of their actions from the mass of men. If the fact of his madness or sanity be still a problem among the learned, he may safely be pronounced sane; since his sanity must evidently be so vastly prevailing as to exclude altogether the perception of madness, if it really exist, from some of the acutest intellects of the age; and the existence of that which is so disproportioned, in fact so microscopic, as to be imperceptible to the highest order of intellectual, at least, if not of pathological, scrutiny, may be very reasonably questioned.

Long as this play is, there is nothing, if we except mere passages in the dialogue, that could be omitted with advantage. The whole is unique in its kind, composed indeed, in some particulars, of heterogeneous elements, but brought into such original and harmonious combination, as to leave an irresistible impression upon the reader that it is one of the most perfect works of art which the mighty resources of literature, under the influence and direction of genius, has supplied. It still maintains its possession of the stage, with all that intense attraction which it derives from its intrinsic excellence, and which never fails when it is even tolerably well performed, to absorb the attention of an audience.

The scene in which Hamlet enters into conversation with the grave-digger, though upon a superficial view, it may appear extraneous to the plot, is nevertheless, an accessory which we would not miss, without losing one of those contingent aids that, in the works of this great master, often more strongly contribute, by indirect appliance, to sustain in complete concordance, the frame-work of the structure, with all its splendour of columnar and colossal grandeur, together with all its gorgeous appendages, than any di-

rect mechanical contrivance, where the art is perceptible, and the necessity of its application obvious. How beautifully does it throw out the minuter features of Hamlet's character, which had been before only partially seen through the brief flashes of his hasty impulses, so faintly reflected during the rapid transitions of subdued passion, where the strong workings of his mind are rather left to be inferred than positively indicated. How naturally the acute but covert wisdom, the rugged and stern, though homely and just, philosophy of the witty grave-digger, elicits the moving reflections of the prince, drawing out those eloquent and effecting traits of sympathy, those subtle elements of subdued yet lofty emotion of which his heart, in spite of the painful reactions which have seared it, appears to be so strongly susceptible! This scene clearly reflects the deep feeling of Hamlet, throwing it into brighter relief by the natural gleams of a sublime but still touching humanity, which are judiciously intermixed with the more lurid scintillations of a morbid and cankered sensibility. It gives us an interest in the hero, which else had been overborne by the more affecting position of Laertes, bereaved of one of his nearest relatives, and who shortly after appears as chief mourner at the grave of a sister, whom he fondly loved in life, whom he sincerely mourns in death, and who, as he had every reason to believe, had fallen a sacrifice to the unkindness of Hamlet. How skilfully is the sombrous solemnity of the scene relieved by the flashes of transparent wit, the strong racy humour of the maker of graves, who moralizes with a quaint but convincing logic, upon the supremacy of death, and the frail tenure of mortality! Every joke which he utters is pointed with a moral that goes home to the heart. Nothing can be better contrived than this scene, to give due interest to what is to follow. It prepares the spectator, by the solemn tone of reflection which it awakens, for the affecting incident immediately to ensue; and it must be ever held as an indubitable proof of Shakspere's unrivalled perception of the exalted and most minute proportions of the true and proper in his delineations of nature, that nowhere in this dialogue, between the clown and Hamlet, does the pungent wit of the former detract in the least degree from the deep solemnity of the scene; on the contrary, it rather adds to it, by that direct contrast of particulars which imparts equal strength to the contrasted objects, as beauty and deformity, when placed in immediate relief together, are mutually enhanced by the juxtaposition. No one laughs at the loose gibes of the philosophic sexton. They propose grave lessons of homely wisdom, though proceeding from the lips of an untutored jester. The *wbrds* are human, but the truths divine. The subject solemnizes the humour, and renders the latter subservient to it. Those sad deductions to which the apathetic sallies of the "maker of graves" so pointedly lead, are only the more rapidly, and the more impressively, conveyed to the mind.

They are likewise the more fixedly implanted there by the very unusual, though nevertheless singularly impressive, medium through which they are conveyed. They are moreover an admirable offset to the sterner philosophy of Hamlet, which seems to receive an impetus from the strongly flavoured, yet exuberant, wit of this menial interlocutor. Had an ordinary clown intruded his coarse jests upon us at a time and in a place like this, we should have been shocked at his grossness and impertinence, but one to whom such scenes were daily familiar—one who was continually digging up skulls, and the fragments of human skeletons, seemed to possess a license, both habitual and professional, to explode his intrinsic humour upon a subject perpetually, and almost solely, present to his contemplations. His humour, however, has nothing in it profane, because it appears to have grown out of the accidents of his occupation. He has no intention of being profane, and therefore really is not so; but, his heart being fortified, or rather hardened, by his constant position with objects held to be terrible by the vast majority of persons, who like not to be too solemnly reminded of their brief mortality, he ceases to be sensible of those unwelcome impressions which dwell on minds not familiarized with scenes or memorials of death. Hamlet too, evidently is not shocked at the quick pithy replies of the sexton, but rather encourages him by his questions, and by this implied sanction, confirms their propriety and appropriateness to the occasion. He was in no mood to have admitted the real impertinence of a menial, but with a nice discernment, a high appreciation of excellence, whether in sovereign or clown, he brings out the stringent reflections of the aged sexton, garbed in homely but robust wisdom, as furnishing intellectual aliment not unworthy of his own refined and highly-gifted mind. This scene is altogether a splendid indication of the transcendent yet occult powers, if I may so say, with which our immortal dramatist was endowed. In his own emphatic words we may hopelessly ask, when shall we "look upon his like again?" He has survived the prejudices of contemporaneous criticism, and established his claim to that celebrity which can never die. How immeasurably behind him are all his competitors in the long race of renown! And though other great men have followed him, yet it is at so vast a distance that they are almost rendered indistinguishable from the extreme length of the intervening space. Great men may have been proud at all times to follow him in the same path which he has rendered so illustrious by the incomparable effulgence of his genius—a genius that, like the sun, pales the light of any other sphere in that firmament of which it is the supreme luminary.

If we look at the tragedy of Hamlet with a view to ascertain how far it is a triumph of intellect, we shall assuredly find that in this particular it is unrivalled, except by the equally eminent pro-

ductions of the same pen, and few even of these equal this masterpiece of the greatest dramatic genius of any age or country. Its variety, which I apprehend has been sufficiently proved, is amazing; whether we consider the concurrent incidents upon which the working of the plot is made to depend; the characters, language, sentiments, all so admirably harmonizing; the beautiful combinations of phrase, so happily modified and so singularly expressive; the occasional flow of lofty and vigorous declamation; the *copia verborum*—for from the plays of Shakspere a complete vocabulary of pure Saxon English might be constructed, while the consummate dexterity with which all its complex elements are amalgamated into one harmonious whole, is no less amazing than its variety. The incidents are not only exceedingly numerous, but all surprisingly concur to realize the manifest aim of the drama —to work out its tangible moral, imparting to it a commanding power of interest, as the numberless veins in the human body minister to the vitality of the trunk, not simply communicating beauty to its mechanism, but health and vigour to its entire frame. The diversity of those incidents, occasionally relieved by the comic dialogue, strictly akin both to the agents and to the action out of which it rises, is never confused nor out of place. They flow in rapid succession, continually evolving new, yet always appropriate aspects of character, as if the storehouse of material from which this marvellous drama was produced were inexhaustible. The equivocal eccentricities of Hamlet, the capricious fatuity and blended good sense of Polonius, the positive madness of Ophelia, the dissipation and troubled conscience of the king, the frank, good humour and honesty of Horatio, the rude but pithy drollery of the grave-digger, the impetuous temper of Laertes, the refined foppery of Osrick, and the selfish treachery towards their friend and school-fellow of Rosencrantz and Guilderstern, are all beautiful gradations of light and shadow in the vast atmosphere of mind, only produced by Shakspere. They rise like northern lights, which gild with their radiant fires the distant circumference, upon the horizon of his vast and excursive intellect, irradiating with new glories all the objects which reflect their splendours.

In this tragedy the peculiarity of the character of Polonius cannot be overlooked. It is drawn with prodigious nicety of discrimination, and yet with singular originality of development. Besides which, it gives amazing relief to the otherwise deeply sombrous hue of the scenes, and to the natural gloom of the subject. This character has, I am aware, been considered by some writers of nice discernment and pure critical taste, an unsuccessful portraiture; and in fact to derogate from that unity of perfection, which I do not hesitate to ascribe to this incomparable drama in the fullest sense of the term. Nevertheless, great as those autho-

rities may be against whom I venture to oppose my own deliberate judgment, I cannot withhold my fullest commendations from what I conceive a remarkable specimen of the consummate originality of Shakspere's mind. The garrulous fatuity of the old courtier and placeman is aptly contrasted with the slumbering good sense awakened by paternal anxiety. When this anxiety is roused for the welfare of an only son, the collapsing energies of the man kindle into momentary vigour, but are excited into activity only upon the urgent and affecting occasion which stirs them from their habitual torpor. The embers of fading intellect show that sufficient sparks remain to burst into a blaze when aroused sensibility communicates to them its light and vital warmth. This is strictly concurrent with the experience of nature in her physical decline and before complete impotency overtakes the wasted faculties. Polonius is a specimen of an intellect, once acute and penetrating, lapsing into desuetude, which the long dissipation of a courtly life had probably superinduced to the infirmities of age. It will be observed that the feeble old man exhibits the inflated imbecility of dotage before the king and queen, or in the presence of the prince, together with all the pitiable follies of that sad condition; but when with his children, his earnest and prevailing anxieties stimulate into ready and potential operation the dormant faculties of his mind, and he becomes at once what he was ere age had cramped the energies of that mind and placed them in abeyance to the now dominant influence of dotage, converting the plausible political functionary into the vain babbling dotard. This is, in truth, a humiliating, nevertheless a true picture of human nature under certain conditions of our infirm humanity. When he has nothing to quicken his emotions they remain utterly inert, and he subsides into garrulous imbecility. His vanity swells into empty extravagance, and the love of talking becomes his master passion; conceit usurps the place of prudence, and officiousness of well-directed zeal. Nothing can be finer than his advice to Laertes; nothing more silly than his speeches to the king and to Hamlet. The one is as full of wisdom as the others are of folly; yet is this perfectly consonant with the fluctuating powers of nature when they are verging towards that state of physical and mental inanition which Shakspere has so happily described as "second childishness and mere oblivion." There are intervals of vigour succeeded by much longer intervals of feebleness. Weaknesses, which in the maturity of the mind's strength were subdued and not suffered to expand into their full dimensions, push through the thin soil attenuated by the gradual abrasion of years, like huge weeds that grow out of the sand where all is comparative barrenness, and choke the tender growth of more wholesome vegetation, that germinates scantily beneath. When there is no force to suppress the infirmities of nature, these rise up from

the exhausted fallows of intellect with quicker powers of germination than those healthy blooms which they put forth in the prime of their strength.

There is one other feature in this remarkable tragedy upon which I desire to say a few words before I bring this essay to a conclusion. It is the introduction of the ghost. This being not inconsistent with popular belief, is managed with great adroitness and effect. The supernatural has such an air of probable and circumstantial reality that we seem to feel it to be both natural and true. It helps to bring out the character of Hamlet as well as to disclose that secret known only to the king, and which otherwise, except by the confession of the latter, could not have been revealed. And what is remarkable, the express traits of the once living prototype are distinctly, though indirectly, marked in the ghost, not by any positive notations of identity, but by mere casual expressions rising adventitiously out of the matter which the spirit of a murdered sovereign quits its cold prison-house, the grave, to disclose. The very language of the unearthly visitor is *ghostly*, and gives so decided a verity to the striking features of the scene, that however powerful our convictions may be against the visitation of disembodied spirits, we feel the resemblance to be so perfect that our imagination yields to the well-contrived illusion, and our attention is absorbed as by an intensely arresting reality. In spite of the repulsive solemnity with which the idea of supernatural agency is associated, and thus it is, more or less, in the strongest as well as in the weakest minds, the terror is, in a great degree, neutralized, if not entirely exploded, by the affecting pathos, the lingering of tender recollections, the subsiding echoes, as it were, of living sympathies, which seem to invest the dim outline of what had lately the presence of a king with a halo of bright but evanescent hues, arising, like a pure mist, spangled, as seen through a prism, with the morning's sunbeams, from the inexhaustible fountain of human emotions.

The catastrophe is said by Dr. Johnson not to be very happily produced. "The change of weapons," he observes, "is rather an expedient of necessity than a stroke of art. A scheme might easily be found to kill Hamlet with the dagger and Laertes with the bowl." But the fastidious critic seems to have withdrawn his attention from the obvious fact, that according to his plan of destruction there would have been an injudicious abandonment of poetical justice, a matter always unfavourable to the interest of every composition in the different classes of fiction. The important moral now to be drawn from the fate of Laertes would not have been produced. We should have thus lost one of the strongest concurrent aids to the complete consummation of the plot. The death of Ophelia's brother by the poisoned foil, that very instrument of secret but premeditated vengeance, by which, at the instigation of

the king, he had treacherously sought to effect the destruction of the young prince of Denmark, is not only a just but most appropriate punishment for his base and unmanly perfidy, and affords more perfect satisfaction to the audience than perhaps any other mode of retribution that could have been devised. The change of foils was certainly a possible occurrence, and, in the present instance, it was sufficient for Shakspere to adopt an expedient within the limits of possibility to bring about an event altogether out of the ordinary course of things.

J. H. C.

NOT OF AGE.

AIR—"*Sally in our Alley.*"

An O for ane and twenty, Tam,
An hey, sweet ane and twenty, Tam!
I'll learn my kin a rattlin sang
An I see ane and twenty, Tam!

Burns.

'MID festive scenes my soul is sad,
The gay my spirits weary,
The town has lost the charms it had,
The park to me is dreary.
No longer *now*, at ball or play,
With fond delight I tarry;
But wish the senseless fops away
That think to rival Harry.

My father breeds me woe and strife,
While often asks my mother,
How I can wish to be the wife
Of but a younger brother?
Oh! wretched is the maiden's fate
Who must for riches marry;
A *noble mind's* the *best estate*,
And that I've found in Harry!

What lingering months must come and go
Before the time of meeting—
Before that voice that haunts me so,
Shall set my fond heart beating;
But when the two long years are past,
Oh, then—Oh, then—I'll marry,
And all my friends shall own at last
How bless'd I am with Harry.

BY LUMLEY SHAFTO.

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NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Poems. By Mrs. Abdy. Fourth Series. For Private Circulation.

It would seem strange to our readers were we to say a word in the pages of the Metropolitan in the way of commendation in speaking of Mrs. Abdy's poetical talents. For many years each succeeding number of this periodical has been enriched by contributions from her pen. And these have spoken much more eloquently for themselves than we could speak for them. They are always read with pleasure, often with high admiration, and not unfrequently treasured up in the memory. It gives us great gratification to see another series of Mrs. Abdy's collected pieces. By none will the little volume be more highly prized than ourselves. Our only regret is that they should not be regularly published. They are printed for private circulation only. This ought not to be. We know few volumes of poetry, or of prose either, which have recently emanated from the press, that we would select in preference to this fourth series of Mrs. Abdy's poetry, if about to make a present to a friend. Every page bears the impress of a cultivated mind, blended with the kindliest feelings, and a deep-toned piety. The pervading characteristic of Mrs. Abdy's poetry is a feeling of subdued seriousness, reminding one of the pleasantly-plaintive tones, if we may invent a phrase, which are discoursed by the Æolian harp. And yet Mrs. Abdy can be felicitously playful when she is disposed to write in a lighter vein. The following may be given in illustration of this. The idea is exceedingly happy, and nothing could be better worked out. Many of our fair readers will, no doubt, be able, from their own experience of much of what is described, to attest its truthfulness to nature.

THE REVERSES OF AN HEIRESS.

"From India's shore my uncle came,
Enrich'd with wealth untold;
His will was made, and bore my name,
Sole heiress of his gold.
Oh! how my "coming out" was hailed
By crowds of dashing men;
Wits, dandies, peers, my heart assailed—
I was an Heiress then.

"Assemblies gave a long array
Of partners to my sight,
Soft love-letters amused my day,
Soft serenades my night:
Painters contended for my face,
I ruled the poet's pen,
Sculptors were raving on my grace—
I was an Heiress then.

"Colonels and Captains young and gay,
To win my love would toil,
The swords that flourished in my way
Might dazzle Minna Troil:
I sang—a charm o'er all was cast,
And critics, nine or ten,
Pronounced that Grisi was surpassed—
I was an Heiress then.

"A mother oft, in warning strain,
Urged me false love to shun,
And 'wished it were my fate to gain
A husband like her son!'
Some whispering damsel would commend
Her brother, 'best of men,'
And greet me as her chosen friend—
I was an Heiress then.

"My suitors o'er my gold would grieve,
And wish some fairy stealth
Could take away the hoards, and leave
Myself, my only wealth:
They talked about a rustic cot,
Within a lonely glen,
And longed to place me in that spot—
I was an Heiress then.

"Each day I heard my slighted loves
Speak of relentless dames,
Of Prussic acid, charcoal stoves,
And drowning in the Thames:
I seemed to scatter flames and darts
Among all single men;
I reigned the Queen of broken hearts—
I was an heiress then.

"Alas! while nightly I repaired
In fashion's haunts to roam,
A blooming housekeeper ensnared
My uncle's heart at home;

Unknown to all the knot they tied,
One morn, at half-past ten,
He brought her home his cherished bride—
I was no Heiress then.

"Beneath my mother's roof I dwell,
Still in the world I range,
And yet some hidden, mystic spell
Works in the world a change:
No ardent lover sighs my name,
I hear no tender vow,
I am the same, yet not the same—
I am no Heiress now.

"At balls I'm in the wall-flower train,
Or danced with *faute de mieux*;
Almacks declines in cold disdain
My tickets to renew:
I sing to a neglectful throng,
Their looks contempt avow;
None turn the leaves, none praise the song—
I'm not an Heiress now.

"I might the honoured post obtain
Of humble friend, some say,
And twice a menial's toil sustain
For half a menial's pay:
As governess my chance were slight,
My candid friends allow,
'My talents are too poor, too light'—
I'm not an Heiress now.

"Within my hand a note I hold,
Doubtless in scorn designed;
Alas! the love-letters of old
Have 'left no wreck behind!';
Yet, surely, 'tis a well-known seal—
Why throbs my burning brow?
Why do I wish, why do I feel
I'm not an Heiress now?

"Young Edmund Tracey seldom joined
My fond admiring train;
I gazed on him with aspect kind,
But gazed on him in vain:
How have I styled him o'er and o'er
Coldest of handsome men;
I deemed him wrapped in learned lore—
I was an Heiress then.

" His heart, he tells me, long ago
In secret was my own;
The hopes that drooped in fortunes glow
Revived beneath her frown:
His peaceful home, his fair estate,
His true and plighted vow,
All on my favouring answer wait,
Though not an Heiress now.

" When left life's glittering toys without,
Why was my heart distressed?
How for a moment could I doubt
That all was for the best?
The world's false homage I resign,
And to its slights I bow;
The object of my love is mine—
I'm not an Heiress now.

" The bard of Twickenham well displays
The evils of that pelf,
Which 'buys our hapless sex,' he says,
'A tyrant o'er itself!'
'Tis gone—its mockeries I disclaim
With lightened heart and brow;
And joyously to all proclaim—
I'm not an Heiress now!"

We trust that the pages of this periodical will long continue to be enriched by the contributions of Mrs. Abdy; and beg, in our own name and that of our readers, to offer her our grateful acknowledgments for the pleasure we have derived from her varied and delightful productions.

Bohn's Standard Library.—1. *Robert Hall's Miscellaneous Works;* 2. *Roscoe's Life of Leo the Tenth;* 3. *Sceghel's Lectures on History.* Henry G. Bohn.

Mr. Bohn deserves well of the reading public for this series of standard works. He has very wisely resolved not to confine himself within the domain of English literature, but lay all other countries under contribution to it. The works which have already been published in the series give us every reason to believe that the selections will be judiciously made. So great a quantity of valuable reading, at so small a cost, has never, we venture to say, before been given to the public. The force of cheapness, indeed, could not further go. The books, we ought to add, are got up in a very superior style, and it will be to the lasting discredit of the English public if they do not accord a most liberal patronage to "Bohn's Standard Literature."

Priests, Women, and Families. By J. MICHELET. Translated from the French, with Additional Notes. Edited by Joseph Crookes, Esq. Twelfth Edition. London: C. Edmonds, Strand.

THIS is a most remarkable work, which has produced a great sensation, not only in France, but throughout Europe and America. It is a vigorous and strikingly eloquent attack (supported by incontrovertible historical facts) upon the iniquities of a religious confederation that aims at the entire control of all social concerns. It is a blow levelled by a powerful hand at the baneful practices of "Direction" and "Confession," by means of which the Romish priesthood have so long held in a state of thraldom the greater portion of the Christian world. It is an attempt, and a most meritorious one, to rescue the most gentle and dependent portion of creation from a domination which is hostile to all domestic happiness.

The work is divided into three parts—viz., I. Direction in the Seventeenth Century. II. Direction in General, and more particularly in the Nineteenth Century. III. Family Intercourse. Each of these divisions is treated with singular eloquence and feeling. The author is distinguished no less by his vigour than by his tenderness. Those portions which relate to the bringing-up of children, the pernicious system of separation from the mothers, we recommend to the serious consideration of all parents in this country. The present translation has much pleased us; it has none of the marks of translation about it, and reads with all the ease and vivacity of an original composition.

Notes of the Wandering Jew, on the Jesuits and their Opponents. Edited by JOHN FAIRPLAY, Esq. E. Appleyard.

THIS little work is evidently the production of one who, if not formally connected with the Jesuits, is very friendly to them. To his opinions, therefore, we are not disposed to pay much attention; but some of his statements regarding the curious order of whose institutions he treats will be read with interest. "The Spiritual Exercises" of the Jesuits are described in the following extract:—

"It is the book of the Spiritual Exercises that first forms the Jesuit. I have looked into the book, and I will tell you what I have found there.

"I have found a set of meditations upon religious subjects, arranged in a convenient order, and reduced to the exactness of a science. But I have found something more than a manual of devotion; for here is the history of a soul converted from the world to God.

"The exercises are divided into *four weeks.* They represent so many stages in the progress of Christian perfection.

"A man begins to consider what is the end of his existence here below. Is it to taste of pleasure, and to gain riches, glory, knowledge, power? Or is it to serve God and obey him, and so attain to eternal happiness hereafter? Having once settled that important question, the next step is to ascertain the *means* which will soonest lead to the end in view. For this purpose the man retires for awhile from the noise and tumult of the world, and, communing with his own soul in silence and solitude, prepares himself by meditation for the conduct of his future life.

"His first object must be to get a clear notion of *sin*—that fatal disease which we inherit from our first parents, and which is the cause of so much discord and misery. He must trace its ravages in the fall of the angels, in the loss of Paradise, in the wretchedness of so many human creatures, and in the fear of hell. He must then proceed from general to particular considerations, and examine his conscience as to the state of his own soul. He must use the three powers of *memory, reason, will,* to arrive at a complete knowledge of his unworthiness. In that first week of the Exercises he must probe the ulcers of the heart, and learn to estimate the deformity of his poor, fallen nature.

"Convinced of the magnitude of the disease, where is he to look for the cure? To the grace of God and to the promises of a merciful Saviour. Jesus Christ is the great Captain, who marches to the conquest of the world, and will rescue all those from bondage that choose to follow his banner. But to be admitted into his ranks it is required to imitate his example; therefore the second week is devoted to the contemplation of his sojourn upon earth. The incarnation, the nativity, the circumcision, the flight into Egypt, the baptism, the miracles, the temptation—all are to be realized by the mind, as though the events themselves were actually present to the senses. And now comes the moment for a decisive choice, which is described under the following figure, known as the *Meditation of the Two Standards.*

"Two camps are spread out before the eyes of the penitent, two generals invite him to their service. In Babylon the great, surrounded by the pomp and glory of this world, Satan uplifts the standard of brilliant illusions, inscribed with the words, 'Riches, honour, pride!' From Jerusalem Jesus Christ goes forth to battle, and he bears this motto on his flag, 'Poverty, shame, humility!' They assemble their armies and marshal them on the tented field; they call their captains around them and give their instructions for the war. It is no longer possible to remain neuter. Each man must make his selection between those two standards. The coward who hesitates is lost!

"But having freely chosen the service of the Lord of Life, how shall the new soldier find strength to fight and to conquer? How shall he gather patience and consolation, amid the perils and hardships, the toils and privations, the sufferings and sacrifices, that he must needs encounter? He must go for these to the Garden of Gethsemane, and to the Cross of Calvary. In the third week of the exercises he must fix his attention on the passion and death of Christ.

"And now, having followed his Master to the tomb, he must partake likewise of his resurrection. Having drained the bitter cup to the dregs, he must make ready for the celestial banquet. Having wrestled with the powers of darkness, and prevailed over the gates of hell, he is privileged to raise his thoughts to heaven. The fourth week is spent in the contemplation of Divine Love. The soul has found its wings, and rises triumphant to a flight beyond the stars. With angels and archangels it gazes on the centre of light and harmony, and is filled with the ineffable sense of God's perfections. Henceforth it will dedicate to its Creator all its thoughts, memories, hopes, feelings, affections. Henceforth it will seek, above all things, not for its own happiness, but for *His* glory.

"Such is the bare outline of a book which some have thought fantastical and visionary, and some mechanical and cold; whilst others have declared it to be a powerful engine for the enslavement and degradation of man's mind. I, who am neither a theologian nor a philosopher—but simply the Wandering Jew—will pronounce no opinion on the subject. I only know that the end which it proposes in its title—'to instruct man to conquer himself, and to regulate his whole life, without being guided by any inordinate affection'—is the object of all religion and all philosophy, as taught by the best and wisest of our race. I only know that many great intellects and noble hearts have been trained in this school of the Spiritual Exercises; and that, fresh from the influence of its lessons, which are said to be so slavish and degrading, evangelists have gone forth to victory, and saints to martyrdom."

We give another extract which describes the "Constitution of the Society:"—

"When Ignatius had founded the Society of Jesus, one of his first cares was to provide for its good order and government, as well as for extension and permanent existence. With this view he drew up the code of the *Constitutions*.

"He began by stating the end of the Society, which is the advancement of God's glory through the salvation of the souls of men. The means are to be found in the two states of life, active and contemplative. To contemplation belong mental prayer, self-examination, reading the Scriptures, frequenting the sacraments, retiring from the world, and practising spiritual exercises and devotions; to action belong preaching, catechising, missions, controversies, visiting prisons and hospitals, the direction of consciences, and the instruction of youth. All these he made binding on his followers, and included in the plan of his institute.

"To avoid the appearance of singularity which might prejudice the bulk of mankind against their teaching, he ordered that the members of the Society should wear no particular habit. With the same good sense and judgment, he declined to impose the obligation of any special austerity. Poverty and decent temperance were to preside over their whole lives; but the ascetic of the cavern, who, in his own person, had practised every variety of mortification, did not think fit to pre-

scribe such rules to others. He knew that his company must consist of men of all ages, constitutions, and habits; and whilst he exhorted them in general to bring their bodies into subjection, he left each particular case to the conscience of the individual, or to the decision of a competent superior.

"In regulating the admission of members he provided that health of body and soundness of mind, a good reputation and freedom from all other engagements, should be amongst the most necessary qualifications. He directed that ample time should be given to each to re-consider his resolutions before entering the Society, and that he should be fully informed of the nature of the step he was taking, and be subject to an examination as to his capacity and fitness.

"Having made up his mind, the young Jesuit is to be admitted to a *Noviciate* of two years, during which he shall leave all secular studies, and devote himself entirely to prayer, meditation, and religious employments. He shall practise the Spiritual Exercises, go on a pilgrimage, attend for a month in some hospital, and teach the Christian doctrine to the children of the poor. At the end of that period of trial he shall still be at full liberty to return to the world. Should he resolve to continue with the Society, he shall then make three vows of Chastity, Poverty, and Obedience.

"The *Novice* has now become a *Scholar*, and his next years are to be spent in study, and the improvement of his mind. Two years shall be given to grammar and rhetoric, three of philosophy, mathematics, and the physical sciences. He must also become acquainted with the learned languages, and read the most approved authors. He will then be able to undertake the teaching of a class in a college, and so confirm his own knowledge, whilst he imparts information to others. It is only after long practice in these matters, that he may apply himself to the regular study of divinity. He must now devote three or four years (sometimes five or six) to the perusal of the Scriptures in the original tongues, ecclesiastical history, and canon law. But lest, during all this time, he should relax in the spirit of devotion, he should renew his religious vows twice in the year, preparing himself in the same by retirement, meditation, a general confession, and penance. Having gone through this long training, and arrived at a mature age, he may be ordained a priest; but, before he takes his final degree in the Society he shall return to a state of probation, and spend another year in his Noviciate, giving himself up wholly to spiritual things. By this last rule, Ignatius intended to guard against the pride of human learning, and, having sent his disciples through all the round of the sciences, to bring him back to the foot of the cross, with the humility of a little child.

"The *degrees* in the Society are two—Profest Fathers, and Spiritual Coadjutors. The first are distinguished from the others by the circumstance, that, in addition to the three ordinary religious vows, they take one of special obedience to the Pope, with regard to missions in all parts of the world. They are the pioneers of the Church, ready to set out at a moment's warning, to any place, however distant, and for any undertaking, however laborious. They are the *forlorn hope;* always

prepared to climb the breach; and should they fall in the attempt, their comrades will pass over their bodies at the same word of command.

"The government of the Society was vested by its founder in a *General*, chosen for life by a supreme council of the order, composed of representatives of the different provincial congregations. His authority is absolute, and he has the appointment to all offices; but the council, by which he is elected, assigns to him four or five *Assistants*, to aid him with their advice in matters of difficulty, and a *Monitor*, whose duty it is to watch over his private life and conversation.

"In case of any scandalous abuse on the part of the General, the Society has the power of deposing him, by means of a council summoned by the Assistants. During the three centuries, that have elapsed since the foundation of the order, no such necessity has arisen, or even appeared probable.

"The Society is divided into *Provinces*, each of which comprises a number of *Houses*. The first are governed by *Provincials*, the second by *Rectors*. All these are appointed by the General for three years, and have Assistants and Monitors of their own. Every member of the Society is entitled to communicate freely with the General, and to lay before him his wants and grievances. No Jesuit is to hold any ecclesiastical dignity, or to receive any payment for the exercise of his functions.

"Such is the simple, and almost patriarchal form of government, which some who still worship the iron sceptre of Napoleon, have denounced as intolerable despotism. I who am no jurist or politician—but simply the Wandering Jew—will not venture to contradict those gentlemen. I only know, that I have seen constitutions in my time, which, supported by all the machinery of bayonets, grape-shot, dungeons, and guillotines, have yet hardly struggled through a few months of convulsive existence; whilst this Code of Ignatius has now been in force for three hundred years, with no sustaining power but its own vitality, and the willing obedience of the thousands, that have chosen to live under its laws."

The History and Power of Ecclesiastical Courts. By Edward Muscutt. London: Snow.

Ecclesiastical jurisprudence is very little understood even by those who have been liberally educated. It is one of those subjects which stands opposed to enlightenment and liberty. Many of the ecclesiastical laws owe their existence to the wide-spread ignorance of the times of their enactment, and to the tyranny of a dominant priesthood. It has not been agreeable or convenient to some parties that any light should be thrown on this subject; yet so extensive are its bearings that it may exert its influence over all the relations of life, and even intermeddle with the affairs and arrangements of a man after his death. The importance of information on this topic is clearly stated by the author:—

"Ecclesiastical laws and courts exert an especial interest upon the personal, the domestic, and the national welfare. They apply themselves to nearly the entire range of social life. Testamentary questions, with all their varied results, are within their jurisdiction: matrimonial matters they determine: religion, in all its transcendant importance, falls within their province. If, then, the education of an English gentleman is said to be incomplete unless he know something of the laws of his country, surely ecclesiastical jurisprudence ought not to form an exception to the rule."

This pamphlet, though not containing sixty pages, gives a succinct and comprehensive view of the whole question. It is the result of close study and indefatigable research. The country is indebted to Mr. Muscutt for the invaluable services he has rendered by the publication of this pamphlet.

Burns' Fireside Library. The Sheik of Alexandria; from the German of Hauff. London: Burns.

Burns' Fireside Library. Tales by the Baroness Fouqué.

Burns' Fireside Library. Lives of King Alfred, More, and Evelyn. London: Burns.

THE writings of Wilhelm, Hauff, and Fouqué occupy a very high position in the light literature of Germany. And we rejoice that the facility, through the medium of translation, is now afforded to *the people* to become acquainted with those portions of foreign literature which have a tendency to delight and improve the mind.

The lives of Alfred, More, and Evelyn are connected with some of the most important facts in the history of our country. We are glad to see these "Lives" published so cheaply that an encouragement is afforded to allure men from pursuits which are impoverishing and degrading to the exercise of reading, which enriches the mind and ennobles the character. We hope the Fireside Library will have an extensive circulation.

END OF VOL. XLV.

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